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The volume from which they are taken forms the chief ornament of the library of the Soane Museum. It was purchased with two smaller manuscripts of the late Duke of Buckingham, for the sum of one thousand guineas.

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Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (Fourteenth Century)

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A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

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Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, London, 1851 to 1899

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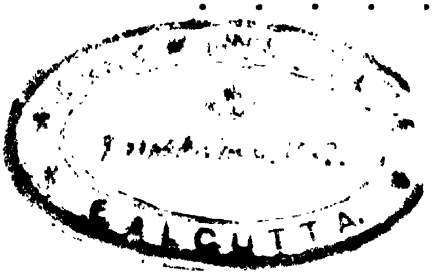
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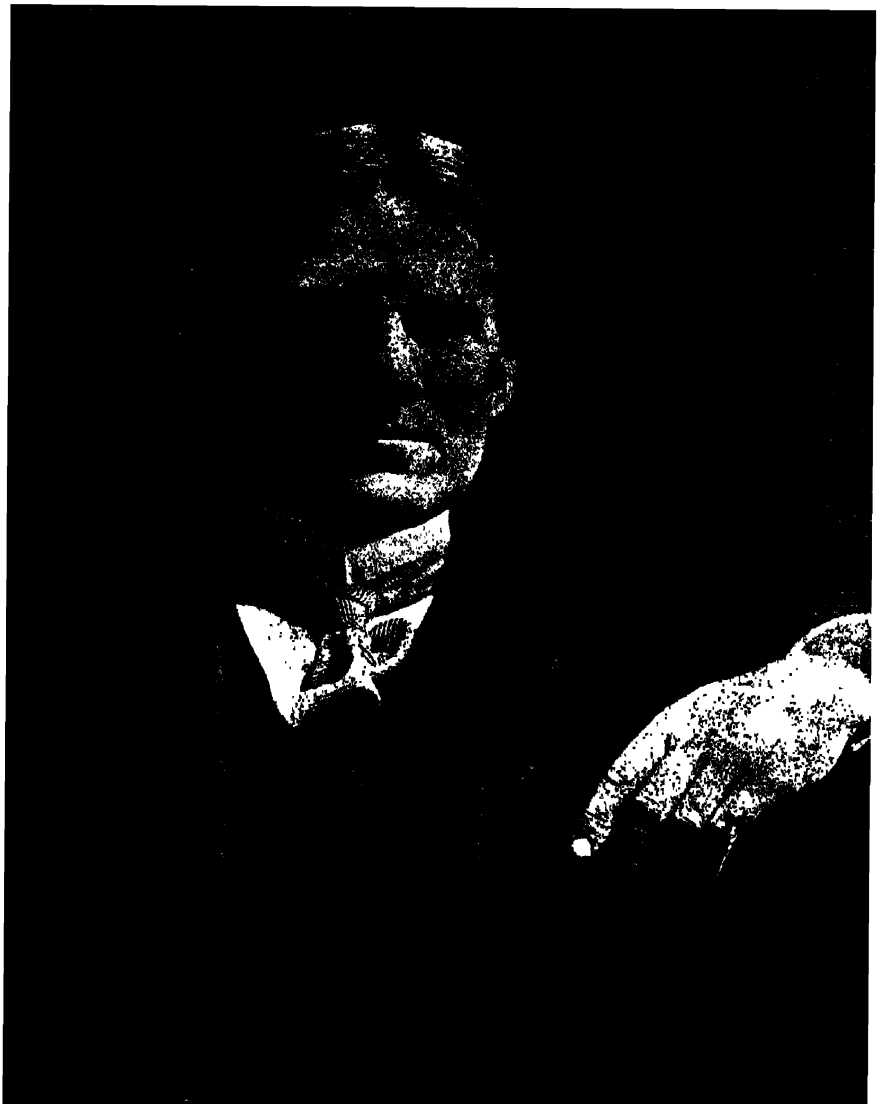
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Henry Smith Williams

THE LITERATURE OF SCIENCE

By Henry Smith Williams

If we accept Buffon's famous dictum, that the style is the man, it might be expected that the writings of men of science would be as ruggedly fact-bound, as unimaginative, as inartistic as science is usually supposed to be. Yet Buffon himself, famed as a writer a century ago, and remembered to-day chiefly for his mastery of literary style, was by profession a naturalist. His greater contemporary, Voltaire, the master litterateur of France, did not hesitate to pose as a master in science as well. Again, Dante, the one world-classic of the Italian language, was learned in every phase of the known science of his time. Keats, one of the few writers of English whom critics have ventured to name in the same breath with Shakespeare, was trained to the profession of medicine. Goldsmith, famed for the lucidity of his verse and prose alike, was a practising physician. So was Schiller, the second poet of Germany; while his one master in that tongue, the incomparable Goethe, whose genius "raised the German language to a new plane as a medium of literary expression," would be remembered as a discoverer in science had he never penned a page that could be called literature. Turning to America we find that Franklin, the one man who attained distinction as a writer in Colonial days, was equally distinguished as a scientist; and everyone will recall that in a later day the most genial of poets, Holmes, made literature only a staff, to quote his own happy phrase, his "crutch" being medicine, and his specialty anatomy, the veritable dry bones of medicine at that.

Without looking further, these familiar illustrations suffice to

indicate that there is no necessary incompatibility between the so-called scientific cast of mind and the capacity for artistic expression in words. Yet the argument must not be carried too far. The great mass of the literature of science, using the term in the broader sense, is matter which cannot by any elasticity of definition be brought within the narrower ken of literature at all. In the main, men of science write as one would expect them to write. The style is the man, and the man of science is as a rule a dry-as-dust fact-hunter. Here and there, men of literary capacity have been devotees of science; but this cannot hide the fact that most scientists have hardly a spark of artistic sensibility, and that the great mass of scientific writing is painfully devoid of literary merit. More than that, most of the great classics of scientific literature owe their position, in the nature of the case, to their matter rather than their manner, and hence are not, properly speaking, works of art. They constitute what De Quincey appropriately termed the "literature of knowledge."

There is a long list of this character which, without regard to their varying degrees of artistic merit, must be counted among the world's great books, because of the enormous influence they have had on the progress of thought, and of civilisation itself. Thus the varied scientific writings of Aristotle furnished what seemed the last word on almost every department of knowledge, undisputed and indisputable, for something like a hundred generations of his followers. The *Almagest* and the *Geographia* of Ptolemy, and the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, in so far as they did not conflict with Aristotle, were accepted as final authorities in their respective fields for a thousand years. The *Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, of Copernicus, was instrumental in working a veritable revolution in the accepted conception of the scheme of the universe, and of the earth's relative importance in that scheme. Newton's *Principia* explained the mechanics of the heavenly bodies to the wonderment of mankind.

The *Méchanique Céleste* and the *Systeme du Mond* of Laplace, expounding the nebular hypothesis, first cleared up the mystery of the creation of the world itself.

The origin of the strata of the earth's crust was never even vaguely understood till James Hutton wrote his *Revolutions of the Globe;* the theories he put forward, involving the complete overthrow of the accepted notions as to the age of our planet, extended and developed by Lyell, found full expression in the latter writer's *Principles of Geology.*

A vision of the successive populations of beings that have peopled our globe, and have left no trace of their existence except in the form of random fossils, was first given in the *Ossementa Fossiles* of Cuvier. The origin of these successive populations of creatures, tentatively explained by Lamarck in 1809, was satisfactorily accounted for just half a century later in the *Origin of Species* of Darwin.

This is but listing off-hand the names of a few of the more important classics of the literature of fact, in what may be considered a single line of thought. Each of these works was epochal, and is assured permanency of fame because of its influence on the advance of knowledge. Yet the very nature of the questions treated, necessarily removes some of them from the ken of the vast majority even of educated people. The *Principia* and the *Méchanique Céleste,* for example, are in effect treatises on mathematics, and as such are necessarily repugnant, and indeed unintelligible, to all but a small coterie of readers. On the other hand, such topics as the origin of the earth's crust and the development of organic forms lend themselves much more readily to artistic treatment, and the history of some of the classics that treat of these topics points a very clear moral concerning the value of literary skill as an aid even to the most technical of scientists. Thus the book of Hutton, despite the startling, not to say sensational, character of its subject, found very few readers, chiefly because of its heavy, intricate style. Its data remained little known till Playfair practically re-wrote the book some years after its author's death. When Lyell took the subject in hand, the world had moved on a generation, to be sure, yet it was not so much this progress as the masterly exposition and lucid style of the *Principles* which forced the new geology upon the popular

attention. Lyell avowedly recognised both the difficulties and the desirability of attaining a popular style, and thanks to the success of his efforts at clear writing, the revolutionary doctrines of which he was the herald received in his own generation an acceptance which might otherwise have been long withheld from them.

The *Origin of Species* also owed much to the form of its presentation. Purporting to be only an abstract of the voluminous records which the author had spent twenty years in collecting, it necessarily bristled with technical facts, and hence could not be expected to make "easy reading." Professor Huxley used to say that he never took it up afresh without finding something new that he had overlooked in previous readings; and if Darwin's greatest disciple could make such a statement, it is hardly to be hoped that anyone else has ever fully mastered all the mere facts of the *Origin*. Yet these facts are arranged and presented in such fashion as to carry the reader forward, if not easily, at least clearly and unequivocally, to the conclusions at which the author aimed.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that a greater artist might have marshalled the data of the *Origin of Species* in a still more convincing array, for it chances that a greater artist did so marshal its essentials with telling effect very soon after the book appeared. Much as Galileo, in his *Dialogues*, had given artistic expression to the revolutionary doctrines of Copernicus, Huxley, in his *Man's Place in Nature*, and in a score of other essays, brought all the resources of a marvellously flexible literary style to the aid of the equally revolutionary doctrines that Darwin had inaugurated. Nor was Huxley alone in this work. There came to his aid, from another field of science, a man of perhaps even greater literary skill; a man who has probably had no peer as a master of English among the scientific writers of our generation. I mean, of course, Professor Tyndall. His writings and those of Huxley, not merely on this topic, but all along the lines of their varied scientific interests, are perhaps the best illustrations that have been given in our time of the extent to which literary art may triumph over difficulties of subject. Many of their essays stand as models of luminous exposition, lifting the reader over

every difficulty, and visualising the subject before him in enticing forms. Not all that they wrote is of equal value. Much of their most incisive work was of a controversial character, the interest of which cannot be other than ephemeral. Most of those well-aimed blows that were levelled in the cause of Darwinism spent their full force on the generation that called them forth. The cause triumphant, the means that led to victory, will be in the main forgotten. But fortunately there remains a fair residuum of writings of these masters that can claim a more lasting regard; in particular, such masterpieces as Tyndall's "beautiful book"—as Lord Kelvin calls it—*Heat as a Mode of Motion*, and the various popular lectures of Huxley

It would be futile, however, to hope that even these can claim perennial popularity, or can have anything more than historical interest after the lapse of two or three generations. They are classics of scientific literature in their day, and classics they will remain, but their interest must wane as their facts lose novelty. The history of similar works in the past leaves no doubt as to this. Who to-day reads, for example, the discourses of the poet-scientist, Davy, which so captivated the English-speaking world at the beginning of the century; or the equally lucid expositions of Arago, which set the French capital in a flutter a generation ago. Once so popular, these works have already become fossils on library shelves.

So it must be with all writings, however artistic their drapery, that depend fundamentally upon a skeleton of scientific facts for their interest. The creative literature of poem, of drama, of story, revolving ever about a few central human passions which time has little modified, may appeal to generation after generation, but the literature of fact is doomed to obsolescence by its own success.

There are certain other departments of the literature of science, however, which may claim a certain degree of immunity from this preordained fate. Histories of science, *e.g.*, stand on no different plane, intrinsically, from other histories. Thus Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Cuvier's *History of the Advance of Science in his Generation*, Draper's *History of the Conflict between Religion*

and Science, White's recent work of similar title, and the numerous historical essays by other writers, including Arago, Huxley, and Tyndall among the number, must be judged on their literary merits according to the same standards by which one judges Gibbon or Mommsen. Again, there is a quite different field of scientific literature, of a lighter kind, yet perhaps most permanent of all, because of its introduction of the personal element, added to the universality of the interests to which it appeals. I refer now to the descriptive writers on natural history and allied topics, who have studied nature at first hand, and whose accounts of their discoveries have the interest of personal narratives quite aside from the exact character of the facts which they record. There is a long list of such writings, of varying degrees of scientific accuracy, as of literary merit. Perhaps the most famous of them is the *Compleate Angler* of Isaac Walton, a work inconsequential enough in a scientific way, to be sure, yet falling clearly within our present category, and having a security of literary position that can be claimed by few other works to be found there. Next in point of time come the charming letters of Gilbert White, gossipping about the birds and beasts and reptiles and insects of his parish, and gathered into a soon-to-be-famous volume, under title of the *Natural History of Selborne*. Then in our own century there are the books of the hermit of Walden, Thoreau, the friend of Emerson, lover of Nature in her every phase, and diviner of many of her secrets; and the essays of John Muir, the poet of the Sierra Nevadas, whom Emerson pronounced more wonderful even than Thoreau; and a small library of strictly contemporary writings in the same vein, with the works of John Borroughs at their head.

The authors of these works are delightful essayists, prose-poets if you will, whose inspiration is drawn directly from nature, and who breathe into their pages something of the freshness and novelty of Nature herself. They take the reader with them to the woods, and make him feel that their discoveries are his discoveries. What they have seen has the charm of personal experience; the interest of the specific over the generic fact. One may know well

enough that the cuckoo and the cow-bird lay their eggs in the nest of other birds; but when, with the eyes of White or Burroughs, one spys upon the individual cuckoo or cow-bird, and watches its stealthy imposture upon yellow-hammer or warbler, one has the feeling of the discoverer, and the old story is ever new. There is something of this same element of personal interest, too, in the writings of several of the naturalists of more serious purpose. The *Natural History* of Buffon, and the *Ornithologies* of Wilson and Audubon, for example, will for this reason retain a certain interest long after the mere facts they recorded, considered as scientific data, are worn thread-bare with repetition.

Such writings as these, then, have a certain permanent value as literature. Owing their value to form rather than to matter, they are true works of art. But, on the other hand, no one would claim for them more than a minor place in art. However perfect of their kind, they are not of the most important kind. They are works for the leisure hour, far removed from the heights or the depths of the profound emotions. The really important share of science in building up the great literature of the world has not been attained through such means as this, nor indeed through any direct means. Its true power has been shown rather through the indirect channels of its influence upon literature that in itself is not scientific.

Ever since literature had a beginning there have been masters of the craft who have grasped eagerly after all the scientific knowledge of their time, and have made such use of the fragments then available as great artists alone could make. Take Shakespeare himself in illustration. Every one knows how his lines bristle with scientific allusions; for has not the fact been brought against him in the absurd Baconian controversy? Not to multiply illustrations, one might almost say that the greater the writer, the more surely do we find him in touch with the science of his time. This, to be sure, is no proof that scientific knowledge is pre-requisite to the practice of the literary art—since the greatest artists imbibe most eagerly every species of mental pabulum. Still the fact is suggestive, and at least it is hardly open to doubt that their knowledge

of science has been a marked aid to the writers who have possessed such knowledge. Sometimes, indeed, a great writer has consciously recognised this obligation, and even avowed it, as when Coleridge declared that he attended Davy's lectures on chemistry to increase his stock of metaphors. Emerson, too, must have recognised this aid, so much of the science of his generation is reflected in his writings. And Taine openly declared that he interrupted his literary career to devote several years to the study of medicine, because he had reached the conviction that every writer should have a comprehensive knowledge of at least one department of science.

It must be admitted that these particular men, and most other litterateurs of scientific proclivities, have made only subordinate use of their scientific lore in their writings. Yet examples are not wanting in which the influence of science on literary art must be felt to have been more than merely incidental. This is true, not merely of minor poems, but of some of the great classics of the world-literature. Thus that rudimentary fourteenth-century science which Dante knew to its depths, based largely upon the Ptolemaic astronomy, still dominant, though so soon to be overthrown, forms the veritable framework of the mechanical structure, so to speak, of the Divine Comedy. So, too, the sixteenth-century science which Milton knew so well, enters into the structure of the *Paradise Lost* in the most definitive fashion. How great its influence was will be most patent if we reflect what momentous differences there would have been in certain cantos of *Paradise Lost*, had Milton written after the work of Hutton, Lamarck, Cuvier, Lyell, and Darwin had thrown the light of scientific interpretation upon the story of creation. Milton knew the science of the sixteenth century to its depths, but meagre enough were the data it could offer on cosmogony. *Paradise Lost* reflects the science of its time; but the science which transcends the bounds of unaided human senses, which reaches out into the infinities of space and down into the infinitesimal regions of the microcosm, revealing a universe of suns and a universe of atoms; the science which explains the origin of worlds, of sentient beings, of man

himself; the science which brings man's intellect under the sway of scale and measure, and which makes his tendencies, emotions, customs, beliefs, superstitions, religions even, the object of calm, unimpassioned investigation: this science is new, is of our own century, even of our own generation. Some day, perhaps, another Milton, learned in this science of a later era, will give us a new epic depicting the evolution of organic forms in true sequence, and the slow tortuous struggles of man toward a paradise which he has not yet gained. But the data for such an epic were never given into the hands of the artist until science revealed them, in part at least, in our generation.

If it be thought unlikely that such a union of science and art as is here suggested can ever be realised, let me hasten to cite a suggestive example, which will serve at once as the best instance in modern times of the direct influence of technical science upon great literature, and as an earnest of what the future may perhaps give us along the lines at which I have just hinted. I refer to certain familiar stanzas of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which, written before the middle of the century, show the most marvellous grasp of the newest cosmologic science of that time. Thus the lines

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:

would have been utterly unintelligible before the advent of that new astronomy which began with the discoveries of Herschel late in the eighteenth century, and which slowly made its conquests in the years of Tennyson's early manhood. Even more recently revealed had been the truths of that geological philosophy which are so marvellously summarised in the following stanzas:—

> But I shall turn mine ears and hear
>
> The moanings of the homeless sea,
> The sound of streams that swift or slow
> Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

The work of Lyell, which first gave an inkling of that slow melting away and rebuilding of the continents here pictured, was scarcely finished when these lines were written. Equally new was that knowledge of the extinct animal populations of the globe depicted by these other stanzas:—

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go."

These words could by no possibility have been written before our century, for the facts they connote were utterly unknown to science of earlier times. They furnish an amazing proof of the closeness with which the greatest poet of his generation followed the intricacies of such technical sciences as astronomy, geology, and paleontology, and of the influence which such sciences had on his art. Nor are the lines I have quoted the most suggestive ones to be found, for the closing stanzas of the poem seem to show, uneqivocally even if in slightly masked phraseology, that the insight of the poet had carried Tennyson beyond the plane of his geological masters, and enabled him to grasp the truth of that wider doctrine of cosmogony which was then a heresy of science and which was only to receive acceptance, even in technical circles, through Darwin's exposition a full decade after *In Memoriam* was written.

I can never read these illuminative passages of that wonderful poem without asking myself why it was that the poet who thus had gained an insight into the truths of evolution in pre-Darwinian days, did not return to the subject later on when fresh data were at hand, and herald in verse the wonderful story of cosmogony, first revealed to our favoured generation. Was it that the position of Laureate had cramped the freedom of the master spirit? Or had age drawn the veil of conservatism across the field of a once-piercing vision before the new doctrines found general acceptance? Or yet again, was it that the master artisan found the materials of the new story not yet ripe for the purposes of art? I cannot say; but whatever the explanation of Tennyson's silence, it leaves a rich field open to whatever successor has the genius to cultivate it. The new suggestive data lend themselves to artistic treatment. They lie ready to the hand of the master builder. Must there not come a twentieth-century Milton gifted with the scientific acumen to master these data, with the poet soul to weave them into visions, and with the master craftsmanship to make the visions body forth in words? If so, some day we shall have, through the influence of science, a poem which will voice the spirit of our scientific epoch as the Divine Comedy "voiced the spirit of ten silent centuries," and as *Paradise Lost* voiced the spirit of the Renaissance.

Henry Smith Williams.

THE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS;

OR,

DIVERSION ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS.

BY SENECA.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA was born at Corduba, Spain, about B.C. 4, and became an eminent lawyer in Rome. In A.D. 41 he was banished to Corsica by Claudius at the instigation of Empress Messalina. Recalled after an exile of eight years, he was appointed by Agrippina joint tutor with Burrhus of the youthful Nero. The two secured good government in the early years of Nero's reign, but gradually lost their influence; and Seneca, charged with conspiracy, committed suicide by the emperor's order, A.D. 65. He was a leading exponent of the Stoic philosophy. His writings comprise: discourses on philosophy and morals, the most important being "On Anger"; "On Mercy," addressed to Nero; "On Giving and Receiving Favors"; over one hundred letters to Lucilius; "Investigations in Natural Science"; and eight tragedies, being the only complete specimens of Roman tragedies extant.]

[**"Apocolocyntosis," or "Pumpkinification," is a burlesque Greek word formed on the model of "Apotheosis" or "deification," as being more appropriate for Claudius. How it came to be attached to this skit (the second title is the original one) is a mystery, as there is nothing in the matter to suggest it, and the opinion of Seneca is evidently that Claudius was a pumpkin from the first, not that he was turned into one. One editor thinks it means "deifying a pumpkin," but that is contradicted by the etymology. The "happiest of periods," spoken of in the first lines and continually glorified, was Nero's reign, which at the outset was really, as were the early years of almost all these reigns, a golden age of reaction against the horrors of the one before. For notes, see end of article.]**

WHAT was done in heaven before the third day of the October Ides, in the consulate of Asinius Marcellus and Acilius Aviola, — new year, beginning of the happiest of periods, — I wish to recount from memory. Nothing is set down for spite

or compliment. If any one asks how I know these things to be true,—first, I shall not answer unless I choose. Who is to compel me? I know I am a free agent, because the man is dead who made the proverb come true, "One should be born either a king or a fool."[1] If I choose to answer, I shall say what comes to my tongue. Who ever exacted sworn witnesses from a historian? Yet if it becomes necessary to produce an authority, ask the one who saw Drusilla [Caligula's sister] going to heaven; the same man may say he saw Claudius going on the journey "with unequal steps."[2] Willy-nilly, he is obliged to see everything that is brought into heaven. He is the curator of the Appian Way thither — by which, you know, holy Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar went to the gods. If you interrogate him, he will tell you about it if you are alone; in the presence of a crowd he will never utter a word — because, from the time he swore in the Senate that he saw Drusilla climbing heaven, and for all it was such a gratifying piece of news, no one believed him that he had seen it, he declared in express terms that he would not tell even if he had seen a man killed in the Forum. Whatever I have heard from him, I report as surely and clearly as I am certain he is safe and happy.

> Now Phœbus to a briefer path had shrunk his fountain deep
> Of radiance; now waxed greater the shadowy horns of Sleep.
> For conquering Cynthia too began to wield an ampler reign,
> And hoar unsightly Winter to pluck the lovely train
> Of Autumn's bounteous honors, see Bacchus aging too,
> And pluck, belated vintager, the grapes' ungathered few.

I shall probably be better understood if I say the month was October; the third day of the Ides of October. I cannot tell you the hour with certainty — even philosophers would agree more readily than clocks. But it was between the sixth and seventh. — Oh, this is too rustic. Poets delight in labor, and not content with describing sunrise and sunset, must even molest the middle of the day: would you pass over so good an hour?

> For Phœbus on his car had halved the circuit of the blue,
> And nearer night the golden reins was shaking as he flew,
> While in his course the swerving light in slanted rays he drew.

Claudius began to give up the ghost, but could not manage to die. Then Mercury, who was always beloved for his disposition, summoned one of the three Fates and said: "Why, you cruelest of women, do you suffer this man to be tortured? One should never be excruciated so long. It is the sixty-fourth year since he began to struggle with life. Why do you hate him? Let the astrologers speak the truth some time or other: they have had him buried every year, every month, since he became prince. To be sure, it is not wonderful if they have been mistaken: no one knew his hour of birth, for no one ever believed he was born at all. Do what is to be done.

"To death consign him: let a nobler[3] reign in his empty place."

But Clotho replied: "Good gracious, I would devote little enough time to him, till he confers the citizenship on the very few that are left outside, — for he has constituted all Greeks, Gauls, Spaniards, and Britons, toga-wearers. But since he chooses to leave some foreigners for seed, and you order it so done, be it so." She opens a little box and produces three spindles: one was for Augurinus, one for Baba, the third for Claudius. "These three," quoth she, "I have ordered to die in one year, divided by short intervals of time. I would not dismiss him unaccompanied; for it is not fitting that he, who has now seen so many thousands of men following him, so many preceding him, so many surrounding him, should be suddenly forsaken, alone. Meanwhile, he must be content with these convives."

Thus spake she; then from off the ugly spindle reeled the thread,
And broke the life of sovereignty a stupid soul had led.
But Lachesis, her flowing locks with wreaths and jewels gay,
Crowning her tresses and her brow with twined Pierian bay,
Pulls from the snow-white fleece the fibers, measuring off the strands,
That take new colors, drawn and spun by her auspicious hands:
The sisters gaze admiringly on the stint of shining bands.
The worthless wool transmutes to precious metal in her hold;
In beauteous filaments from heaven comes down the age of gold.
They know not any measure; draw out the happy fleece
And joy to fill their hands therewith; fair is the woven piece.
The work goes forward cheerily, and not in toilsome wise,
As stretching out the downy threads the twirling spindle flies;
Tithonus' years and Nestor's years were far a meaner prize.
Phœbus is nigh, and joys in song, glad of the age to come;
Now strikes the harp rejoicing, now serves out the golden thrum.

He holds the Three in music's thrall, and cheats the passing hour;
And while they praise the cithara and their brother's wondrous power,
Their fingers weave beyond the wont; the noble work exceeds
The lot of human fortunes. "Sister Fates," Apollo pleads,
"Let it not fall; let him surpass the mortal breathing space —
He with a countenance like mine, and like to me in grace,
Nor less in music nor in voice; the happy ages loom
Above the exhausted; he shall burst the law's long-silent tomb.
As the flying throng of stars disperse when the dawn-star mounts on high,
As Hesperus rises while the host retreat far down the sky,
As, when the shadows fade away, Aurora's primal birth
Brings rosy day on, and the sun looks down upon the earth,
Glowing with light, and first sets free the wheels of day from prison, —
Such Cæsar stands before us, such the Roman world arisen
Looks upon Nero; radiant shines, with splendor mild and rare,
His face and neck of beauty with its wealth of flowing hair."

Apollo thus; but Lachesis, who would favor the beautiful youth herself, has finished, spins with a full hand, and gives Nero many years of his own. They all order Claudius, likewise, *χαίροντας, εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων* [to bring from home rejoicings and acclaimings of good omen].[4] And he actually bubbled out his soul, and thereby ceased to seem to live. He expired even while he was listening to comic actors, whom you know I have good cause to fear. His last speech heard among men — after he had emitted a mighty sound from that part whence it was easiest to speak — was, "Alas! I must have befouled myself. Why I did it I don't know. I have certainly befouled everything in existence."

What was done on earth afterward it is worse than useless to relate. For you know quite well; and there is no danger of its escaping from memories, the public joy has so impressed them. No one forgets his happiness. Listen to what was done in heaven: faith must be reposed in the writer. It was announced to Jove, "Some one has arrived, of good stature, very gray-haired. I don't know what he is threatening, for he incessantly shakes his head and drags his right foot. I have asked him his nationality, and he answered — I can't tell what, with a confused sound and a mumbling voice. I don't understand his language; it is not Greek, nor Roman, nor any known tongue."

Then Jupiter orders Hercules, because he had wandered over the whole globe and seemed to have known all nations, to go and investigate what people he is of. Hercules at first sight of him is certainly disturbed, though he would not have feared even Junonian monsters. As he observed a face of a new type, an unwonted gait, the voice of no terrestrial animal, but (such as is usual with marine beasts) one hoarse and confused, he thought he had come to his thirteenth labor. Carefully studied, it is seen to be a man. He advanced, therefore, and said in Greek, as easiest to him, Τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοὶ πτόλις; [What kind of a man are you, where is your city?] Claudius, hearing this, rejoices that there are linguistic scholars here: he hopes there will be some place for his histories. So, signifying himself in a Homeric line to be Cæsar, he says: —

Ἰλιόθεν με φέρων ἄνεμος Κικόνεσσι πέλασσεν.[5]

[The winds, bearing me from Ilion, drove me upon the Ciconians.]

There was also following a truer line, equally Homeric: —

Ἔνθα δ' ἐγὼν πόλιν ἔπραθον, ὦλεσα δ' αὐτούς.

[At Ismarus, there I destroyed the city and slew the people.]

And he would have imposed the tale on Hercules with very little risk had not Fever been there, who, leaving his fane behind, had come with him alone; all the other gods he had left at Rome. "That man," said he, "is telling pure lies. I, who have lived with him so many years, say this to you: He was born at Lyons. You see one of Munatius' citizens; as I am telling you, he was born at the sixteenth stone from Vienne, a native Gaul. So, as befitted a Gaul to do, he seized Rome. I turn over to you this native of Lyons, where Licinius reigned so many years. You indeed, who have trodden more places than any regular mule-driver, ought to know the Lyonnese, and that many thousands exist between the Xanthus[6] and the Rhone."

Claudius grows very hot at this point, and rumbles with all possible rage. What he was trying to say, no one could understand. But he ordered Fever to be led off to execution by a gesture of his trembling hands, which however were firm enough for this one act, he was so used to decapitating men. He had ordered that one's neck lopped off. You would think they were all his freedmen, so little did anybody mind him.

Then Hercules: "Hear me, you," quoth he, "and stop playing fool: you have come here, where mice gnaw iron.[7]

Tell me the truth quickly, lest I strip you of your frills." And that he might be more terrifying, he grew tragic, and saith he: —

> "Haste and express what stock thy name reveals,
> Lest stricken with this club thou fall'st to earth:
> This staff hath oft demolished savage kings.
> What sounds with hesitant utterance makest thou?
> What land, what tribe produced that unfixed head,
> Expound. Sooth, while I sought the far-off realms
> Of the triple king, whence from the Western Sea
> To Inachus' town I bore the noble herd,
> I saw a mountain bordering rivers twain,
> Which Phœbus aye sees to the sunrise turned;
> Where mighty Rhone with rapid current flows,
> And Arar [Saone], doubting where to urge his course,
> With quiet stream in silence laves his banks:
> Is not that land thy spirit's spring and nurse?"

This spiritedly and boldly enough. Nevertheless, he is not quite easy in his mind, and fears *μωροῦ πληγήν* [a fool's blow]. Claudius, as he saw the valiant man, forgot his frivolity, and recognized that while there had been no one in Rome like himself, here he was not to have the same grace: every cock [Gaul] is first on his own dunghill. So, as far as he could be understood, he was observed to say this: —

"I have hoped that you, Hercules, bravest of the gods, would be with me in the presence of others: and if any one had asked me for a sponsor, I should have named you, who have known me best. For if you recall to memory, I was the one who was laying down law for you before your temple every day in the months of July and August. You know what miseries I underwent there, when I heard pleaders both day and night; of whom if you had happened to be one, mightily strong though you may seem, you would have preferred cleansing the sewers of Augeas."

[Gap in Ms. here. Bouillet conjectures the argument to run thus: When Hercules has suffered himself to be persuaded by Claudius, and favor him by voting for his admission into the number of the gods, he at once rashly bursts into their conclave with him, to commend his cause to them. But they, feeling the affair an indignity, inveigh bitterly against Hercules, and wrangle with him and each other in a tumultuous and disorderly fashion. Some unknown god speaks first and then another breaks in.]

"No wonder you have forced an entrance into the curia; for nothing is closed to you. Now tell us what sort of god you wish him to be. Ἐπικούρειος Θεὸς [an Epicurean god] he cannot be, — ὃς οὔτε αὐτὸς πρᾶγμα ἔχει, οὔτε ἄλλοις παρέχει[8] [one who has no troubles himself and brings none to others]. Stoic? how can he be round [complete], as Varro saith, without a head and without a tail? There is something of a Stoic god in him, though, for he has neither heart nor head." —— "Good Lord! Even if he had asked this recommendation from Saturn, whose month he celebrated every year while prince, he would not have obtained that godhood from Jupiter, whom so far as in him lay he condemned of incest.[9] For he slew L. Silanus, his son-in-law.[10] I ask, what for? his sister, the most enjoying girl in Rome, whom everybody called Venus, he preferred to call Juno.[11] Why, quoth he, for I want to know, why foolishly be so zealous over his sister? At Athens a half one is allowed, at Alexandria a full one. Because at Rome, quoth he, mice lick meal, this man straightens our curves.[12] What he may do in his chamber, I know not; he criticises even the quarters of heaven, he wishes to become a god. It is not enough that he has a temple in Britain, where the barbarians worship him and pray to him as a god, μώρου φυλαττειν μηνιν [to ward off a fool's wrath]."

At last it enters Jove's mind to pass judgment on private persons lingering within the curia, and to have no quarrels. "I had permitted you, Conscript Fathers," saith he, "to ask questions, but you have made it a mere country fair. I wish you to preserve the discipline of the curia. Whatever kind of man this is, what will he think of us?"

He being sent out, first Father Janus is asked his judgment: he was designated in the Julian Kalends Afternoon Consul;[13] a man sly enough, who always sees ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω[14] [at once before and after]. He spoke fluently — because he lives in the Forum — much that the stenographer could not follow, and so I do not relate it; nor may I put into other words what was spoken by him. He talked much of the greatness of the gods; this honor ought not to be given to the crowd. "Formerly," quoth he, "it was a great thing to be made a god; now you have made it of very slight repute. That I may not seem to give judgment on the person rather than the matter, my opinion is, that after to-day, no one should be made a god from those who ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν[15]

[shall eat the fruit of the country], or from those whom ζείδωρος ἄρουρα[15] [the fruitful country] maintains. Whoever, contrary to this Senate decree, is made, fabricated, or depicted a god, to be given to the ghosts, his first function to be among the new gladiators, to flog them with whips."

Next is asked for his judgment, Diespiter, son of Vica Pota,[16] and himself designated Money-changer Consul. He lived by this trade, and was wont to sell franchiselets.[17] To him Hercules politely came up and touched his ear; so he gives judgment in these words: —

"Since Holy Claudius is akin to Holy Augustus in blood, nor less to Holy Augusta, his grandmother, whom he himself has ordered to be a goddess, and far surpasses all mortals in wisdom, and there must be some one from the republic who can, like Romulus, "ferventia rapa vorare"[18] [devour smoking turnips], I judge that Holy Claudius from this day be a god, just as whoever before him was made with the best right; and that the subject be added to Ovid's μεταμορφώσεις [Metamorphoses]." There were various judgments, and Claudius seemed to conquer in the decision. For Hercules, who saw his sword in the fire,[19] ran hither and thither and said: "Don't do me an ill service — my all is at stake: in return I will do whatever you wish, one after another; one hand washes the other."

Then Holy Augustus rose to speak in his turn, and discoursed with the greatest eloquence. "Conscript Fathers, I have your witness that from the time I was made a god I have not uttered a word. I always mind my own business. But I cannot dissimulate longer, and hold back grief which shame makes heavier. For this have I begotten peace on land and sea? to this end have I curbed civil war? to this end have I based the city on laws, adorned it with works? And what to say, Conscript Fathers, I cannot find; all words are below my indignation. I must take refuge in the sentence of that most sagacious man, Messala Corvinus: He has destroyed the justice of the Empire! This man, Conscript Fathers, who seems to us not able to stir up a fly, slew men as easily as a dog[20] falls. But what can I say of so many acts of justice?[21] There is no time to deplore public slaughters in contemplating domestic calamities, so I will omit the former and allude to the latter. Even if he does not know these things, I know ἓν τυχόντων [one happening]: he does not

know himself among the gods. He whom you see, hiding under my name for so many years, has repaid me with these thanks: he has slain my two great-granddaughters Julia, one by the sword and one by starvation; one great-great-grandson, L. Silanus.

"You can see, Jupiter, whether I am speaking in a bad cause; certainly in yours. If this man is to be among us — tell me, Holy Claudius, why every one of those you slew, you condemned before you knew about the case, before you heard it? Is it customary to do this? It is not done in heaven. Behold Jupiter, who is reigning so many years; he merely broke the leg of Vulcan, whom

Ῥίψε ποδὸς τεταγὼν ἀπὸ Βηλοῦ θεσπεσίοιο,[22]
[Seizing his foot, he hurled from the threshold divine,]

because he was angry with his wife, and hung him up: whom did he ever kill? You killed Messalina, of whom I was great-uncle equally with being yours. 'I don't know,' you say? May the gods curse you; for that is viler, that you don't know, than that you killed her. He has not left off following the dead Caius Cæsar [Caligula]. The latter slew her father-in-law: the former his son-in-law. Caius Cæsar forbade the son of Crassus to be called the Great: this man restored the name to him, but took away his head. He killed in one house Crassus the Great, Serbonia, Tristionia, Assario, though nobles; — Crassus, it is true, such a fool that he might have been emperor.

"Think, Conscript Fathers, what a portent that he should desire to be received into the number of the gods! Do you wish now to make this thing a god? See his body, born under angry gods. At most he can say three words speedily, ['This is mine,'] and lead me off a slave. Who will worship this god? Who will believe in him? When you come at last to making such gods, no one will believe you are gods yourselves. Most of all, Conscript Fathers, if I have acted becomingly among you, if I have answered no one harshly, avenge my injuries. I adjudge this for my decision." And he thus recited from the tablet: —

"Since Holy Claudius slew his father-in-law, Appius Silanus, two sons-in-law, Pompeius Magnus and L. Silanus, the father-in-law of his daughter, Crassus Frugi, a man as like

himself as egg to egg; Scribonia, his daughter's mother-in-law, Messalina, his wife; and the rest of whom he could not tell the number: it is my pleasure that he be severely censured, and not given a dispensation for judicial business; and should be forthwith carried away, and leave heaven within thirty days, Olympus within three."

This sentence was agreed upon. Without delay, Cyllenius [Mercury] drags him with a neck-twist to the shades,

Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.
[The bourne from whence no traveller returns.]

While they descend through the sacred way, what does that concourse of men desire for itself, now Claudius has had his funeral? And it was the most beautiful of all and full of costly preparations, as you know a god is proclaimed, — flute, horn, and such a throng, such a gathering of every class of senators, that even Claudius could hear it. All joyful, hilarious, the Roman people walked about as if free. Agatho and a few pettifoggers mourned, and clearly from the heart. Jurisconsults came out of the shadows, pale, thin, scarce having life, as if they had revived with the greatest difficulty. One of these, when he had seen the pettifoggers putting their heads together and deploring their fortunes, came up and said, "I told you the Saturnalia would not last forever." Claudius, as he saw his funeral, understood that he was dead. For with great μεγαληγορίᾳ [pomposity] the dirges are sung: —

Pour ye out weeping,
Send ye forth wailing,
Fabricate mourning;
Sadly resoundeth
The Forum with clamor:
Dead in his beauty
The sapient man is,
Than whom no other
On the whole planet
Stouter existed.
He could the fleet ones
Down in the race course
Speedily conquer;
He could demolish
The Parthian rebels,

Follow those faithless ones
Armed with their light darts,
While he sure-handed
Drew up the bowstring;
He could the foemen
Rushing against him
Fix with a slight wound,
Likewise the Medes' backs
Painted and flying.
He too the Britons
Living beyond the known
Shores of the ocean,
With the blue-shielded
Tribe of Brigantes,
Forced to surrender
Necks to the Roman
Fetters, and Ocean's
Very self tremble
Over the new laws
Made for Rome's safety.
Weep for the hero,
Than whom no other
Could with more swiftness
Cases decide on,
Not having listened
Save but to one side,
Often to neither.
Who will as judge now
Listen to cases
All the long year through?
You he shall yield to,
Leaving his high seat,
You who a silent
People give laws to,
Holding a hundred
Towns of the Cretans.
Beat on your bosoms,
O pettifoggers,
Genus of hirelings.
Bards, do you also
Mourn at this sad news;
You too the chiefest,
Who had made ready
For winning great lucre
Shaking the dice-box.

Claudius was delighted with his praises, and wished to gaze longer. The Talthybius of the gods [Mercury] took his hand and dragged him along with head turned, lest some one should recognize him, through the Campus Martius; and between Tiber and the covered way he descended to the shades. The freedman Narcissus had gone before by a shorter road to intercept his patron; and runs up to him on his arrival, shining as if just out of the bath, and says, "What have the gods sent to men?" "Go quickly," said Mercury, "and announce our coming." But he wished to fawn on his patron longer; when Mercury again ordered him to hasten, and shortened his lingering with a rod. No sooner done than Narcissus flies. Everything is favorable; he descends easily.[24] So, gouty as he was, he arrived at the door of Dis, where Cerberus — or, as Horace says, "the hundred-headed beast"[25] — lay, moving about and shaking his rough shag. He was a little disturbed (he was used to having a white dog for his pleasure) on seeing him to be a shaggy black dog, evidently one you would not wish to have come at you in the dark. And in a loud voice, he says, "Claudius Cæsar comes." Behold, at once they came forth, clapping their hands and singing: —

Εὑρήκαμεν, συγχάωμεν!
[We have found him, we rejoice with him!][26]

Here was C. Silius, consul designate, Juncus Prætorius, Sex. Trallus, M. Helvius, Trogus Cotta, Vectius Valens, Fabius, — Roman knights whom Narcissus had ordered to be executed. In the midst of this crowd of singers was Mnester the pantomimist, whom Claudius on account of his beauty had made a head short. Nor was the rumor slow in spreading to Messalina that Claudius had come. First of all, the freedmen flock together, — Polybius, Myron, Harpocras, Amphæus, and Pheronactes, all whom, that he might not be unprovided anywhere, he had sent ahead. Then the two prefects, Justus Catonius and Rufus son of Pompeius. Then his friends, Saturnius Luscius, and Pedo Pompeius, and Lupus, and Celer Asinius, consulars. Last came a brother's daughter, a sister's daughter, son-in-law, father-in-law, mother-in-law, all full kin by blood. And the train being formed, they rush to Claudius. When Claudius saw them, he exclaimed, "Πάντα φίλων πλήρη! [All full of friends!] How did you come here?" Then Pedo Pompeius: "What are you saying, you cruelest of men? Do

you ask, How? Why, who else sent us here but you, the murderer of all your friends? We must be in a court; I will show you the judges' chair."

He leads him to the tribune of Æacus; the latter under the Cornelian law asked what was established concerning assassins, he demands that his name be taken, he announces the record: Senators slain, 30; Roman knights, 315 and more; other citizens, ὅσα ψαμαθός τε κόνις τε [as the sand on the seashore]. Claudius, greatly terrified, cast his eyes around everywhere; he searches for some patron who can defend him. Advocate he finds none. Finally, P. Petronius comes forward — his old convive, a man fluent in the Claudian tongue [stutterer], and demands the advocacy. It is not granted. Pedo Pompeius makes accusation with a great clamor. Petronius begins to intend to answer. Æacus, an exceedingly just man, forbids. With the other side so far unheard he condemns Claudius, and says: —

Εἶκε πάθοι τά κ' ἔρεξε, δίκη κ' ἰθεῖα γένοιτο.

[Let him suffer the evils he dealt, that justice and right may exist.]

There was a great silence. All were stupefied, astounded by the novelty of the thing; they said this had never been done. To Claudius it seemed more iniquitous than novel. What sort of punishment he ought to undergo was long debated. There were those who said that if they must create a burden for one god, Tantalus would perish with thirst unless help was brought to him; Sisyphus could never lift his load; some time or other poor Ixion's wheel ought to be stopped. It was resolved, however, not to give a discharge to any of these veterans, lest Claudius might some time hope for the same. It seemed best that a new penalty should be devised, to institute a fruitless labor for him, and an image of his desires without end or accomplishment. Then Æacus orders him to gamble with a dice-box minus a bottom. And now he has begun to chase the flying dice and to effect nothing.

For however oft he endeavored to throw from the resonant dice-box,
Both dice fled from pursuit and escaped through the bottom removed;
And when he adventured to cast once more with the squares recollected,
Still to be mocked in like manner, and always in quest of illusion,
Cheating his trust; he flies after, and once again, right through his fingers,
Slips the deceitful tessara, filled with perpetual craft.

Thus whenever attained are the peaks of the loftiest mountains,
Fruitless the ponderous burden rolls back upon Sisyphus' neck.

Suddenly Caius Cæsar appeared, and began to claim him as a slave; he produces witnesses who saw Claudius writhing under whips, rods, buffets, from himself. He was adjudged to Cæsar; Æacus gives him over. Caius transferred him to Menander his freedman, to be his private helper.

NOTES.

1 To be able to do as he likes.

2 Virgil, Æneid, ii. 720, but in a wholly different sense; a gibe at Claudius' lameness.

3 The rest of the verse is from Virgil, Georgics, iv. 90.

4 Euripides, from "Cresphontes."

5 Homer, Odyssey, ix. 39.

6 At Troy: a sneer at Claudius' pretense of Trojan ancestry.

7 The sword is powerless.

8 From Epicurus' theory of the gods, whom he supposed to dwell between the worlds in perfect peace, and leaving men undisturbed.

9 By harrying Silanus to death for doing what Jupiter had done.

10 Not quite accurately: Silanus took his own life in fear of the future. But it would hardly have been spared long.

11 I.e. to be a permanent husband to her, as Jupiter to Juno, while the others had temporary amours with her, Venus-wise.

12 Thinks the moral government of the world needs straightening out because Romans are licentious.

13 Moderator for the day of the money exchange around Janus' temple in the Forum. During the July holidays this business was suspended, so that even if the god had taken the post there was nothing to do.

14 Homer, Iliad, iii. 109.

15 Homer, familiarly. A sneer at Claudius' boorish ways and his preferences in food.

16 Jupiter son of Victress and Possessoress, or the Goddess of Victory; a comic god in derision of the many specialized gods of the Pantheon.

17 The franchise for small provincial towns.

18 Martial, xiii. 16.

19 His influence hanging in the balance.

20 The worst throw of dice.

21 Executions: the euphemism is precisely that of the Spanish *autos-da-fé*.

22 Homer, Iliad, i. 591.

23 As no honors were decreed him.

24 Virgil, Æneid, vi. 126: "facilis descensus Averni."

25 Odes, ii. 13, 34.

26 The song of the priests of Apis when a new calf was found to worship.

WHY ASTROLOGY CANNOT BE TRUE.

By AULUS GELLIUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Aulus Gellius was born probably about A. D. 120, and died about 180. He was a man both of letters and affairs, and held high office at Rome. His one extant work is the "Attic Nights," a collection of scraps from his commonplace book, on a vast number of things heard, seen, or read.]

Against those who call themselves Chaldæans or genethliacs [natal-timers], and profess to be able from the motions and positions of the stars to tell what will happen in the future, we once heard the philosopher Favorinus of Rome make an excellent and luminous speech in Greek; but whether to find himself employment, or display his genius, or because he wished to give a serious and judicial estimate of them, is not for me to say. But the leading instances and arguments he used which I could remember, brought away from my hearing of him there, I hastily noted down. They were approximately to this effect: —

That the doctrine of the Chaldæans is not of as great antiquity as they wish it to appear; nor are those the chiefs and authors of it whom they pretend; but that the crew who have fabricated these illusions and conjurings are professional money-hunting jugglers, seeking victuals and cash by lying tricks; and because they have seen that certain terrestrial things, situate among mankind, move in accordance with the humor and leading of celestial things, — for instance, that the ocean, as if a companion of the moon, grows old and young at the same time with her, — they set this up as an argument that we should believe all human affairs, great and small, similarly bound up with the stars and heavens, led and ruled by them.

But this is in the highest degree inept and absurd; that because the tide follows the course of the moon, the business likewise of anybody who has, say, a case before a judge involving the control of water with comarchers, or of a party wall with a neighbor, — that we must consider that business also as if it were governed by some cable from heaven tied to it. That even if by some divine power and reason it could be done, he considered it by no means possible for the mind of man to comprehend and perceive it in so short and scanty a space of life, however much it can do, though a few of certain things can be guessed — I will use the word itself — παχυμερέστερον [clumsily], conceived on no basis of science, but confused and vague and arbitrary, so far is the penetration of our eyes from piercing the middle spaces of vapor. For the chief difference between gods and men would be removed if men also were to know everything which is to come later.

Then the observation itself of the heavens and stars, which they profess to be the origin of their science, he thinks by no means clearly established; for if the chiefs of the Chaldæans, who dwelt in the open fields, contemplating the motions and paths and discessions and conjunctions of the stars, had observed that something was effected by them, this science, he says, clearly might make way; but only under that aspect of the sky under which the Chaldæans were; for it is not possible, he says, that the calculations from the Chaldæan observations should remain valid, if any one should wish to use it thus under different regions of the sky. For who does not see, he says, how great is the diversity of the parts and circles of the sky from the divergency and convexity of the earth? Therefore, the same stars by which they contend that all divine and human things are borne on and led, do not for instance everywhere excite cold or heat alike; but change and vary, and at the same time in some places actuate placid seasons, in others stormy: why should they not also actuate one set of personal and public happenings in Chaldæa, another in Gætulia, another on the Danube, another on the Nile? On the other hand, he says, it does not follow that if the same body and constitution of such a deep atmosphere should not remain the same under one and another curvature of the sky, yet in the affairs of men those stars must be thought always to show the same, from whatever land you contemplated them.

Moreover, it was wonderful that anybody should hold it proved that those stars which they declare were observed by

the Chaldæans and Babylonians and Egyptians (which many call *erratic*, Nigidius *wandering*) [comets] should not be more numerous than is currently said; for he considered it possible that there were also other planets with equal power, without which correct and steady observation could not be carried on, yet men could not discern them on account of their superiority either in brightness or altitude. For some other stars, he said, are seen from other countries, and are known by the people of those countries; but these very ones do not appear from all the rest of the earth, and are everywhere unknown by others; and as only just so many of these stars, he says, and from one part of the earth, must needs be observed, what finally was the limit of that observation, and what time can we know to be enough for perceiving what the conjunction of the stars, or their motion around or across each other's paths, may presage? For if an observation has been commenced, in such manner that it shall be noted in what guise, in what form, and in what position of the stars any one is born, and then successively from the beginning of life his fortune and habits and talents, and the circumstances of his private affairs and his business, and finally the very close of his life, shall be anticipated, and all these things, as they have come about in experience, shall be committed to writing; and a long time afterward, when those very things shall be in that same place and in that same guise, it shall be assumed that the same things also will happen to the rest who may be born at that time, — if in that way, he says, observation has begun, and from that observation a certain science has been constructed that cannot by any means make way; for let them tell us in how many years, or rather in how many ages of the earth, these observations could be perfected? [by the same order of the heavenly bodies returning]. He said it was agreed among astrologers that the stars which they call *wandering*, which seem indicative of every one's fate, return only after an almost infinite and countless number of years to the same place whence in the same guise they all set out at once; that no course of observation, nor any memory or form of record, could endure for such a period.

And he thought this also must be taken into account in some way, that there would be one train of stars when a man was first conceived in his mother's womb, and another later when after ten months he was brought to the light. And he asked how a diverse indication could come to the same thing, if, as those people say, another and another situation and connection

of stars give other and other fortunes. But also at the time of nuptials, by which children are sought, and also at the coition itself of male and female, he said it must be evident that from a certain fixed and necessary order of the stars such and such persons and with such fortunes must be born; and also long before when the father and mother themselves were born, the geniture from them could then be foreseen, — whoever of old were still to be, whom they were to beget, and so farther and farther back to infinity. So that if that science were framed on any basis of truth, back as far as the hundredth century, or still more, to the first beginning of the heavens and the earth, and then successively with continuous indication — as many progenitors of the same race as were born, those stars must foreshow that such and with such fate must be in the future whoever is born to-day.

But how, he says, can any one believe that by the form and position of any star whatever one man's chance and fortune are altogether fixed and destined, and that that form, after an immense number of ages, is restored, unless the signs of the life and fortunes of the same man, in such short intervals, through the ranks of his ancestors one by one, and through an infinite order of successions, themselves are denoted by the same appearance of the stars? That if such can be, and if that diversity and variety is admitted through every step of antiquity, to point out the beginnings of those men who shall afterward be born, this inequality disturbs observation, and every reasoning of the science is confounded.

Now he thought it was really not in the least assertable that not only extrinsic happenings and events which take place, but even the counsels and decisions of men themselves, and the various wills and longings and aversions, and the casual and unforeseen impulses and recoils of the mind in the lightest things, they should hold to be actuated and excited from the heavens above; as, if you should happen to desire to go to the baths, and then did not desire to, and again desired to, it should happen not from some irregular and haphazard stir of the spirit, but by some necessary reciprocation of the wandering stars; that men in that case would plainly seem not to be what are called λογικά ζῶα (rational beings), but ridiculous and to be jeered at, a sort of νευρόσπαστα (puppets), if they do nothing of their own will, nothing by their own judgment, but with the stars leading and making carriage horses of them.

And if, he says, it could be positively predicted for King Pyrrhus whether M. Curius was to be vanquished in battle, why pray do they not dare also to say with dice, or pebbles, or the tray, who of the players shall win? Do they know great things and not know small things, and are the lesser things less knowable than the greater? But if they vindicate themselves by the greatness of things, and say the great are clearer and can be more easily comprehended, I wish, he says, they would answer me as to what, in this contemplation of the whole world, in the works of mighty nature, they think great in such brief and petty affairs as those of mankind? And I wish also, he says, that they would answer me this: if so small and fleeting is the moment of time in which a person at conception receives his fate, whether in that same point under that same circle of the heaven many must not needs be born at once in the same conjunction; if therefore twins are not in the same fortune of life because not brought forth at the same point of time? I urge, he says, that they answer: that course of time flying past, which can hardly be comprehended by the cogitation of the mind — by what sort of method or expedient can they apprehend it, or ascertain or discover it to themselves, when in such a headlong dizzying whirl of days and nights they say the least changes make huge mutations?

Finally he asked what there was to be said in answer to this: that while people of both sexes and all ages are brought to life under diverse motions of the stars, the regions far apart under which they are born, yet all those who perish either in yawnings of the earth, or tumblings of houses, or stormings of towns, or drownings in the waves in the same ship, die by the same sort of death, at the same stroke of time in the universe all at once. Now, he says, this never could happen if the moments of birth allotted to separate individuals had each the same laws. But if, he says, they allege that in the death and life of men, even if brought forth at diverse times, some like and harmonious things can befall by certain like conjunctions of the stars at later times, why does not everything come out alike at last, so that there may exist, through such concourses of the stars, the similitudes both of Socrates and Antisthenes at once, and many Platos, alike in race, form, talent, habits, in all life and death? which in short, he says, cannot by any means be so. This argument, therefore, cannot well be used against the unlike births of men and their like deaths.

But, he said, this would present itself to them, even though he should not inquire into it: if of the life and death of men, and of all human things, there was season and reason and cause in heaven and among the stars, what did they say of flies or worms or hedgehogs, and many other very small things animating the earth and sea? whether those also were born under the same laws as men, and extinguished under the same; whether also the fates of birth for frogs and gnats were attributed to the motions of the heavenly bodies; or if they did not think that, no reason was apparent why the same power of the stars should be operative for men and lacking for the rest.

Favorinus likewise admonished us to beware lest those parasites should creep on toward making converts, because some of them seemed from time to time to babble or intersperse truths. For they do not tell understood things, he says, nor defined nor perceived ones; but glittering with slippery and roundabout guesswork, they walk step by step among falsehoods and truths, as if marching through shadows. Either, while handling many subjects they suddenly and imprudently tumble into the truth; or while great credulity leads on those who consult them, they shrewdly arrive at conclusions which are true: for that reason they seem to copy truth more easily in past matters than future. Yet all the things about which they either rashly or skillfully tell the truth, he says, are not a thousandth part of the ones in which they lie.

The same Favorinus, wishing to deter and repel the youth from those genethliacs and others of the sort, from going to and consulting in any way that tribe who profess to tell the future by magic arts, concluded with these arguments: Either they foretell adverse fortunes, he said, or prosperous. If they foretell prosperous ones and deceive, you will be wretched from mistaken expectation. If they foretell adverse ones and lie, you will be wretched from mistaken fear. But if they answer truly — in case affairs are not prosperous, then you will be wretched through your mind, before being so through fate; if they promise happiness and it so befalls, then obviously there will be two undesirable results: expectation will weary you with hope deferred, and hope will have robbed you of the fruit of joy to come. Therefore, future events should not in any way be given to human forecast.

AN ANCIENT GULLIVER.

By LUCIAN.

[LUCIAN, one of the foremost humorists and men of letters of all time, was born in Asia Minor during Trajan's reign, about A.D. 100. He studied for a sculptor, but finally went to Antioch and devoted himself to literature and oratory. He died in extreme old age. His works, written in Greek, are largely satirical burlesques on pagan philosophy and mythology and on the literature of his day, with some stories.]

CTESIAS wrote an account of India, in which he records matters which he neither saw himself, nor heard from the mouth of any creature in the world. So likewise a certain Jambulus wrote many incredible wonders of the great sea, that are too palpably untrue for any one to suppose they are not of his own invention, though they are very entertaining to read. Many others have in the same spirit written pretended voyages and occasional peregrinations in unknown regions, wherein they give us incredible accounts of prodigiously huge animals, wild men, and strange and uncouth manners and habits of life. Their great leader and master in this fantastical way of imposing upon people was the famous Homeric Ulysses, who tells a long tale to Alcinous and his silly Phæacians about King Æolus and the winds, who are his slaves, and about one-eyed men-eaters and other the like savages; talks of many-headed beasts, of the transformation of his companions into brutes, and a number of other fooleries of a like nature. For my part I was the less displeased at all the falsehoods, great and numerous as they were, of these honest folks, when I saw that even men who pretend that they only philosophize, act not a hair better; but this has always excited my wonder, how they could imagine their readers would fail of perceiving that there was not a word of truth in all their narratives.

Now, as I cannot resist the vanity of transmitting to posterity a little work of my own composing, and though I have nothing true to relate (for nothing memorable has happened to me in all my life), I see not why I have not as good a right to deal in fiction as another: I resolved, however, to adopt an honester mode of lying than the generality of my compeers: for I tell at least one truth, by saying that I lie; and the more confidently hope therefore to escape the general censure, since my own voluntary confession is a sufficient proof that I

desire to impose upon no one. Accordingly I hereby declare, that I sit down to relate what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; aye, what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because in one word they are absolutely impossible, and to which therefore I warn my readers (if by the bye I should have any) not to give even the smallest degree of credit.

Once on a time, then, I set sail from Cadiz, and steered my course with a fair wind to the Hesperian ocean; taking along fifty companions and a most experienced pilot.

We sailed a day and a night with favorable gales, and while still within sight of land, were not violently carried on; on the following day at sunrise, however, the wind blew fresher, the sea ran high, the sky lowered, and it was impossible even to take in the sails. We were therefore forced to resign ourselves to the wind, and were nine and seventy days driven about by the storm. On the eightieth, however, at daybreak, we descried a high and woody island not far off, against which, the gale having greatly abated, the breakers were not uncommonly furious. We landed therefore, got out, and, happy after sustaining so many troubles to feel the solid earth under us, we stretched ourselves at ease upon the ground. At length, after having rested for some time, we arose, and selected thirty of our company to stay by the ship, while the remaining thirty accompanied me in penetrating farther inland, to examine into the quality of the island.

When we had proceeded about two thousand paces from the shore through the forest, we came up to a pillar of brass, on which in Greek letters, half effaced and consumed by rust, this inscription was legible: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. We also discovered, at no great distance from it, two footmarks in the rock, one of which measured a whole acre, but the other was apparently somewhat smaller. I conjectured the lesser one to be that of Bacchus, and the other that of Hercules. We bowed the knee, and went on, but had not proceeded far when we came to a river, that instead of water ran with wine, which both in color and flavor appeared to us like our Chian wine. The river was so broad and deep, that in many places it was even navigable. Such an evident sign that Bacchus had once been here served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar. But being curious to learn whence

this stream derived its origin, we went up to its head; but found no spring, and only a quantity of large vines hung full of clusters, and at the bottom of every stem the wine trickled down in bright transparent drops, from the confluence whereof the stream arose. We saw likewise a vast quantity of fishes therein, the flesh of which had both the color and flavor of the wine in which they lived. We caught some, and so greedily swallowed them down, that as many as ate of them were completely drunk; and on cutting up the fishes we found them to be full of lees. It occurred to us afterwards to mix these wine fishes with water fishes, whereby they lost their strong vinous taste, and yielded an excellent dish.

We then crossed the river at a part where we found it fordable, and came among a wonderful species of vines: which toward the earth had firm stocks, green and knotty; but upwards they were ladies, having down to the waist their several proportions perfect and complete; as Daphne is depicted, when she was turned into a tree in Apollo's embrace. Their fingers terminated in shoots, full of bunches of grapes, and instead of hair their heads were grown over with tendrils, leaves, and clusters. These ladies came up to us, amicably gave us their hands, and greeted us, some in Lydian, others in Indian language, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also on the lips; but those whom they kissed immediately became drunk, and reeled. Their fruit, however, they would not permit us to pluck, and screamed out with pain when we broke off a bunch. Some of them even showed an inclination to consort with us; but a couple of my companions, in consenting to it, paid dear for their complaisance. For they got so entangled in their embraces, that they could never after be loosed; but every limb coalesced and grew together with theirs, in such sort as to become one stock with roots in common. Their fingers changed into vine twigs, and began to bud, giving promise of fruit.

Leaving them to their fate, we made what haste we could to our ship, where we related all that we had seen to our comrades, whom we had left behind, particularly the adventure of the two whose embraces with the vine women had turned out so badly. Hereupon we filled our empty casks partly with common water, partly from the wine stream; and after having passed the night not far from the latter, weighed anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. But about noon, when we

had lost sight of the island, we were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times round in a circle with tremendous velocity, and lifted it above three thousand stadia aloft in the air, not setting it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height, and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds.

Having thus continued our course through the sky for the space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day we descried a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large, shining, circular island, spreading a remarkably brilliant light around it. We made up to it, anchored our ship, and went on shore, and on examination found it inhabited and cultivated. Indeed, by day we could distinguish nothing: but as soon as the night came on, we discerned other islands in the vicinity, some bigger, some less, and all of a fiery color. There was also, very deep below these, another earth, having on it cities and rivers and lakes and forests and mountains; whence we concluded that it might probably be ours.

Having resolved on prosecuting our journey, we came up with a number of horse vultures or hippogypes, as they are called in this country, who immediately seized our persons. These hippogypes are men who ride upon huge vultures, and are as well skilled in managing them as we are in the use of horses. But the vultures are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three heads; and how large they must be, may be judged of by this, that each of the feathers in their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a great corn ship. The hippogypes are commissioned to fly round the whole island, and whenever they meet a stranger, to carry him before the king; with which order we were therefore obliged to comply. The king no sooner spied us, than he understood, I suppose from our dress, what countrymen we were; for the first word he said to us was, "The gentlemen then are Greeks." On our not scrupling to own it, he continued, "How got you hither, through such a vast tract of air as that lying between your earth and this?" We then told him all that had happened to us. Upon this he was pleased to communicate to us some particulars of his history. He told us: he was likewise a man, and the same Endymion who was long since, while he lay asleep, rapt up from our earth and conveyed hither, where he was appointed king, and is the same that appears to us below as the moon. Moreover, he bade us be of good cheer and appre-

hend no danger; assuring us at the same that we should be provided with all necessaries: "and," added he, "when I shall have successfully put a period to the war in which I am at present engaged with the inhabitants of the sun, you shall pass with me the happiest lives you can possibly conceive." On our asking him what enemies he had, and how the misunderstanding began, he replied: —

"It is now a long time, that Phaeton, the king of the solar inhabitants (for the sun is no less peopled than the moon), has been at war with us, for no other reason than this. I had taken the resolution to send out the poorest people of my dominions as a colony into the morning star, which at that time was waste and void of inhabitants. To this now, Phaeton, out of envy, would not consent, and opposed my colonists with a troop of horse pismires in midway. Being unprepared for the encounter, and therefore not provided with arms, we were for that time forced to retreat. I have now, however, resolved to have another contest with them, and to settle my colony there, cost what it will. If you therefore have a mind to take part in this enterprise, I will furnish you with vultures out of my own mews, and provide you with the necessary arms and accouterments; and to-morrow we will begin our march."

"With all my heart," I replied, "whenever you please."

The king that evening made us sit down to an entertainment; and on the following morning early we made the necessary preparations, and drew up in battle array, our scouts having apprised us that the enemy was approaching. Our army consisted, besides the light infantry, the foreign auxiliaries, the engineers and sutlers, of a hundred thousand men: that is to say, eighty thousand horse vultures, and twenty thousand who were mounted on cabbage fowl. These are an exceedingly numerous species of birds, that instead of feathers are thickly grown over with cabbages, and have a broad kind of lettuce leaves for wings. Our flanks were composed of bean shooters and garlic throwers. In addition to these, thirty thousand flea guards and fifty thousand wind coursers were sent to our aid from the bean star. The former are archers mounted on a kind of fleas which are twelve times as big as an elephant; but the wind coursers, though they fight on foot, yet run without wings in the air. This is performed in the following manner: they wear wide, long gowns, reaching down to the ankles; these they tuck up so as to hold the wind, like a sail,

and thus they are wafted through the air after the manner of ships. In battle they are generally used like our peltasts. It was currently reported that seventy thousand sparrow acorns and five thousand horse cranes were to be sent us from the stars over Cappadocia; but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I therefore shall not take upon me to describe them; for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.

Such were the forces of Endymion. Their arms and accouterments were all alike. Their helmets were of bean shells, the beans with them being excessively large and thick-shelled. Their scaly coats of mail were made of the husks of their lupines sewed together, for in that country the shell of the lupine is as hard and impenetrable as horn. Their shields and swords differ not from those of the Greeks.

Everything now being ready, the troops disposed themselves in the following order of battle: the horse vultures composed the right wing, and were led on by the king in person, surrounded by a number of picked men, amongst whom we also were ranged; the left wing consisted of the cabbage fowl, and in the center were placed the auxiliaries, severally classed. The foot soldiery amounted to about sixty millions. There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest of which is bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These received orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning star with a web. This was done in a few instants, and served as a floor for the foot soldiers to form themselves in order of battle upon; these were commanded by Nightbird, Fairweather's son, and two other generals.

On the left wing of the enemy stood the horse pismires, headed by Phaeton. These animals are a species of winged ants, differing from ours only in bulk, the largest of them covering no less than two acres. They have besides one peculiarity, that they assist their riders in fighting principally with their horns. Their number was given in at about fifty thousand. On the right wing in the first engagement somewhere about fifty thousand gnat riders were posted, all archers, mounted on monstrous huge gnats. Behind these stood the radish darters, a sort of light infantry, but who greatly annoyed the enemy: being armed with slings from which they threw horrid large radishes to a very great distance; whoever was struck by them died on the spot, and the wound instantly gave out an intoler-

able stench, for it is said that they dipped the radishes in mallow poison. Behind them stood the stalky mushrooms, heavy-armed infantry, ten thousand in number, having their name from their bearing a kind of fungus for their shield, and using stalks of large asparagus for spears. Not far from these were placed the dog acorns, who were sent to succor Phaeton from the inhabitants of Sirius, in number five thousand. They were men with dogs' heads, who fought on winged acorns, which served them as chariots. Besides, there went a report that several other reinforcements were to have come, on which Phaeton had reckoned, particularly the slingers that were expected from the Milky Way, together with the cloud centaurs. The latter, however, did not arrive till after the affair was decided, and it had been as well for us if they had stayed away; the slingers, however, came not at all, at which Phaeton was so enraged that he afterwards laid waste their country by fire. These then were all the forces that Phaeton brought into the field.

The signal for the onset was now given on both sides by asses, which in this country are employed instead of trumpeters: and the engagement had no sooner begun, than the left wing of the Heliotans, without waiting for the attack of the horse vultures, turned their backs immediately; and we pursued them with great slaughter. On the other hand, their right wing at first gained the advantage over our left, and the gnat riders overthrew our cabbage fowl with such force, and pursued them with so much fury, that they advanced even to our footmen; who, however, stood their ground so bravely that the enemy were in their turn thrown into disorder and obliged to fly, especially when they saw that their left wing was routed. Their defeat was now decisive; we made a great many prisoners, and the slain were so numerous that the clouds were tinged with the blood that was spilt, as they sometimes appear to us at the going down of the sun; aye, it even trickled down from them upon the earth. So that I was led to suppose that a similar event in former times, in the upper regions, might perhaps have caused those showers of blood which Homer makes his Jupiter rain for Sarpedon's death.

Returning from the pursuit of the enemy, we erected two trophies; one for the infantry on the cobweb, the other on the clouds for those who had fought in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligence was brought us from our fore posts

that the cloud centaurs were now coming up, which ought to have joined Phaeton before the battle. I must own, that the march towards us of an army of cavalry that were half men and half winged horses, and of whom the human half was as big as the upper moiety of the colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burden, formed a spectacle altogether extraordinary. Their number I rather decline to state, for it was so prodigious that I am fearful I should not be believed. They were led on by Sagittarius from the Zodiac. As soon as they learnt that their friends had been defeated, they sent immediately a dispatch to Phaeton, to call him back to the fight; whilst they marched up in good array to the terrified Selenites, who had fallen into great disorder in pursuing the enemy and dividing the spoil, put them all to flight, pursued the king himself to the very walls of his capital, killed the greater part of his birds, threw down the trophies, overran the whole field of cobweb, and together with the rest made me and my two companions prisoners of war. Phaeton at length came up; and after they had erected other trophies, that same day we were carried prisoners into the sun, our hands tied behind our backs with a cord of the cobweb.

The enemy did not think fit to besiege Endymion's capital, but contented himself with carrying up a double rampart of clouds between the moon and the sun, whereby all communication between the two was effectually cut off, and the moon deprived of all sunlight. The poor moon, therefore, from that instant suffered a total eclipse, and was shrouded in complete uninterrupted darkness. In this distress, Endymion had no other resource than to send a deputation to the sun, humbly to entreat him to demolish the wall, and that he would not be so unmerciful as to doom him to utter darkness; binding himself to pay a tribute to the sun, to assist him with auxiliaries whenever he should be at war, never more to act with hostility against him, and to give hostages as surety for the due performance of the contract. Phaeton held two councils to deliberate on these proposals: in the first, their minds were as yet too soured to admit of a favorable reception; but in the second, their anger had somewhat subsided, and the peace was concluded by a treaty which ran thus: —

The Heliotans with their allies on the one part, and the Selenites with their confederates on the other part, have entered into a

league, in which it is stipulated as follows: The Heliotans engage to demolish the wall, never more to make hostile attacks upon the moon, and that the prisoners taken on both sides shall be set at liberty on the payment of an equitable ransom. The Selenites on their part promise not to infringe the rights and privileges of the other stars, nor ever again to make war upon the Heliotans; but on the contrary, the two powers shall mutually aid and assist one another with their forces, in case of any invasion. The king of the Selenites also binds himself to pay to the king of the Heliotans a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. With reference to the colony in the morning star, both the contracting parties shall jointly assist in establishing it, and liberty is given to any that will to share in the peopling of it. This treaty shall be engraved on a pillar of amber, to be set up between the confines of the two kingdoms. To the due performance of this treaty are solemnly sworn, on the part of the

Heliotes.	Selenites.
Fireman.	Nightlove.
Summerheat.	Moonius.
Flamington.	Changelight.

This treaty of peace being signed, the wall was pulled down, and the prisoners were exchanged. On our return to the moon, our comrades and Endymion himself came forth to meet us, and embraced us with weeping eyes. The prince would fain have retained us with him; making us the proposal at the same time to form part of the new colony, as we liked best. He even offered me his own son for a mate (for they have no women there). This I could by no means be persuaded to, but earnestly begged that he would set us down upon the sea. Finding that I could not be prevailed on to stay, he consented to dismiss us, after he had feasted us most nobly during a whole week.

When a Selenite is grown old, he does not die as we do, but vanishes like smoke in the air.

The whole nation eats the same sort of food. They roast frogs (which with them fly about the air in vast numbers) on coals; then when they are done enough, seating themselves round the hearth, as we do at a table, snuff up the effluvia that rises from them, and in this consists their whole meal. When thirsty, they squeeze the air into a goblet, which is filled in this manner with a dewlike moisture. . . .

Whoever would pass for a beauty among them must be bald and without hair; curly and bushy heads are an abomination to them. But in the comets it is just the reverse: for there only curly hair is esteemed beautiful, as some travelers, who were well received in those stars, informed us. Nevertheless they have somewhat of a beard a little above the knee. On their feet they have neither nails nor toes; for the whole foot is entirely one piece. Every one of them at the point of the rump has a large cabbage growing, in lieu of a tail, always green and flourishing, and which never breaks off though a man falls on his back.

They sneeze a very sour kind of honey; and when they are at work or gymnastic exercises, or use any exertion, milk oozes from all the pores of the body in such quantities that they make cheese of it, only mixing with it a little of the said honey.

They have an art of extracting an oil from onions, which is very white, and of so fragrant an odor that they use it for perfuming. Moreover, their soil produces a great abundance of vines, which instead of wine yield water grapes, and the grape-stones are the size of our hail. I know not how better to explain the hail with us, than by saying that it hails on the earth whenever the vines in the moon are violently agitated by a high wind, so as to burst the water grapes. 1672 4 3

The Selenites wear no pockets, but put all they would carry with them in their bellies, which they can open and shut at pleasure. For by nature they are quite empty, having no intestines; only they are rough and hairy within, so that even their new-born children, when they are cold, creep into them.

As to their clothing, the rich wear garments of glass, but those of the poorer sort are wove of brass; for these regions are very prolific in ores, and they work it as we do wool, by pouring water upon it.

But what sort of eyes they have, I doubt my veracity would be suspected were I to say; it is so incredible. Yet, having already related so much of the marvelous, this may as well go along with the rest. They have eyes, then, that they can take out whenever they choose: whoever therefore would save his eyes, takes them out, and lays them by; if anything that he would fain see presents itself, he puts his eyes in again and looks at it. Some who have carelessly lost their own borrow of others; for rich people are always provided with a good stock.

Their ears are made of plane-tree leaves, and only the Dendrites have wooden ones.

I saw also another strange object in the king's palace; which was a looking-glass of enormous dimensions, lying over a well not very deep. Whoever goes down into this well hears everything that is said upon our earth; and whoever looks in the mirror sees in it all the cities and nations of the world, exactly as if they were standing before him. I saw on this occasion my family and my whole country · whether, however, they likewise saw me, I cannot positively say. He who does not believe what I have mentioned touching the virtues of this looking-glass, if he ever goes thither, may convince himself by his own eyes that I have said nothing but what is true.

We now took our leaves of the king and his court, repaired on board our ship, and departed. Endymion at parting made me a present of two glass and five brazen robes, together with a complete suit of armor made of bean shells; all of which I was afterwards forced to leave behind in the whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand hippogypes, to escort us five hundred stadia on our way.

After having in our course coasted along several countries, we landed on the morning star, which had lately been cultivated, to take in fresh water. Thence we steered into the Zodiac, sailing close by the sun on the left hand; but here we did not go ashore, though my companions were very desirous to do so, because the wind was against us. We got near enough, however, to see that the landscape was covered with the most beautiful verdure, well watered, and richly endowed with all sorts of natural productions. The nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, on seeing us fled on board our pinnace; but on being informed that we were included in the treaty of peace, soon departed.

The hippogypes now likewise took leave of us, and all the next night and day, continuing our course, always bearing downwards, towards evening we arrived at a place called Lampton. This city is situated between the Pleiades and Hyades, and a little below the Zodiac. Here we landed, but saw no men; instead of them, however, we beheld a vast concourse of lamps, running to and fro along the streets, and busily employed in the market and the harbor. They were in general little, and had a poor appearance. Some few, we could perceive by their fine show and brightness, were the great and

powerful among them. Every one had its own lantern to live in, with their proper names as men have. We likewise heard them articulate a sort of speech. They offered us no injury, but rather seemed to receive us hospitably after their manner; notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of our fears, and none of us would venture to eat or to sleep with them. In the middle of the city they have a kind of court-house, where their chief magistrate sits all the night long, and calls every one by name to him; and whoever does not answer is treated as a deserter, and punished by death,—that is, he is extinguished. We likewise heard, while standing by to see what passed, some of them make their several excuses, and the reasons they alleged for coming so late. On this occasion I recognized our own house lamp; upon which I inquired of it how affairs went on at home, and it told me all that it knew.

Having resolved to stay there but one night, we weighed anchor the next morning, and sailed off from Lychnopolis, passing near the clouds, where we, among others, saw to our great astonishment the famous city of Nephelococcygia, but by reason of adverse winds could not enter the port. We learnt, however, that Coronos, Cottyphion's son, was reigning there; and I for my own part was confirmed in the opinion that I have ever entertained of the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of that city has been unjustly discredited. Three days afterwards we came again in sight of the great ocean; but the earth showed itself nowhere, that floating in the air excepted, which appeared exceedingly fiery and sparkling. On the fourth day about noon, the wind, gently subsiding, settled us fair and leisurely upon the sea.

It is impossible to describe the ravishment that seized us on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole ship's crew a feast on the remainder of our provisions, and afterwards leaped into the water, and bathed to our heart's content; for it was now a perfect calm, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass.

Soon, however, we experienced that a sudden change for the better is not seldom the beginning of greater misfortunes. For scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many whales and other monsters of the deep appeared. Among the former, one was of a most enormous size, being not less than three hundred miles long. This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and

beating the sea before him into a foam, and showing teeth much larger than our colossal phalli, sharp-pointed as needles and white as ivory. We therefore took our last leave of one another, and while we were thus in mutual embraces expecting him every moment, he came on and swallowed us up, ship and all, at one gulp; for he found it unnecessary to crush us first with his teeth, but the vessel at one squeeze slipped between the interstices, and went down into his maw.

When we were in, it was at first so dark that we could discern nothing; but when after some time he opened his chops, we saw ourselves in a cavity of such prodigious height and width that it seemed to have room enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. All about lay a vast quantity of small fishes, macerated animals, sails, anchors, men's bones, and whole cargoes. Farther in, probably from the quantity of mud this whale had swallowed, was an earth with mountains and valleys upon it; the former being covered with all sorts of forest trees, and the valleys planted with different herbs and vegetables, so that one would have thought it had been cultivated. This island, if I may so term it, might perhaps be about forty-five miles in circumference. We saw likewise sundry species of sea fowl, gulls, halcyons, and others, that had made their nests upon the trees.

We now had leisure to contemplate our deplorable situation, and wept plentifully. At last when I had somewhat comforted the dejected spirits of my companions, our first business was to make the ship fast; we then struck fire, and of the fishes, which lay in great quantities and variety about us, we prepared a good meal; water we had on board, the remainder of what we took in at the morning star.

On getting up the next morning, we perceived that as often as the whale fetched breath, we one while saw mountains, at another nothing but the sky, sometimes likewise islands; whence we then concluded that he moved about with great velocity, and seemed to visit every part of the ocean.

When we were grown a little familiar with our new place of abode, taking with me seven of my companions, we went into the forest to make farther discoveries. We had not proceeded above a furlong before we came to a temple, which, as the inscription ran, was dedicated to Neptune; not far off we found a great number of tombs with pillars, and a little farther on, a spring of clear water. We also heard the barking of a dog,

and seeing smoke rise at some distance, we concluded that probably we might not be far from some dwelling. We now doubled our speed, and had not advanced many paces, when we met an old man and a youth very busy in cultivating a kitchen garden, and just then employed in conducting water into it by a furrow from the spring. At this sight, surprised at once both by joy and fear, we stood mute, and it may easily be imagined that they were possessed by the same apprehensions. They paused from their work, and for some time surveyed us attentively, without uttering a sound. At last the old man, taking courage, spoke to us: "Who are you," said he, "demons of the ocean, or miserable men like us? For as to us, we are men, and from offspring of the earth, as we were, are become inmates of the sea, and are carried up and down with this monster in which we are inclosed, without rightly knowing what to think of ourselves; for we have every reason to suppose we are dead, though we believe that we are alive." "We also, old father," I replied, "are men, who first found ourselves here a short time ago; for this is but the third day since we were swallowed up, together with our ship: and it is purely the desire of exploring this forest, which appeared so vast and thick, that has brought us hither. But without doubt it was by the guidance of some good genius that we found you, and now know that we are not alone inclosed in this whale. Tell us, then, if I may be so bold, who you are, and how you came hither." Whereupon the good old man assured us that he would not satisfy our curiosity, till he had first entertained us as well as he was able; and saying this, he led us into his house, which he had fitted up conveniently. It was commodious enough for his situation, and provided with pallets and other necessaries. Here, after setting before us legumes, fruits, fish, and wine, and when we had satisfied our appetites, he began to inquire into the accidents that had occurred to us, and I recounted to him everything in order, — the storm, and what befell us on the island, and our voyage in the air, and the war, and all the rest of it, to the moment of our submersion into the whale.

After having emphatically expressed to me his astonishment at such wonderful occurrences, he then told us his own story. "My friends," said he, "I am a merchant of Cyprus. Business called me from home; and with my son, whom you see here, and a great number of servants, I set out on a voyage

to Italy, on board a ship freighted with various kinds of merchandise, the scattered fragments of which you may probably have observed in the whale's gullet. We came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale; but there a contrary wind got up, which the third day drove us into the ocean, where we had the misfortune to fall in with this whale, and to be swallowed up, crew and ship and all. All my people lost their lives, and we two alone remained. Having deposited them in the earth, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, and raising herbs, which with fish and fruits are our constant nourishment. The forest, which is of great extent, as you see, produces likewise abundance of vines, which yield a delicious wine; and you may perhaps have seen that we have a spring of fresh and excellent water. We make our bed of leaves, have plenty of fuel, and catch birds in nets, and even live fish, when we get out upon the gills of the monster, where we bathe likewise whenever we have an inclination that way. Besides, not far from hence is a lake of salt water, twenty stadia in circumference, and abounding in fish of various kinds. In this lake we sometimes amuse ourselves with swimming, or in rowing about in a little boat of my own making. In this manner we have now spent seven and twenty years, since we were swallowed up by the whale. We should be contented and easy enough here if our neighbors, who are very unsociable and rude people, were not so troublesome to us."

"What, then," I exclaimed, "are there any other people beside us in this whale?"

"A great many," returned the old man; "but as I said, untractable creatures, and of very grotesque shapes. The western part of the forest, towards the tail of the whale, is inhabited by the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel and the face of a crab,—a warlike, bold, and rude, carnivorous people. On the other side, to the right, the Tritonomensetes dwell, down to the waist resembling men, and below formed like weasels; yet their disposition is not so mischievous and ferocious as that of the others. On the left hand reside the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former of whom instead of hands have crabs' claws, the latter have the head of a tunny fish; these two tribes have entered into alliance, and make common cause in the war. The middle region is occupied by the Pagurades and Psettapodes, a couple of warlike races, who are particularly swift-footed. The eastern parts, next the

whale's jaws, being generally overwashed by the sea, are almost uninhabited; I am therefore fain to take up my quarters here, on condition of paying the Psettapodes an annual tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the internal division of this country; and you may easily conceive that it is a matter of no small concern to us, how to defend ourselves against so many nations, and at least how to live among them."

"How many may you be in all?" I asked. — "Above a thousand." — "What arms do you wear?" — "None but fish bones." — "We had best then attack them," said I, "seeing we are armed and they are not. If we once for all subdue them, we may afterwards live without disturbance."

This proposal pleased our host. We therefore repaired to our ship, and made the necessary preparations. An occasion of war we could not be at a loss for. Our host had no more to do but refuse paying the tribute, the day appointed being near at hand; and this was accordingly agreed on. They sent to demand the tribute. He sent them packing without their errand. At this the Psettapodes and Pagurades were so incensed that with great clamor they fell furiously upon the plantation of Skintharus, — for that was the name of our new friend. As this was no more than we had expected, they found us in a condition to receive them. I had sent out a detachment consisting of half my crew, five and twenty in number, with orders to lie in ambuscade, and when the enemy had passed, to attack him in the rear; which they did with complete success. I then with the rest of my men, also five and twenty strong (for Skintharus and his son fought with us), marched forward to oppose them; and when we had come to close quarters, we fought with such bravery and strength that after an obstinate struggle, not without danger on our part, they were at last beat out of the field, and pursued to their dens. Of the enemy were slain a hundred threescore and ten; on our side we lost only one, — my pilot, who was run through the shoulder by the rib of a mullet.

That day, and the night after it, we lodged in our trenches, and erected the dry backbone of a dolphin as a trophy. But the rumor of this engagement having in the mean time gone abroad, we found the next morning a fresh enemy before us: the Tarichanes under the command of a certain Pelamus in the left wing, the Thynnocephali taking the right, and the Carkinocheires occupying the center. For the Tritonomendetes, not

liking to have anything to do with either party, chose to remain neuter. We came up to the enemy close by the temple of Neptune, where, under so great a war cry that the whole whale rebellowed with it through its immense caverns, the armies rushed to combat. Our enemies, however, being not much better than naked and unarmed, were soon put to flight and chased into the heart of the forest, whereby we became masters of the country.

They sent heralds a little while after, to fetch away their dead and propose terms of accommodation; which, so far from thinking proper to agree to, we marched in a body against them the very next day, and put them all to the sword, except the Tritonomendetes, who, seeing how it had fared with their fellows, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and cast themselves headlong into the sea.

We now scoured the country, and finding it cleared of all enemies, we have ever since lived agreeably together, passing our time in bodily exercises and hunting, tending our vines, gathering the fruits of the trees, and living, in one word, like people who make themselves very comfortable in a spacious prison which they cannot get out of. In this manner we spent a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, however, at the second opening of the whale's chops (for this he did once every hour, by which periodical gaping we computed the hours of the day), we heard a great cry, and a noise like that of sailors, and the dashing of oars. Not a little alarmed, we crept forward to the jaws of the monster, where, standing between the teeth, where everything might be seen, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles, far surpassing all that I had ever seen in my whole life; men who were five hundred feet in stature, and came sailing on islands, as if they had been on shipboard. I am aware that what I am saying will be thought incredible, yet I cannot help proceeding: it must out. These islands were indeed of considerable length, one with another about eighteen miles in circumference; but proportionally not very high. Upon each of them were some eight and twenty rowers, who, sitting in two rows on both sides, rowed with huge cypresses, having their branches and leaves on. In the after part of the ship (if I may so term it) stood the pilot on a high hill, managing a brazen rudder that might be perhaps six hundred feet long. On the forecastle about forty of them were

standing, armed for war, and looking in all respects like men, excepting that instead of hair they had flames of fire on their heads, and therefore had no occasion for a helmet. The place of sails on each of these islands was supplied by a thick forest, on which the wind rushing, drove and turned the island, how and whither the pilot would. By the rowers stood one that had the command over them; and these islands moved by the help of the oar, like so many galleys, with the greatest velocity.

At first we saw only two or three; by degrees, however, perhaps six hundred came in sight; and after forming themselves in two lines, they began to engage in a regular sea fight. Many ran foul of each other by the stern with such force that not a few were overset by the violence of the shock, and went to the bottom. Others got entangled together, and obstinately maintained the fight with equal bravery and ardor, and could not easily be parted. The combatants on the foredeck showed the most consummate valor, leaped into the enemy's ships, and cut down all before them, for no quarter was given. Instead of grappling irons, they hurled enormous polypi fast tied to thick ropes, which clung to the forest, with their numerous arms, and thus kept the island from moving. The shot they made use of, and with which they sadly wounded one another, were oysters one of which would have completely filled a wagon, and sponges each big enough to cover an acre of ground.

By what we could gather from their mutual shouts, the commander of one fleet was called Æolocentaurus, and that of the other Thalassopotes; and the occasion of the war, as it appeared, was given by Thalassopotes, who accused Æolocentaurus of having stolen several shoals of dolphins from him. Certain it is, that the Æolocentaurian party came off victorious, having sunk nearly a hundred and fifty of their enemy's islands, and captured three others, with all the men upon them; the rest sheered off, and made their escape. The conquerors, after pursuing them for some time, returned towards evening to the wrecks, made prizes of most of them, and got up their own islands; for in the engagement no fewer than eighty had gone down. This done, they nailed one of the islands to the head of the whale as a monument of the victory, and passed the night in the wake of the monster. On the following day they got out upon the back of the whale, sacrificed to their deities, buried their dead in it, and then set sail with great jubilation.

IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

By ALCIPHRON.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[ALCIPHRON (the name perhaps a pseudonym) was probably a rhetorician of Athens in the second century after Christ. He lives through a collection of imaginary letters of the Athenian lower classes in the third century B.C., each a tableau of some aspect of that life, mostly drawn from the comic writers, but developed by his own wit.]

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

Panope to Euthybolus.

YOU married me, Euthybolus, not a cast-off woman nor one of the herd, but born of a father and mother both of good family. Sosthenes of Stiria was my father and Damophila my mother; and they united me, your betrothed as being their sole heiress, to you in marriage to have lawful children.

But you, so free with your eyes and given up to promiscuous amours, disgrace me and our mutual children, Galene and Thalassione, by falling in love with that emigrant creature from Hermione, whom the Piræus took in for a mischief to beholders. The young sailors go roystering to her, each with a different gift; and she takes it and swallows it up like Charybdis.

But you look down on fisher-gifts; you don't and won't give her sardines or mullets, say; and though you are getting old, long since married, and father of children by no means babies, you must send her, to supplant rivals, a Milesian reticule and a Sicilian cloak, and more than all, money.

Now lower your crest, and stop being so amorous and mad after women, or rest assured I shall go back to my father, who will not neglect me, and will indict you before the judges for ill treatment of me.

COUNTRY MAIDEN AND PRINCE CHARMING.

Glaucippe to Charopa.

I am no longer my own, mother, and I cannot bear to wed the one my father has lately promised me in marriage to, — the

young fellow from Methymna, the pilot's son, — because I have seen that city youth, the vine-bearer, since you sent me off to the city when the vine-bearing festival was celebrated.

For he is beautiful, mother, beautiful, and ever so sweet, and has curls crisper than sea-moss, and smiles more charmingly than the sea at rest, and the glances of his dark-blue eyes sparkle like the sea when first lighted up by the rays of the sun. His whole face — oh, you would say the Graces had left Orchomenus and washed clean in the Argaphian fountain to dance on his cheeks. His lips are painted with roses taken from the bosom of Venus and placed on their tips.

Either I must marry him, or in imitation of the Lesbian Sappho I will throw myself — not from the Leucadian rocks but from the cliffs of Piræus — into the waves.

Charopa to Glaucippe.

Daughter, you are senseless and not in sound mind. You need hellebore — not indeed the common sort, but that of Anticyra of Phocis [reputed to cure insanity]; but when you ought to be ashamed of it, you strip your face of maiden modesty. Be calm, and come to yourself, and recover from this frenzy, and banish that wretch from your mind. For if your father should learn anything about this story, he would throw you into the sea as food for the fishes, without hesitation or delay.

The Dog in the Manger.

Encymon to Halictypus.

When I saw a broken old net on the shore of Sunium, I asked whose it was, and how it happened that it was not put out to be filled, but right in the fishing season lay there rotting with age.

They said it was yours four years before; when it caught on hidden rocks under water, the knots in the middle were cut; that since then you had never cared to mend it or take it away, so it had stayed in the place, none of the neighbors daring to touch another's property.

So it has become nobody's, not merely to the people there, but to you, the owner. Therefore I ask you for what, being long since broken up, is not yours. I am sure you will give

me cheerfully what you have abandoned as utterly destroyed, and so is no loss to you.

Halictypus to Encymon.

A neighbor's eye is hostile and envious, as the proverb has it. What are my affairs to you? What makes you think, forsooth, that what I choose to neglect is yours? Restrain your hands, or rather your insatiable greed, so that your appetite for others' goods won't set you asking for unreasonable presents.

Encymon to Halictypus.

I didn't ask you for what you have got, but for what you haven't got. As you don't want another man to have what you haven't got, by all means keep what you haven't got.

THE SENILE GALLANT.

Anicetus to Phœbiana.

You shun me, Phœbiana, you shun me, and that after just carrying off the whole farm. For what haven't you taken of mine? figs, cheese in baskets, a young kid, a pair of pullets, every other delicacy — haven't you accepted them all from me? So that all of me, as the proverb says, you have conquered and forced into your service.

Oh, you don't care a bit for me, and I burning through and through for you. But farewell — go. I can hardly bear your scorn, but bear it I will.

Phœbiana to Anicetus.

A neighbor's wife in childbirth lately had me called in; so I betook myself to her with the helps needed in my profession. You were standing by, and must try to kiss me at once with your neck bent back.

Why don't you quit, you decrepit and worthless old man, pawing us girls in the flower of our age, like somebody just sprouting a beard? You forsake your laborers and let your farm run down, don't you? Haven't you been driven away from the kitchen and the fireside, you lazy hulk?

Then how dare you look soft and play goat? Stop it, you miserable Methuselah, and come to your senses, or when I catch you I will give you a bad time.

The Unsentimental Mistress.

Philumena to Crito.

Why distress yourself writing so much? I need fifty gold pieces and I don't need letters. Then if you love me, give; if you love your money better, don't bother me. Good-by.

Hen and Duck-Child.

Phyllis to Thrasonides.

If you were willing to be a farmer, and have sense, Thrasonides, and obey your father, you would be carrying the gods ivy and laurel and myrtle and the flowers of the season, and us, your parents, sheaves of wheat, and wine pressed from grapes, and a pailful of milk whenever you milked your goats.

But now you scorn the country and farming, and are always singing the praises of the triple-crested helmet and the shield you love, as if you were some Acarnanian or Malian mercenary.

Don't, my son, but come back here, and stick to a peaceful life (for farming is sure and safe, and has no battalions, or ambushes, or regiments), and be our support in our old age, preferring assured safety to an uncertain life.

The Envious Fellow-Workers.

Lenæus to Corydon.

One day lately when I had cleaned up the threshing-floor, and put away the winnowing fan, the master came up, and seeing my industry, praised me. Just then that infamous Corycæan devil, Strombichus, appeared to me from somewhere; and when he saw me follow the master, he picked up my heavy cloak, which I had laid down while I was at work, and went off with it on the sly: so that I have at the same time to bear the loss and stand the jeers of my fellow-servants.

The Curious Country Boy.

Philocomus to Thestylus.

Never having been to the town, and not knowing what the thing called a city is, I want to see this new sight, a lot of men, all living in one inclosure, and the other things in which a city differs from the country.

So if you should have any occasion of going to the town, come and take me along. For I think I ought to know something of a good many things, now that the hair on my face is beginning to grow. For who is more fit to be my guide to the mysteries there than you, who have set so many things rolling inside the gates?

The Losing Winner.

Chytrolictes to Patellocharon.

What am I so doleful about, perhaps you will ask me, and where I got my broken head, and how I came to have my new suit torn to rags? I won playing dice — would that I hadn't! for what business had I, with so little strength, getting into a row with a set of strapping youths?

It was this way: When I had gathered in every pot, and they had absolutely nothing left, they all made a dead set on me; some pounded me with their fists, some threw stones, some tore my clothes. But I kept tight hold of the money, resolved to die rather than give up any of what I wish had been far enough off; and indeed I held out bravely for some time, one moment standing an onslaught of hammering, the next having my fingers bent back — I was like some Spartan scourged at the altar of Orthia, [where boys were whipped to test their fortitude, and the point of honor was to not cry out].

It was not Lacedæmon where I was going through all this, though, but Athens, and among the worst gamblers in Athens at that; so at last, beginning to faint, I let them take their ill-gotten booty. Then they went through my pockets and left, carrying off all they found in them. The fact is, I thought it was better to live without money than die with it.

The Barber's Practical Joke.

Gymnochæron to Phattodardapto.

Did you see how that cursed barber scraped me on the road? I mean that gabbing, loose-tongued fellow who has Brundisian mirrors on exhibition, who teaches ravens to talk, and beats tunes by striking carving-knives together.

When I came in and gave him my beard to shave, he received me cheerily, and put me in a high chair with a new

apron around me; then very gently applied the razor to my lips, and cleared off the fringe of bristling hair. But he did it like a scamp and a cheat, for he cut it off only in spots, not over the whole mouth, leaving me hairy in some places and smooth in others.

Not suspecting his trickery, I went as usual uninvited to Pasion's house. As soon as the carousers saw me, they nearly died with laughter, I not knowing what they were laughing at; finally one of them came up to me in the middle of the room and tweaked the hairs that were left.

Angrily snatching up a kitchen knife, I cut them off. I am eager to get hold of a big cudgel and whack that scoundrel over the head; for he, though he furnishes none of my bread and butter, has dared to play me a trick which those who do furnish it would not dare.

The Fate of a Meddler.

Triclinosax to Cnossotrapezo.

I told Menesilochus the Pæanian of his wife's licentiousness; but whereas he ought to have investigated by an inquiry in various methods, he like a great booby left it all to her declaration. So she took him to the well of Callichorus in Eleusis, denied it on oath, and rid herself of the guilt.

Well, somehow he was convinced and cast aside all suspicion. And I am ready to hold out my blabbing tongue to be cut out with a Tenedian oyster shell, by any one who wishes.

At the End of His Rope.

Artepithymus to Cnisozomus.

I may as well hang myself, and you will see me before long with a rope around my neck. For I am not the sort to endure blows and the other drunken brutalities of the worst kind of ruined clubmen, nor to govern this vile and gluttonous stomach — which craves not merely fullness but luxury. My face will not stand incessant pounding, and I am in danger as to my eyes, besides that of wasting away under the annoyance of the beatings. Oh, woe is me! what are we not forced to undergo by an omnivorous and voracious stomach! So I have made up my mind to enjoy one sumptuous feast and spurn existence, choosing a sweet death rather than a wretched life.

A LITERARY BANQUET.

By ATHENÆUS.

[ATHENÆUS, a Greek man of letters, was born at the Greek colony of Naucratis in Egypt; flourished at the end of the second and beginning of the third century A.D. His one surviving work, the "Deipnosophistæ" (Feast of the Learned), is of enormous value as a repertory of the social life of the Greeks, and a collection of fragments (unluckily often literarily worthless fragments) of lost comedies and poems.]

AND I will prove to you, that the ancients were acquainted with the water which is called dicoctas, in order that you may not be indignant again when I speak of boiled and spiced water. For, according to the "Pseudheracles" of Pherecrates: —

> Suppose a man who thinks himself a genius
> Should something say, and I should contradict him,
> Still trouble not yourself; but if you please,
> Listen and give your best attention.

But do not grudge, I entreat you, said Ulpian, to explain to me what is the nature of that Bull's water which you spoke of; for I have a great thirst for such words. And Cynulcus said, But I pledge you, according to your fancy; you thirst for words, taking a desire from Alexis, out of his female Pythagorean: —

> A cup of water boil'd; for when fresh-drawn
> 'Tis heavy, and indigestible to drink.

But it was Sophocles, my friend, who spoke of Bull's water, in his "Ægeus," from the river Taurus near Trœzen, in the neighborhood of which there is a fountain called Hyoëssa.

But the ancients did also at times use very cold water in their draughts before dinner. But I will not tell you, unless you first teach me, whether the ancients were in the habit of drinking warm water at their banquets. For if their cups got their name from what took place in reference to them, and if they were set before the guests full of mixed liquors, then they certainly did not contain warm drink, and were not put on the fire like kettles. For that they were in the habit of drinking warm water Eupolis proves, in his "Demi": —

> Warm for us now the brazen ewer quick,
> And bid the slaves prepare the victims new,
> That we may feast upon the entrails.

And Antiphanes says, in his "Omphale": —

> May I ne'er see a man
> Boiling me water in a bubbling pail;
> For I have no disease, and wish for none.
> But if I feel a pain within my stomach,
> Or round about my navel, why I have
> A ring I lately gave a drachma for
> To a most skillful doctor.

And, in his "Anointing Woman" (but this play is attributed to Alexis also), he says: —

> But if you make our shop notorious,
> I swear by Ceres, best of goddesses,
> That I will empt the biggest ladle o'er you,
> Filling it with hot water from the kettle;
> And if I fail, may I ne'er drink free water more.

And Plato, in the fourth book of his "Polity," says: "Desire in the mind must be much the same as thirst is in the body. Now, a man feels thirst for hot water or for cold; or for much water or for a little; or perhaps, in a word, for some particular drink. And if there be any heat combined with the thirst, then that will give a desire for cold water; but if a sensation of cold be united with it, that will engender a wish for warm water. And if by reason of the violence of the cause the thirst be great, that will give a desire for an abundant draught; but if the thirst be small, then the man will wish for but a small draught. But the thirst itself is not a desire of anything except of the thing itself, namely, drinking. And hunger, again, is not a desire of anything else except food."

And Semus the Delian, in the second book of his "Nesias," or treatise on Islands, says that in the island of Cimolus, cold places are prepared by being dug out against the summer, where people may put down vessels full of warm water, and then draw them up again in no respect different from snow. But warm water is called by the Athenians metaceras, a word used by Sophilus, in his Androcles. And Alexis says, in his "Sacrians": —

> But the maid-servants poured forth water,
> One pouring boiling water, and the other warm.

And Philemon, in his "Corinthian Women," uses the same word. And Amphis says, in his "Bath": —

One called out to the slaves to bring hot water,
Another shouted for metaceras.

And as the Cynic was proceeding to heap other proofs on these, Pontianus said, "The ancients, my friends, were in the habit also of drinking very cold water." At all events Alexis says, in his "Parasite": —

I wish to make you taste this icy water,
For I am proud of my well, whose limpid spring
Is colder than the Ararus.

And Hermippus, in his "Cercopes," calls water drawn from wells φρεατιαῖον ὕδωρ. Moreover, that men used to drink melted snow, too, is shown by Alexis, in his "Woman eating Mandragora": —

Sure is not a man a most superfluous plant,
Constantly using wondrous contradictions.
Strangers we love, and our own kin neglect;
Though having nothing, still we give to strangers.
We bear our share in picnics, though we grudge it,
And show our grudging by our sordidness.
And as to what concerns our daily food,
We wish our barley-cakes should white appear,
And yet we make for them a dark black sauce,
And stain pure color with a deeper dye.
Then we prepare to drink down melted snow;
Yet if our fish be cold, we storm and rave.
Sour or acid wine we scorn and loathe,
Yet are delighted with sharp caper sauce.
And so, as many wiser men have said,
Not to be born at all is best for man;
The next best thing, to die as soon as possible.

And Dexicrates, in the play entitled "The Men deceived by Themselves," says: —

But when I'm drunk I take a draught of snow,
And Egypt gives me ointment for my head.

And Euthycles, in his "Prodigal Men," or "The Letter," says: —

He first perceived that snow was worth a prize;
He ought to be the first to eat the honeycombs.

And that excellent writer, Xenophon, in his "Memorabilia," shows that he was acquainted with the fashion of drinking

snow. But Chares of Mitylene, in his "History of Alexander," has told us how we are to proceed in order to keep snow, when he is relating the siege of the Indian city Petra. For he says that Alexander dug thirty large trenches close to one another, and filled them with snow, and then he heaped on the snow branches of oak; for that in that way snow would last a long time.

And that they used to cool wine, for the sake of drinking it in a colder state, is asserted by Strattis, in his "Psychastæ," or "Cold Hunters": —

> For no one ever would endure warm wine,
> But on the contrary, we use our wells
> To cool it in, and then we mix with snow.

And Lysippus says, in his "Bacchæ": —

> *A.* Hermon, what is the matter? Where are we?
> *B.* Nothing's the matter, only that your father
> Has just dropt down into the well to cool himself,
> As men cool wine in summer.

And Diphilus says, in his "Little Monument": —

> Cool the wine quick, O Doris.

And Protagoras, in the second book of his "Comic Histories," relating the voyage of King Antiochus down the river, says something about the contrivances for procuring cold water, in these terms: "For during the day they expose it to the sun, and then at night they skim off the thickest part which rises to the surface, and expose the rest to the air, in large earthen ewers, on the highest parts of the house, and two slaves are kept sprinkling the vessels with water the whole night. And at daybreak they bring them down, and again they skim off the sediment, making the water very thin, and exceedingly wholesome, and then they immerse the ewers in straw, and after that they use the water, which has become so cold as not to require snow to cool it." And Anaxilas speaks of water from cisterns, in his "Flute Player," using the following expressions: —

> *A.* I want some water from a cistern now.
> *B.* I have some here and you are welcome to it.

And, in a subsequent passage, he says: —

> Perhaps the cistern water is all lost.

But Apollodorus of Gela mentions the cistern itself, λακκος, as we call it, in his "Female Deserter," saying: —

> In haste I loosed the bucket of the cistern,
> And then that of the well; and took good care
> To have the ropes all ready to let down.

Myrtilus, hearing this conversation, said, And I too, being very fond of salt fish, my friends, wish to drink snow, according to the practice of Simonides. And Ulpian said, The word φιλοτάριχος, fond of salt fish, is used by Antiphanes in his "Omphale," where he says: —

> I am not anxious for salt fish, my girl.

But Alexis, in his "Gynæcocracy," speaks of one man as ζωμοτάριχος, or fond of sauce made from salt fish, saying: —

> But the Cilician here, this Hippocles,
> This epicure of salt-fish sauce, this actor.

But what you mean by "according to the practice of Simonides," I do not know. No; for you do not care, said Myrtilus, to know anything about history, you glutton: for you are a mere lickplatter; and as the Sarnian poet Asius, that ancient bard, would call you, a flatterer of fat. But Callistratus, in the seventh book of his "Miscellanies," says that Simonides, the poet, when feasting with a party at a season of violently hot weather, while the cup-bearers were pouring out, for the rest of the guests, snow into their liquor, and did not do so for him, extemporized this epigram: —

> The cloak with which fierce Boreas clothed the brow
> Of high Olympus, pierced ill-clothed man
> While in its native Thrace; 'tis gentler now,
> Caught by the breeze of the Pierian plain.
> Let it be mine; for no one will commend
> The man who gives hot water to a friend.

So when he had drunk, Ulpian asked him again where the word κνισολοίχος is used, and also, what are the lines of Asius in which he uses the word κνισοκόλαξ. These, said Myrtilus, are the verses of Asius, to which I alluded: —

> Lame, branded, old, a vagrant beggar, next
> Came the enisocolax, when Meles held
> His marriage feast, seeking for gifts of soup,
> Not waiting for a friendly invitation;

There in the midst the hungry hero stood,
Shaking the mud from off his ragged cloak.

And the word κνισολοῖχος is used by Sophilus, in his "Philarchus," in this passage: —

You are a glutton, and a fat-licker.

And in the play which is entitled "The Men running Together," he has used the word κνισολοιχία in the following lines: —

That pander with his fat-licking propensities,
Has bid me get for him this black blood-pudding.

Antiphanes, too, uses the word κνισολοῖχος in his "Bombylium."

Now that men drank also sweet wine while eating is proved by what Alexis says in his "Dropidas": —

The courtesan came in with sweet wine laden,
In a large silver cup, named petachnon,
Most beauteous to behold. Not a flat dish,
Nor long-necked bottle, but between the two.

After this a cheesecake was served up, made of milk and sesame and honey, which the Romans call libum. And Cynulcus said, Fill yourself now, O Ulpian, with your native Chthordolapsus; a word which is not, I swear by Ceres, used by any one of the ancient writers, unless, indeed, it should chance to be found in those who have compiled histories of the affairs of Phœnicia, such as Sanchoniatho and Mochus, your own fellow-countrymen. And Ulpian said, But it seems to me, you dog-fly, that we have had quite enough of honey-cakes: but I should like to eat some groats, with a sufficient admixture of the husks and kernels of pine cones. And when that dish was brought — Give me, said he, some crust of bread hollowed out like a spoon; for I will not say, give me a spoon (μύστρον); since that word is not used by any of the writers previous to our own time. You have a very bad memory, my friend, quoth Æmilianus; have you not always admired Nicander the Colophonian, the epic poet, as a man very fond of ancient authors, and a man, too, of very extensive learning himself? And indeed, you have already quoted him of having used the word πεπέριον, for pepper. And this same poet, in the first book of his "Georgics," speaking of this use of groats, has used also the word μύστρον, saying: —

But when you seek to dress a dainty dish
Of new-slain kid, or tender house-fed lamb,
Or poultry, take some unripe grains and pound them,
And strew them all in hollow plates, and stir them,
Mingled with fragrant oil. Then pour thereon
Warm broth, which take from out the dish before you,
That it be not too hot, and so boil over.
Then put thereon a lid, for when they're roasted,
The grains swell mightily; then slowly eat them,
Putting them to your mouth with hollow spoon.

In these words, my fine fellow, Nicander describes to us the way in which they ate groats and peeled barley; bidding the eater pour on it soup made of kid or lamb, or of some poultry or other. Then, says he, pound the grains in a mortar, and, having mingled oil with them, stir them up till they boil; and mix in the broth made after this recipe as it gets warm, making it thicker with the spoon; and do not pour in anything else; but take the broth out of the dish before you, so as to guard against any of the more fatty parts boiling over. And it is for this reason, too, that he charges us to keep it close while it is boiling, by putting the lid on the dish; for that barley grains, when roasted or heated, swell very much. And at last, when it is moderately warm, we are to eat it, taking it up in hollow spoons.

And Hippolochus the Macedonian, in his letter to Lynceus, in which he gives an account of some Macedonian banquet which surpassed all the feasts which had ever been heard of in extravagance, speaks of golden spoons (which he also calls *μύστρα*), having been given to each of the guests. But since you, my friend, wish to set up for a great admirer of the ancients, and say that you never use any expressions which are not the purest Attic, what is it that Nicophon says, — the poet, I mean, of the old comedy, in his "Cherogastores," or the "Men who feed themselves by Manual Labor"? For I find him, too, speaking of spoons, and using the *μύστρον*, when he says: —

Dealers in anchovies, dealers in wine;
Dealers in figs, and dealers in hides;
Dealers in meal, and dealers in spoons (*μυστριοπώλης*),
Dealers in books, and dealers in sieves;
Dealers in cheesecakes, and dealers in seeds:

For who can the *μυστριοπῶλαι* be, but the men who sell *μύστρα*? So, learning from them, my fine Syrian-Atticist, the use of the spoon, pray eat your groats, that you may not say: —

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But I am languid, weak for want of food.

In Macedonia, then, as I have said, Caranus made a marriage feast; and the guests invited were twenty in number. And as soon as they had sat down, a silver bowl was given to each of them as a present. And Caranus had previously crowned every one of them, before they entered the dining room, with a golden chaplet, and each chaplet was valued at five pieces of gold. And when they had emptied the bowls, then there was given to each of the guests a loaf in a brazen platter of Corinthian workmanship, of the same size; and poultry and ducks, and, besides that, pigeons and a goose, and quantities more of the same kind of food heaped up abundantly. And each of the guests taking what was set before him, with the brazen platter itself also, gave it to the slaves who waited behind him. Many other dishes of various sorts were also served up to eat. And after them, a second platter was placed before each guest, made of silver, on which again there was placed a second large loaf, and on that geese, and hares, and kids, and other rolls curiously made, and doves, and turtle-doves, and partridges, and every other kind of bird imaginable, in the greatest abundance. Those also, says Hippolochus, we gave to the slaves; and when we had eaten to satiety, we washed our hands, and chaplets were brought in in great numbers, made of all sorts of flowers from all countries, and on each chaplet a circlet of gold, of about the same weight as the first chaplet. And Hippolochus having stated after this that Proteas, the descendant of that celebrated Proteas, the son of Lanice, who had been the nurse of Alexander the king, was a most extraordinary drinker, as also his grandfather Proteas, who was the friend of Alexander, had been; and that he pledged every one present, proceeds to write as follows:—

"And while we were now all amusing ourselves with agreeable trifling, some flute-playing women and musicians, and some Rhodian players on the sambuca come in, naked as I fancied, but some said they had tunics on. And they having played a prelude, departed; and others came in in succession, each of them bearing two bottles of perfume, bound with a golden thong, and one of the cruets was silver and the other gold, each holding a cotyla, and they presented them to each of the guests. And then, instead of supper, there was brought in a great treasure, a silver platter with a golden edge of no inconsiderable depth, of such a size as to receive the entire

bulk of a roast boar of huge size, which lay in it on his back, showing his belly uppermost, stuffed with many good things. For in the belly there were roasted thrushes, and paunches, a most countless number of figpeckers, and the yolks of eggs spread on the top, and oysters, and periwinkles. And to every one of the guests was presented a boar stuffed in this way, nice and hot, together with the dish on which he was served up. And after this we drank wine, and each of us received a hot kid, on another platter like that on which the boar had been served up, with some golden spoons. Then Caranus seeing that we were cramped for the want of room, ordered canisters and bread-baskets to be given to each of us, made of strips of ivory curiously plaited together; and we were very much delighted at all this, and applauded the bridegroom, by whose means we were thus enabled to preserve what had been given to us. Then chaplets were again brought to us, and another pair of cruets of perfume, one silver and one gold, of the same weight as the former pair. And when quiet was restored, there entered some men, who even in the Potfeast at Athens had borne a part in the solemnities, and with them there came in some ithyphallic dancers and some jugglers and some conjuring women also, tumbling and standing on their heads on swords, and vomiting fire out of their mouths, and they, too, were naked.

"And when we were relieved from their exhibitions then we had a fresh drink offered to us, hot and strong, and Thasian and Mendæan and Lesbian wines were placed upon the board, very large golden goblets being brought to every one of us. And after we had drunk, a glass goblet of two cubits in diameter, placed on a silver stand, was served up full of roast fishes of every imaginable sort that could be collected. And there was also given to every one a silver bread-basket full of Cappadocian loaves; some of which we ate and some we delivered to the slaves behind us. And when we had washed our hands, we put on chaplets; and then again we received golden circlets twice as large as the former ones, and another pair of cruets of perfume. And when quiet was restored, Proteas leaping up from his couch, asked for a cup to hold a gallon; and having filled it with Thasian wine, and having mingled a little water with it, he drank it off, saying: 'He who drinks most will be the happiest,' and Caranus said: 'Since you have been the first to drink, do you be the first also to accept

the cup as a gift; and this also shall be the present for all the rest who drink too.' And when this had been said, at once nine of the guests rose up, snatching at the cups, and each one trying to forestall the other. But one of those who were of the party, like an unlucky man as he was, as he was unable to drink, sat down and cried because he had no goblet; and so Caranus presented him with an empty goblet. After this, a dancing party of a hundred men came in, singing an epithalamium in beautiful tune. And after them there came in dancing girls, some arranged so as to represent the nereids, and others in the guise of the nymphs.

"And as the drinking went on, and the shadows were beginning to fall, they opened the chamber where everything was encircled all round with white cloths. And when these curtains were drawn, the torches appeared, the partitions having been secretly removed by mechanism. And there were seen Cupids and Dianas and Pans and Mercuries and numbers of statues of that kind, holding torches in silver candlesticks. And while we were admiring the ingenuity of the contrivance, some real Erymanthean boars were brought round to each of the guests on square platters with golden edges, pierced through and through with silver darts, and what was the strangest thing of all was, that those of us who were almost helpless and stupefied with wine, the moment that we saw any of these things which were brought in, became all in a moment sober, standing upright, as it is said. And so the slaves crammed them into the baskets of good omen, until the usual signal of the termination of the feast sounded. For you know that that is the Macedonian custom at large parties.

"And Caranus, who had begun drinking in small goblets, ordered the slaves to bring round the wine rapidly. And so we drank pleasantly, taking our present liquor as a sort of antidote to our previous hard drinking. And while we were thus engaged, Mandrogenes the buffoon came in, the descendant, as is reported, of that celebrated Strato, the Athenian, and he caused us much laughter. And after this he danced with his wife, a woman who was already more than eighty years of age. And at last the tables, to wind up the whole entertainment, were brought in. And sweetmeats in plaited baskets made of ivory were distributed to every one. And cheesecakes of every kind known; Cretan cheesecakes, and your Samian ones, my friend Lynceus, and Attic ones, with the

proper boxes or dishes, suitable to each kind of confection. And after this we all rose up and departed, quite sobered, by Jove, by the thoughts of and our anxiety about the treasures which we had received.

"But you who never go out of Athens think yourself happy when you hear the precepts of Theophrastus, and when you eat thymes, and salads, and nice twisted loaves, solemnizing the Lenæan festival, and the Potfeast at the Anthesteria. But at the banquet of Caranus, instead of our portions of meat, we carried off actual riches, and are now looking, some for houses, and some for lands, and some of us are seeking to buy slaves."

Now if you consider this, my friend Timocrates, with which of the Greek feasts that you ever heard of do you think this banquet, which has just been described to you, can be compared? When even Antiphanes, the comic writer, jokingly said in the "Œnomaus," or perhaps it is in the "Pelops": —

> What could the Greeks, of sparing tables fond,
> Eaters of salads, do? where you may get
> Four scanty chops or steaks for one small penny.
> But among the ancestors of our nation
> Men roasted oxen, deer, and lambs entire,
> And last of all the cook, outdoing all
> His predecessors, set before the king
> A roasted camel, smoking, hump and all.

And Aristophanes, in his "Acharnians," extolling the magnificence of the barbarians, says: —

> *A.* Then he received me, and to dinner asked me,
> And set before us whole fat oxen roasted.
> *B.* Who ever saw a roasted ox? The braggart!
> *A.* I'll take my oath he likewise put on table
> A bird three times as burly as Cleonymus;
> Its name, I well remember, was Th' Impostor.

And Anaxandrides, in his "Protesilaus," ridiculing the feast made at the marriage of Iphicrates when he married the daughter of Cotys, king of the Thracians, says: —

> If you do this as I bid you,
> You will ask us all to a supper,
> Not to such as that in Thrace,
> Given by Iphicrates —
> Though, indeed, they say that
> Was a very noble feast.

For that all along the market
Purple carpets there were spread
To the northern corner;
And a countless host of men
With dirty hands and hair uncomb'd
Supped on butter. There were, too,
Brazen goblets, large as cisterns,
Holding plenty for a dozen
Of the hardest drinkers known.
Cotys, too, himself was there,
Girt around, and bearing kindly
Rich soup in a gold tureen;
Tasting all the brimming cups,
So as to be the first to yield
Of all the guests t' intoxication.
There was Antigenides
Delighting all with his soft flute.
Argas sung, and from Acharnæ
Cephisodotus struck the lyre,
Celebrating Lacedæmon
And the wide land of the Heraclidæ,
And at other times they sung
Of the seven-gated Thebes,
Changing thus their strain and theme.
Large was the dowry which 'tis said
Fell to the lucky bridegroom's share:
First, two herds of chestnut horses,
And a herd of horned goats,
A golden shield, a wide-necked bowl,
A jar of snow, a pot of millet,
A deep pit full of leeks and onions,
And a hecatomb of polypi.
This they say that Cotys did,
King of Thrace, in heartfelt joy
At Iphicrates' wedding.
But a finer feast by far
Shall be in our master's houses;
For there's nothing good or fine
Which our house does stand in need of.
There is scent of Syrian myrrh,
There is incense, there is spice;
There are delicate cakes and loaves,
Cakes of meal and polypi,
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,
Soup, and beet, and figs, and pease,

Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,
Ptisan, pulse, and toast, and muffins,
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,
Honey, cheese, and cheesecakes, too,
Wheat, and nuts, and barley-groats,
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,
Roasted cuttle-fish, boiled turbot,
Frogs, and perch, and mussels, too,
Sharks, and roach, and gudgeons, too,
Fish from doves and cuckoos named,
Plaice and flounders, shrimps and rays.
Then, besides these dainty fish,
There is many another dish, —
Honeycombs and juicy grapes,
Figs and cheesecakes, apples, pears,
Cornels, and the red pomegranate,
Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsley,
Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,
Leeks and onions, cabbages,
Strong-smelling asafetida,
Fennel, eggs, and lentils cool,
And well-roasted grasshoppers,
Cardamums and sesame,
Cerycos, salt, and limpets firm,
The pinna, and the oyster bright,
The periwinkle, and the whelk;
And, besides this, a crowd of birds, —
Doves and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,
Thrushes, larks, and jays, and swans,
The pelican, the crane, and stork,
Wagtails and ousels, tits and finches;
And to wash all these dainties down,
There's wine, both native and imported,
White and red, and sweet and acid,
Still or effervescent.

But Lynceus, in his "Centaur," ridiculing the Attic banquets, says: —

A. You cook, the man who makes the sacrifice
And seeks now to receive me as my host,
Is one of Rhodes. And I, the guest invited,
Am called a citizen of fair Perinthus.
And neither of us likes the Attic suppers,
For melancholy is an Attic humor;
May it be always foreign unto me.

They place upon the table a large platter
Holding five smaller plates within its space:
One full of garlic, while another holds
Two boiled sea-urchins; in the third, a cake;
The fourth displays ten cockles to the guest;
The last has caviar. While I eat this,
He falls on that; or while he dines on this,
I make that other dish to disappear.
But I would rather eat up both myself,
Only I cannot go beyond my powers;
For I have not five mouths nor twice five lips.
True, these detain the eyes with various sights,
But looking at them is not eating them:
I but appease my eyes and not my belly.
What shall I do then? Have you oysters? Give me
A plate of them, I beg; and that a large one.
Have you some urchins?

B. Here's a dish of them
To which you're welcome; this I bought myself,
And paid eight obols for it in the market.

A. Put then this dish on table by itself,
That all may eat the same at once, and not
One half the guests eat one thing, half another.

But Dromeas, the parasite, when some one once asked him, as Hegesander the Delphian relates, whether the banquets in the city or at Chalcis were the best, said that the prelude to the banquets at Chalcis was superior to the whole entertainment in the city, calling the multitudes of oysters served up, and the great variety of fish, the prelude to the banquet.

But Diphilus, in his "Female Deserter," introduces a cook, and represents him as saying: —

A. What is the number of the guests invited
To this fine marriage feast? And are they all
Athenian citizens, or are there some
Foreigners and merchants?

B. What is that to you,
Since you are but the cook to dress the dinner?

A. It is the first part of my art, O father,
To know the taste of those who are to eat.
For instance, if you ask a Rhodian,
Set a fine shad or lebias before him,
Well boiled and hot, the moment that he enters.
That's what he likes; he'll like it better so
Than if you add a cup of myrrine wine.

A. Well, that idea of shads is not a bad one.
B. Then, if a Byzantine should be your guest,
Steep all you offer such a man in wormwood.
And let your dishes taste of salt and garlic,
For fish are all so plenty in their country
That the men all are full of rheum and phlegm.

And Menander says, in his "Trophonius": —

A. This feast is for a guest's reception.
B. What guest? whence comes he? For those points, believe me,
Do make a mighty difference to the cook.
For instance, if some guests from the islands come,
Who always feed on fish of every sort
Fresh from the sea, such men like not salt dishes,
But think them makeshifts. Give such men their food
Well-seasoned, forced, and stuffed with choicest spices.
But if you ask a guest from Arcady,
He is a stranger to the sea, and loves
Limpets and shellfish; but the rich Ionian
Will look at naught but Lydian luxuries,
Rich, stimulating, amatory meats.

The ancients used food calculated to provoke the appetite, as, for instance, salt olives, which they call "colymbades"; and accordingly Aristophanes says, in his "Old Age": —

Old man, do you like flabby courtesans,
Or tender maidens, firm as well-cured olives?

And Philemon, in his "Follower, or Sauce," says: —

A. What did you think, I pray, of that boiled fish?
B. He was but small; dost hear me? And the pickle
Was white and much too thick; there was no smell
Of any spice or seasoning at all,
So that the guests cried out, "How pure your brine is!"

They also ate common grasshoppers and the monkey grasshopper as provocatives of the appetite. Aristophanes says, in his "Anagyrus": —

How can you, in God's name, like grasshoppers,
Catching them with a reed, and cercopes?

But the cercope is a little animal like a grasshopper or prickly roach, as Speusippus tells us in the fourth book of his

"Similitudes"; and Epilycus mentions them in his "Coraliscus." And Alexis says, in his "Thrason": —

> I never saw, not even a cercope,
> A greater chatterer than you, O woman,
> Nor jay, or nightingale, or dove, or grasshopper

And Nicostratus says, in his "Abra": —

> The first, a mighty dish shall lead the way,
> Holding an urchin, and some sauce and capers,
> A cheesecake, fish, and onions in rich stuffing.

All that they used to eat, for the sake of encouraging the appetite. Rape, dressed with vinegar and mustard, is plainly stated by Nicander in the second book of his "Georgias," where he says: —

> The rape is a mixed breed from radishes;
> It's grown in garden beds, both long and stiff.
> One sort they wash and dry in the north wind,
> A friend to winter and to idle servants;
> Then it revives when soaked in water warm.
> Cut thou the roots of rape, and gently scrape
> The not yet juiceless rind in shavings thin;
> Then dry them in the sun a little while,
> Then dip them in hot water and in brine,
> And pack them closely; or at other times
> Pour in new wine and vinegar, half and half,
> Into one vessel, and put salt on the top.
> And often 'twill be well to pound fresh raisins,
> And add them gently, scattering in some seeds
> Of biting mustard and some dregs of vinegar,
> To reach the head and touch the vigorous brain:
> A goodly dish for those who want a dinner.

And Diphilus or Sosippus, in the "Female Deserter," says: —

> Have you now any sharp fresh vinegar?
> I think, too, we've some fig tree juice, my boy.
> In these I'll press the meat as tight as may be;
> And some dried herbs I'll spread around the dish;
> For of all condiments, these do most surely
> The body's sensitive parts and nerves excite;
> They drive away unpleasant heaviness,
> And make the guests sit down with appetite.

THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, Roman emperor 161–180, was born at Rome, A.D. 121. He was the most nearly perfect character in history, his active ability and moral nobility being both of the first order. He was a brave, skillful, and successful general, a laborious and sagacious administrator and reformer, a generous, humane, and self-denying man. His "Meditations," which have comforted and strengthened thousands of the best minds for seventeen hundred years, were notes set down for his own guidance and spiritual comfort at odd times, in camp or court.]

IN the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present, — I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? — But this is more pleasant. — Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature? — But it is necessary to take rest also. — It is necessary. However, nature has fixed bounds to this too: she has fixed bounds to eating and drinking, and yet thou goest beyond these bounds, beyond what is sufficient; yet in thy acts it is not so, but thou stoppest short of what thou canst do. So thou lovest not thyself, for if thou didst, thou wouldst love thy nature and her will. But those who love their several arts exhaust themselves in working at them unwashed and without food; but thou valuest thy own nature less than the turner values the turning art, or the dancer the dancing art, or the lover of money values his money, or the vainglorious man his little glory. And such men, when they have a violent affection to a thing, choose neither to eat nor to sleep rather than to perfect the thing which they care for. But are the acts which concern society more vile in thy eyes and less worthy of thy labor?

Thou sayest, Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. — Be it so: but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities then which are altogether in thy power, — sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to pleasure, contentment

with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be so restless in thy mind? No, by the gods; but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it nor yet taking pleasure in thy dullness.

One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. — Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner act thus without observing it? — Yes. — But this very thing is necessary, the observation of what a man is doing: for, it may be said, it is characteristic of the social animal to perceive that he is working in a social manner, and indeed to wish that his social partner also should perceive it. — It is true what thou sayest, but thou dost not rightly understand what is now said: and for this reason thou wilt become one of those of whom I spoke before, for even they are misled by a certain show of reason. But if thou wilt choose to understand the meaning of what is said, do not fear that for this reason thou wilt omit any social act.

Accept everything which happens, even if it seem disagreeable, because it leads to this, to the health of the universe and to the prosperity and felicity of Zeus [the universe]. For he would not have brought on any man what he has brought, if it were not useful for the whole. Neither does the nature

of anything, whatever it may be, cause anything which is not suitable to that which is directed by it. For two reasons then it is right to be content with that which happens to thee; the one, because it was done for thee and prescribed for thee, and in a manner had reference to thee, originally from the most ancient causes spun with thy destiny; and the other, because even that which comes severally to every man is the power which administers the universe a cause of felicity and perfection, nay even of its very continuance. For the integrity of the whole is mutilated, if thou cuttest off anything whatever from the conjunction and the continuity either of the parts or of the causes. And thou dost cut off, as far as it is in thy power, when thou art dissatisfied, and in a manner triest to put anything out of the way.

Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied, if thou dost not succeed in doing everything according to right principles, but when thou hast failed, return back again, and be content if the greater part of what thou doest is consistent with man's nature, and love this to which thou returnest; and do not return to philosophy as if she were a master, but act like those who have sore eyes and apply a bit of sponge and egg, or as another applies a plaster, or drenching with water. For thus thou wilt not fail to obey reason, and thou wilt repose in it. And remember that philosophy requires only the things which thy nature requires; but thou wouldst have something else which is not according to nature. — It may be objected, Why, what is more agreeable than this [which I am doing]? — But is not this the very reason why pleasure deceives us? And consider if magnanimity, freedom, simplicity, equanimity, piety, are not more agreeable. For what is more agreeable than wisdom itself, when thou thinkest of the security and the happy course of all things which depend on the faculty of understanding and knowledge?

Things are in such a kind of envelopment that they have seemed to philosophers, not a few nor those common philosophers, altogether unintelligible; nay even to the Stoics themselves they seem difficult to understand. And all our assent is changeable; for where is the man who never changes? Carry thy thoughts then to the objects themselves, and consider how short-lived they are and worthless, and that they may be in the possession of a filthy wretch or a whore or a robber. Then turn to the morals of those who live with thee, and it is hardly pos-

sible to endure even the most agreeable of them, to say nothing of a man being hardly able to endure himself. In such darkness then and dirt, and in so constant a flux both of substance and of time, and of motion and of things moved, what there is worth being highly prized, or even an object of serious pursuit, I cannot imagine. But on the contrary it is a man's duty to comfort himself, and to wait for the natural dissolution, and not to be vexed at the delay, but to rest in these principles only: the one, that nothing will happen to me which is not conformable to the nature of the universe; and the other, that it is in my power never to act contrary to my god and demon: for there is no man who will compel me to this.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? — and whose soul have I now, — that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?

What kind of things those are which appear good to the many, we may learn even from this. For if any man should conceive certain things as being really good, such as prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, he would not after having first conceived these endure to listen to anything which should not be in harmony with what is really good. But if a man has first conceived as good the things which appear to the many to be good, he will listen and readily receive as very applicable that which was said by the comic writer. Thus even the many perceive the difference. For were it not so, this saying would not offend and would not be rejected [in the first case], while we receive it when it is said of wealth, and of the means which further luxury and fame, as said fitly and wittily. Go on then and ask if we should value and think those things to be good, to which after their first conception in the mind the words of the comic writer might be aptly applied, — that he who has them, through pure abundance has not a place to ease himself in.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well then, he can also live well in a palace. And again, consider that for whatever purpose

each thing has been constituted, for this it has been constituted, and towards this it is carried; and its end is in that towards which it is carried; and where the end is, there also is the advantage and the good of each thing. Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. Is it not plain that the inferior exist for the sake of the superior? But the things which have life are superior to those which have not life, and of those which have life the superior are those which have reason.

To seek what is impossible is madness: and it is impossible that the bad should not do something of this kind.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that. For in thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou

angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits: it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things; but the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listens, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger.

The intelligence of the universe is social. Accordingly it has made the inferior things for the sake of the superior, and it has fitted the superior to one another. Thou seest how it has subordinated, coördinated, and assigned to everything its proper portion, and has brought together into concord with one another the things which are the best.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee, —

Never has wronged a man in deed or word.

And call to recollection both how many things thou hast passed through, and how many things thou hast been able to endure and that the history of thy life is now complete and thy service is ended; and how many beautiful things thou hast seen; and how many pleasures and pains thou hast despised; and how many things called honorable thou hast spurned; and to how many ill-minded folks thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Why do unskilled and ignorant souls disturb him who has skill and knowledge? What soul then has skill and knowledge? That which knows beginning and end, and knows the reason which pervades all substance, and through all time by fixed periods [revolutions] administers the universe.

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarreling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

Up to Olympus from the widespread earth.

—Hesiod, "Works," etc., v. 197.

What then is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practice tolerance and self-restraint; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being: not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However, to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, — to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if

thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will not be from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life, — to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayst say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

He often acts unjustly who does not do a certain thing; not only he who does a certain thing.

Among the animals which have not reason one life is distributed; but among reasonable animals one intelligent soul is distributed: just as there is one earth of all things which are of an earthy nature, and we see by one light, and breathe one air, all of us that have the faculty of vision and all that have life.

If thou art able, correct by teaching those who do wrong; but if thou canst not, remember that indulgence is given to thee for this purpose. And the gods, too, are indulgent to such persons; and for some purposes they even help them to get health, wealth, reputation; so kind they are. And it is in thy power also; or say, who hinders thee?

Labor not as one who is wretched, nor yet as one who would be pitied or admired: but direct thy will to one thing only, — to put thyself in motion and to check thyself, as the social reason requires.

Not in passivity but in activity lie the evil and the good of the rational social animal, just as his virtue and his vice lie not in passivity but in activity.

For the stone which has been thrown up it is no evil to come down, nor indeed any good to have been carried up.

Penetrate inward into men's leading principles, and thou wilt see what judges thou art afraid of, and what kind of judges they are of themselves.

Hasten [to examine] thy own ruling faculty and that of the universe and that of thy neighbor: thy own that thou mayst make it just: and that of the universe, that thou mayst remember of what thou art a part; and that of thy neighbor, that thou mayst know whether he has acted ignorantly or with knowledge, and that thou mayst also consider that his ruling faculty is akin to thine.

As thou thyself art a component part of a social system, so let every act of thine be a component part of social life. Whatever act of thine then has no reference either immediately or remotely to a social end, this tears asunder thy life, and does not allow it to be one, and it is of the nature of a mutiny, just as when in a popular assembly a man acting by himself stands apart from the general agreement.

Quarrels of little children and their sports, and poor spirits carrying about dead bodies [such is everything]; and so what is exhibited in the representation of the mansions of the dead strikes our eyes more clearly.

Thou hast endured infinite troubles through not being contented with thy ruling faculty when it does the things which it is constituted by nature to do.

When another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee anything injurious, approach their poor souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee. However, thou must be well disposed towards them, for by nature they are friends. And the gods too aid them in all ways, by dreams, by signs, towards the attainment of those things on which they set a value.

Soon will the earth cover us all: then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.

Look down from above on the countless herds of men and their countless solemnities, and the infinitely varied voyagings in storms and calms, and the differences among those who are born, who live together, and die. And consider, too, the life lived by others in olden time, and the life of those who will live after thee, and the life now lived among barbarous nations, and

how many know not even thy name, and how many will soon forget it, and how they who perhaps now are praising thee will very soon blame thee, and that neither a posthumous name is of any value, nor reputation, nor anything else.

All that thou seest will quickly perish, and those who have been spectators of its dissolution will very soon perish too. And he who dies at the extremest old age will be brought into the same condition with him who died prematurely.

What are these men's leading principles, and about what kind of things are they busy, and for what kind of reasons do they love and honor? Imagine that thou seest their poor souls laid bare. When they think that they do harm by their blame or good by their praise, what an idea!

Loss is nothing else than change. But the universal nature delights in change, and in obedience to her all things are now done well, and from eternity have been done in like form, and will be such to time without end. What, then, dost thou say, — that all things have been and all things always will be bad, and that no power has ever been found in so many gods to rectify these things, but the world has been condemned to be bound in never-ceasing evil?

If any man has done wrong, the harm is his own. But perhaps he has not done wrong.

Either the gods have no power or they have power. If, then, they have no power, why dost thou pray to them? But if they have power, why dost thou not pray for them to give thee the faculty of not fearing any of the things which thou fearest, or of not desiring any of the things which thou desirest, or not being pained at anything, rather than pray that any of these things should not happen or happen? for certainly if they can coöperate with men, they can coöperate for these purposes. But perhaps thou wilt say the gods have placed them in thy power. Well, then, is it not better to use what is in thy power like a free man than to desire in a slavish and abject way what is not in thy power? And who has told thee that the gods do not aid us even in the things which are in our power? Begin, then, to pray for such things, and thou wilt see. One man prays thus: How shall I be able to lie with that woman? Do thou pray thus: How shall I not desire to lie with her? Another prays thus: How shall I be released from this? Another prays: How shall I not desire to be released? Another thus: How shall I not lose my little son?

Thou thus: How shall I not be afraid to lose him? In fine, turn thy prayers this way, and see what comes.

When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave, and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed towards every one individually. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking.

MARCUS AURELIUS AT HOME.

By WALTER PATER.

(From "Marius the Epicurean.")

[WALTER HORATIO PATER: An English critic and author; born in London, August 4, 1839. Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, he became a Fellow of Brasenose College (1865), where he spent the greater portion of his life. He died in 1894. Among his works, which are distinguished for critical insight and exquisite style, may be mentioned: "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" (1873), "Marius the Epicurean," "Imaginary Portraits," "Appreciations," "Plato and Platonism."]

MARIUS climbed the long flights of steps to be introduced to the emperor Aurelius. Attired in the newest mode, his legs wound in dainty *fasciæ* of white leather, with the heavy gold ring of the *ingenuus*, and in his toga of ceremony, he still retained all his country freshness of complexion. The eyes of the "golden youth" of Rome were upon him as the chosen friend of Cornelius and the destined servant of the emperor; but not jealously. In spite of, perhaps partly because of, his habitual reserve of manner, he had become "the fashion," even among those who felt instinctively the irony which lay beneath that remarkable self-possession, as of one taking all things with a difference from other people, perceptible in voice, in expression, and even in his dress. It was, in truth, the air of one who, entering vividly into life, and relishing to the full the delicacies of its intercourse, yet feels all the while, from the point of view of an ideal philosophy, that he is but conceding reality to suppositions, choosing of his own will to walk in a daydream, of the illusiveness of which he at least is aware.

In the house of the chief chamberlain Marius waited for the due moment of admission to the emperor's presence. The summons came; and in a few minutes, the etiquette of the imperial household being still a simple matter, he had passed the curtains which divided the central hall of the palace into three parts — three degrees of approach to the sacred person — and was speaking to Aurelius himself; not in Greek, in which the emperor oftenest conversed with the learned, but, more familiarly, in Latin, adorned however, or disfigured, by many a Greek phrase, as now and again French phrases have made the adornment of fashionable English. It was with real kindliness that Marcus Aurelius looked upon

Marius, as a youth of great attainments in Greek letters and philosophy; and he liked also his serious expression, being, as we know, a believer in the doctrine of physiognomy — that, as he puts it, not love only, but every other affection of man's soul, looks out very plainly from the window of the eyes.

The apartment in which Marius found himself was of ancient aspect, and richly decorated with the favorite toys of two or three generations of imperial collectors, now finally revised by the high connoisseurship of the Stoic emperor himself, though destined not much longer to remain together there. It is the repeated boast of Aurelius that he had learned from old Antoninus Pius to maintain authority without the constant use of guards, in a robe woven by the handmaids of his own consort, with no processional lights or images, and "that a prince may shrink himself almost into the figure of a private gentleman." And yet, again as at his first sight of him, Marius was struck by the profound religiousness of the surroundings of the imperial presence. The effect might have been due in part to the very simplicity, the discreet and scrupulous simplicity, of the central figure in this splendid abode; but Marius could not forget that he saw before him not only the head of the Roman religion, but one who might actually have claimed something like divine worship, had he cared to do so. Though the fantastic pretensions of Caligula had brought some contempt on that claim, which had become almost a jest under the ungainly Claudius, yet, from Augustus downwards, a vague divinity had seemed to surround the Cæsars even in this life: and the peculiar character of Aurelius, at once a ceremonious polytheist never forgetful of his pontifical calling, and a philosopher whose mystic speculation encircled him with a sort of saintly halo, had restored to his person, without his intending it, something of that divine prerogative, or prestige. Though he would never allow the immediate dedication of altars to himself, yet the image of his *Genius* — his spirituality or celestial counterpart — was placed among those of the deified princes of the past; and his family, including Faustina and the young Commodus, was spoken of as the "holy" or "divine" house. Many a Roman courtier agreed with the barbarian chief, who, after contemplating a predecessor of Aurelius, withdrew from his presence with the exclamation: "I have seen a god to-day!" The very roof of his house, rising into a pediment or gable, like that of the sanctuary of

a god, the laurels on either side its doorway, the chaplet of oak leaves above, seemed to designate the place for religious veneration. And notwithstanding all this, the household of Aurelius was singularly modest, with none of the wasteful expense of palaces after the fashion of Lewis the Fourteenth; the palatial dignity being felt only in a peculiar sense of order, the absence of all that was casual, of vulgarity and discomfort. A merely official residence of his predecessors, the *Palatine* had become the favorite dwelling place of Aurelius; its many-colored memories suiting, perhaps, his pensive character, and the crude splendors of Nero and Hadrian being now subdued by time. The windowless Roman abode must have had much of what to a modern would be gloom. How did the children, one wonders, endure houses with so little escape for the eye into the world outside? Aurelius, who had altered little else, choosing to *live* there, in a genuine homeliness, had shifted and made the most of the level lights, and broken out a quite mediæval window here and there, and the clear daylight, fully appreciated by his youthful visitor, made pleasant shadows among the objects of the imperial collection. Some of these, indeed, by reason of their Greek simplicity and grace, themselves shone out like spaces of a purer, early light, amid the splendors of the Roman manufacture.

Though he looked, thought Marius, like a man who did not sleep enough, he was abounding and bright to-day, after one of those pitiless headaches which since boyhood had been the "thorn in his side," challenging the pretensions of his philosophy to fortify one in humble endurances. At the first moment, to Marius, remembering the spectacle of the emperor in ceremony, it was almost bewildering to be in private conversation with him. There was much in the philosophy of Aurelius — much consideration of mankind at large, of great bodies, aggregates and generalities, after the Stoic manner — which, on a nature less rich than his, might have acted as an inducement to care for people in inverse proportion to their nearness to him. That has sometimes been the result of the Stoic cosmopolitanism. Aurelius, however, determined to beautify by all means, great or little, a doctrine which had in it some potential sourness, had brought all the quickness of his intelligence, and long years of observation, to bear on the conditions of social intercourse. He had early determined "not to make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity — not to

pretend to be too much occupied with important affairs to concede what life with others may hourly demand;" and with such success, that, in an age which made much of the finer points of that intercourse, it was felt that the more honesty of his conversation was more pleasing than other men's flattery. His agreeableness to his young visitor to-day was, in truth, a blossom of the same wisdom which had made of Lucius Verus really a brother — the wisdom of not being exigent with men, any more than with fruit trees (it is his own favorite figure) beyond their nature. And there was another person, still nearer to him, regarding whom this wisdom became a marvel, of equity — of charity.

The center of a group of princely children, in the same apartment with Aurelius, amid all the refined intimacies of a modern home, sat the empress Faustina, warming her hands over a fire. With her long fingers lighted up red by the glowing coals of the brazier, Marius looked close upon the most beautiful woman in the world, who was also the great paradox of the age, among her boys and girls. As has been truly said of the numerous representations of her in art, so in life, she had the air of one curious, restless, to enter into conversation with the first comer. She had certainly the power of stimulating a very ambiguous sort of curiosity about herself. And Marius found this enigmatic point in her expression, that even after seeing her many times he could never precisely recall her features in absence. The lad of six years, looking older, who stood beside her, impatiently plucking a rose to pieces over the hearth, was, in outward appearance, his father — the young *Verissimus* — over again; but with a certain feminine length of feature, and with all his mother's alertness, or license, of gaze.

Yet rumor knocked at every door and window of the imperial house regarding the adulterers who knocked at them, or quietly left their lovers' garlands there. Was not that likeness of the husband, in the boy beside her, really the effect of a shameful magic, in which the blood of the murdered gladiator, his true father, had been an ingredient? Were the tricks for deceiving husbands which the Roman poet describes, really hers, and her household an efficient school of all the arts of furtive love? Or, was the husband too aware, like every one beside? Were certain sudden deaths which happened there, really the work of apoplexy, or the plague?

The man whose ears, whose soul, those rumors were meant to penetrate, was, however, faithful to his sanguine and optimist philosophy, to his determination that the world should be to him simply what the higher reason preferred to conceive it; and the life's journey Aurelius had made so far, though involving much moral and intellectual loneliness, had been ever in affectionate and helpful contact with other wayfarers, very unlike himself. Since his days of earliest childhood in the Lateran gardens, he seemed to himself, blessing the gods for it after deliberate survey, to have been always surrounded by kinsmen, friends, servants, of exceptional virtue. From the great Stoic idea, that we are all fellow-citizens of one city, he had derived a tenderer, a more equitable estimate than was common among Stoics, of the eternal shortcomings of men and women. Considerations that might tend to the sweetening of his temper it was his daily care to store away, with a kind of philosophic pride in the thought that no one took more good-naturedly than he the "oversights" of his neighbors. For had not Plato taught (it was not paradox, but simple truth of experience) that if people sin, it is because they know no better, and are "under the necessity of their own ignorance"? Hard to himself, he seemed at times, doubtless, to decline too softly upon unworthy persons. Actually, he came thereby upon many a useful instrument. The empress Faustina he would seem at least to have kept, by a constraining affection, from becoming altogether what most people have believed her, and won in her (we must take him at his word in the "Thoughts," abundantly confirmed by letters, on both sides, in his correspondence with Cornelius Fronto) a consolation, the more secure, perhaps, because misknown of others. Was the secret of her actual blamelessness, after all, with him who has at least screened her name? At all events, the one thing quite certain about her, besides her extraordinary beauty, is her sweetness to himself.

No! The wise, who had made due observation on the trees of the garden, would not expect to gather grapes of thorns or fig trees: and he was the vine, putting forth his genial fruit, by natural law, again and again, after his kind, whatever use people might make of it. Certainly, his actual presence never lost its power, and Faustina was glad in it to-day, the birthday of one of her children, a boy who stood at her knee holding in his fingers tenderly a tiny silver trumpet, one of his birthday

gifts. — "For my part, unless I conceive my hurt to be such, I have no hurt at all," — boasts the would-be apathetic emperor: —"and how I care to conceive of the thing rests with me." Yet when his children fall sick or die, this pretense breaks down, and he is broken-hearted: and one of the charms of certain of his letters still extant, is his reference to those childish sicknesses. — "On my return to Lorium," he writes, "I found my little lady — *domnulam meam* — in a fever;" and again, in a letter to one of the most serious of men, "You will be glad to hear that our little one is better, and running about the room — *parvolam nostram melius valere et intra cubiculum discurrere.*"

The young Commodus had departed from the chamber, anxious to witness the exercises of certain gladiators, having a native taste for such company, inherited, according to popular rumor, from his true father — anxious also to escape from the too impressive company of the gravest and sweetest specimen of old age Marius had ever seen, the tutor of the imperial children, who had arrived to offer his birthday congratulations, and now, very familiarly and affectionately, made a part of the group, falling on the shoulders of the emperor, kissing the empress Faustina on the face, the little ones on the face and hands. Marcus Cornelius Fronto, the "Orator," favorite teacher of the emperor's youth, afterwards his most trusted counselor, and now the undisputed occupant of the sophistic throne, whose equipage, elegantly mounted with silver, Marius had seen in the streets of Rome, had certainly turned his many personal gifts to account with a good fortune remarkable even in that age, so indulgent to professors or rhetoricians. The gratitude of the emperor Aurelius, always generous to his teachers, arranging their very quarrels sometimes, for they were not always fair to one another, had helped him to a really great place in the world. But his sumptuous appendages, including the villa and gardens of Mæcenas, had been borne with an air perfectly becoming, by the professor of a philosophy which, even in its most accomplished and elegant phase, presupposed a gentle contempt for such things. With an intimate practical knowledge of manners, physiognomies, smiles, disguises, flatteries, and courtly tricks of every kind — a whole accomplished rhetoric of daily life — he applied them all to the promotion of humanity, and especially of men's family affection. Through a long life of now eighty years, he had been, as it were, surrounded by the gracious and

soothing air of his own eloquence — the fame, the echoes of it — like warbling birds, or murmuring bees. Setting forth in that fine medium the best ideas of matured pagan philosophy, he had become the favorite "director" of noble youth.

Yes! it was the one instance Marius, always eagerly on the lookout for such, had yet seen of a perfectly tolerable, perfectly beautiful, old age — an old age in which there seemed, to one who perhaps habitually overvalued the expression of youth, nothing to be regretted, nothing really lost, in what years had taken away. The wise old man, whose blue eyes and fair skin were so delicate, uncontaminate, and clear, would seem to have replaced carefully and consciously each natural trait of youth, as it departed from him, by an equivalent grace of culture, and had the blitheness, the placid cheerfulness, as he had also the infirmity, the claim on stronger people, of a delightful child. And yet he seemed to be but awaiting his exit from life — that moment with which the Stoics were almost as much preoccupied as the Christians, however differently — and set Marius pondering on the contrast between a placidity like this, at eighty years, and the sort of desperateness he was aware of in his own manner of entertaining that thought. His infirmities nevertheless had been painful and long-continued, with losses of children, of pet grandchildren. What with the crowd, and the wretched streets, it was a sign of affection which had cost him something, for the old man to leave his own house at all that day; and he was glad of the emperor's support, as he moved from place to place among the children he protests so often to have loved as his own.

For a strange piece of literary good fortune, at the beginning of the present century, has set free the long-buried fragrance of this famous friendship of the old world, from below a valueless later manuscript, in a series of letters, wherein the two writers exchange, for the most part, their evening thoughts, especially at family anniversaries, and with entire intimacy, on their children, on the art of speech, on all the various subtleties of the "science of images," — rhetorical images, — above all, of course, on sleep and matters of health. They are full of mutual admiration of each other's eloquence, restless in absence till they see one another again, noting, characteristically, their very dreams of each other, expecting the day which will terminate the office, the business or duty which separates them — "as superstitious people watch for the star, at the rising of which

they may break their fast." To one of the writers, to Aurelius, the correspondence was sincerely of value. We see him once reading his letters with genuine delight on going to rest. Fronto seeks to deter his pupil from writing in Greek. — Why buy, at great cost, a foreign wine, inferior to that from one's own vineyard? Aurelius, on the other hand, with an extraordinary innate susceptibility to words — *la parole pour la parole*, as the French say — despairs, in presence of Fronto's rhetorical perfection.

Like the modern visitor to the Capitoline and some other museums, Fronto had been struck, pleasantly struck, by the family likeness among the Antonines; and it was part of his friendship to make much of it, in the case of the children of Faustina. "Well! I have seen the little ones," he writes to Aurelius, then, apparently, absent from them: "I have seen the little ones — the pleasantest sight of my life; for they are as like yourself as could possibly be. It has well repaid me for my journey over that slippery road, and up those steep rocks; for I beheld you, not simply face to face before me, but, more generously, whichever way I turned, to my right and my left. For the rest, I found them, Heaven be thanked! with healthy cheeks and lusty voices. One was holding a slice of white bread, like a king's son; the other a crust of brown bread, as becomes the offspring of a philosopher. I pray the gods to have both the sower and the seed in their keeping; to watch over this field wherein the ears of corn are so kindly alike. Ah! I heard too their pretty voices, so sweet that, in the childish prattle of one and the other, I seemed somehow to be listening — yes! in that chirping of your pretty chickens — to the limpid and harmonious notes of your own oratory. Take care! you will find me growing independent, having those I could love in your place: — love, on the surety of my eyes and ears.'

"*Magistro meo salutem!*" replies the emperor, "I too have seen my little ones in your sight of them; as, also, I saw yourself in reading your letter. It is that charming letter forces me to write thus:" with reiterations of affection, that is, which are continual in these letters, on both sides, and which may strike a modern reader perhaps as fulsome; or, again, as having something in common with the old Judaic unction of friendship. They were certainly sincere.

To one of those children Fronto had now brought the birthday gift of the silver trumpet, upon which he ventured to blow

softly now and again, turning away with eyes delighted at the sound, when he thought the old man was not listening. It was the well-worn, valetudinarian subject of sleep, on which Fronto and Aurelius were talking together; Aurelius always feeling it a burden, Fronto a thing of magic capacities, so that he had written an *encomium* in its praise, and often by ingenious arguments recommends his imperial pupil not to be sparing of it. To-day, with his younger listeners in mind, he had a story to tell about it: —

"They say that our father Jupiter, when he ordered the world at the beginning, divided time into two parts exactly equal: the one part he clothed with light, the other with darkness: he called them Day and Night; and he assigned rest to the night and to day the work of life. At that time Sleep was not yet born and men passed the whole of their lives awake: only, the quiet of the night was ordained for them, instead of sleep. But it came to pass, little by little, being that the minds of men are restless, that they carried on their business alike by night as by day, and gave no part at all to repose. And Jupiter, when he perceived that even in the nighttime they ceased not from trouble and disputation, and that even the courts of law remained open (it was the pride of Aurelius, as Fronto knew, to be assiduous in those courts till far into the night) resolved to appoint one of his brothers to be the overseer of the night and have authority over man's rest. But Neptune pleaded in excuse the gravity of his constant charge of the seas, and Father Dis the difficulty of keeping in subjection the spirits below; and Jupiter, having taken counsel with the other gods, perceived that the practice of nightly vigils was somewhat in favor. It was then, for the most part, that Juno gave birth to her children: Minerva, the mistress of all art and craft, loved the midnight lamp: Mars delighted in the darkness for his plots and sallies; and the favor of Venus and Bacchus was with those who roused by night. Then it was that Jupiter formed the design of creating Sleep; and he added him to the number of the gods, and gave him the charge over night and rest, putting into his hands the keys of human eyes. With his own hands he mingled the juices wherewith Sleep should soothe the hearts of mortals — herb of Enjoyment and herb of Safety, gathered from a grove in Heaven; and, from the meadows of Acheron, the herb of Death; expressing from it one single drop only, no bigger than a tear one might hide. 'With this juice,' he said,

'pour slumber upon the eyelids of mortals. So soon as it hath touched them they will lay themselves down motionless, under thy power. But be not afraid: they shall revive, and in a while stand up again upon their feet.' Thereafter, Jupiter gave wings to Sleep, attached, not, like Mercury's, to his heels, but to his shoulders, like the wings of Love. For he said, 'It becomes thee not to approach men's eyes as with the noise of chariots, and the rushing of a swift courser, but in placid and merciful flight, as upon the wings of a swallow — nay! with not so much as the flutter of the dove.' Besides all this, that he might be yet pleasanter to men, he committed to him also a multitude of blissful dreams, according to every man's desire. One watched his favorite actor; another listened to the flute, or guided a charioteer in the race: in his dream, the soldier was victorious, the general was borne in triumph, the wanderer returned home. Yes! — and sometimes those dreams come true!"

Just then Aurelius was summoned to make the birthday offerings to his household gods. A heavy curtain of tapestry was drawn back; and beyond it Marius gazed for a few moments into the *Lararium*, or imperial chapel. A patrician youth, in white habit, was in waiting, with a little chest in his hand containing incense for the use of the altar. On richly carved *consoles*, or sideboards, around this narrow chamber, were arranged the rich apparatus of worship and the golden or gilded images, adorned to-day with fresh flowers, among them that image of Fortune from the apartment of Antoninus Pius, and such of the emperor's own teachers as were gone to their rest. A dim fresco on the wall commemorated the ancient piety of Lucius Albinius, who in flight from Rome on the morrow of a great disaster, overtaking certain priests on foot with their sacred utensils, descended from the wagon in which he rode and yielded it to the ministers of the gods. As he ascended into the chapel the emperor paused, and with a grave but friendly look at his young visitor, delivered a parting sentence, audible to him alone: *Imitation is the most acceptable part of worship: the gods had much rather mankind should resemble than flatter them: — Make sure that those to whom you come nearest be the happier by your presence!*

It was the very spirit of the scene and the hour — the hour Marius had spent in the imperial house. How temperate, how tranquilizing! what humanity! Yet, as he left the eminent company concerning whose ways of life at home he had been

so youthfully curious, and sought, after his manner, to determine the main trait in all this, he had to confess that it was a sentiment of mediocrity, though of a mediocrity for once really golden.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE ON THE EDGE OF DECLINE.

By CHARLES MERIVALE.

(From "History of the Romans under the Empire.")

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THE circumstances of the empire might indeed well inspire profound anxiety in the breast of one to whom its maintenance was confided. Hitherto we have seen the frontiers assailed in many quarters, and the energies of the bravest princes tasked in their defense. But these attacks have been local and desultory. The Chatti on the Rhine, the Marcomanni on the Upper, the Samaritans on the Lower, Danube, the Roxalani on the shores of the Euxine, have often assailed and vexed the provinces, but separately and at different times; Aurelius had to make head against all these enemies at once. The unity of the empire imparted a germ of union to its assailants. Hence no champion of Rome had so hard a task; hence Aurelius, far from making permanent conquests beyond his frontiers, stood everywhere on the defensive, and confronted the foe by his lieutenants in Gaul, Pannonia, Dacia, or Mœsia, while he planted himself commonly in the center of his line of stations, at Carnuntum, Vindobona, or Sirmium; hence his wars were protracted through a period of twelve years, and though his partial victories gained him ten times the title of Imperator, none was sufficiently decisive to break the forces banded against him. The momentary submission of one tribe or another led to no general result; notwithstanding his own sanguine hopes and the fond persuasion of his countrymen, his last campaign saw the subjugation of Scythia and the safety of the empire still distant and doubtful. The barbarians were stronger at this crisis than ever, — stronger in unity, stronger in arms and tactics, stronger possibly in numbers. Neither to Marius, we may believe, nor to Germanicus, nor to Trajan,

would they now have yielded as heretofore. But the empire was at least as much weaker. The symptoms of decline, indeed, were as yet hardly manifest to common observation; under ordinary circumstances they might still have eluded the notice even of statesmen; but in the stress of a great calamity they became manifest to all. The chief of the state was deeply impressed with them. Against anxiety and apprehension he struggled as a matter of duty, but the effort was sore and hopeless; and from the anticipation of disasters beyond his control he escaped, when possible, to pensive meditations on his own moral nature, which at least might lie within it.

The brilliancy of the city and the great provincial capitals, the magnificence of their shows and entertainments, still remained, perhaps, undimmed. The dignity of the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome stood, even in their best days, in marked contrast with the discomfort and squalor of their lanes and cabins. The spacious avenues of Nero concealed perhaps more miserable habitations than might be seen in the narrow streets of Augustus; but as yet we hear no distinct murmurs of poverty among the populace. The causes, indeed, were already at work which, in the second or third generation, reduced the people of the towns to pauperism, and made the public service an intolerable burden: the decline, namely, of agriculture and commerce, the isolation of the towns, the disappearance of the precious metals, the return of society to a state of barter, in which every petty community strove to live on its own immediate produce. Such, at a later period, was the condition of the empire, as revealed in the codes of the fourth century. These symptoms were doubtless strongly developed in the third, but we have at least no evidence of them in the second. We may reasonably suppose, indeed, that there was a gradual, though slow, diminution in the amount of gold and silver in circulation. The result would be felt first in the provinces, and latest in the cities and Rome itself, but assuredly it was already in progress. Two texts of Pliny assert the constant drain of specie to the East; and the assertion is confirmed by the circumstances of the case; for the Indians, and the nations beyond India, who transmitted to the West their silks and spices, cared little for the wines and oils of Europe, still less for the manufactures in wool and leather which formed the staples of commerce in the Mediterranean. There was still a great, perhaps an increasing, demand for these metals in works

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of art and ornament, and much was consumed in daily use, much withdrawn from circulation and eventually lost by the thriftless habit of hoarding. But the supply from the mines of Thrace, Spain, and Germany was probably declining, for it was extracted by forced labor, the most expensive, the most harassing, and the most precarious. The difficulty of maintaining the yield of the precious metals is marked in the severe regulations of the later emperors, and is further attested by the progressive debasement of the currency.

Not more precise is our information respecting the movement of the population, which was also at this period on the verge of decline. To the partial complaints of such a decline in Italy, muttered, as they generally were, by the poets or satirists, I have hitherto paid little heed. In statements of this kind there is generally much false sentiment, some angry misrepresentation. The substitution of slave for free labor in many parts of Italy may have had the appearance of a decline in population, while it actually indicated no more than a movement and transfer. It was more important, however, in the future it foreshadowed than in the present reality. The slave population was not reproductive; it was only kept at its level by fresh drafts from abroad. Whenever the supply should be cut off, the residue would rapidly dwindle. This supply was maintained partly by successful wars, but still more by a regular and organized traffic. The slaves from the North might be exchanged for Italian manufactures and produce; but the venders from many parts, such as Arabia and Ethiopia, Central Africa, and even Cappadocia and other districts of Asia Minor, would take, I suppose, nothing but specie. With the contraction of the currency, the trade would languish, and under this depression a country like Italy, which was almost wholly stocked by importation, would become quickly depopulated. Still more, on the decline of the slave population, there would follow a decline of production, a decline of the means of the proprietors, a decline in the condition of the free classes, and consequently in their numbers also. That such a decline was actually felt under the Flavian emperors appears in the sudden adoption of the policy of alimentation, or public aid to impoverished freemen.

Nor was it in this way only that slavery tended to the decline of population. Slavery in ancient, and doubtless in all times was a hotbed of vice and selfish indulgence, enervating the spirit and vital forces of mankind, discouraging legitimate

marriage, and enticing to promiscuous and barren concubinage. The fruit of such hateful unions, if fruit there were, or could be, engaged little regard from their selfish fathers, and both law and usage continued to sanction the exposure of infants, from which the female sex undoubtedly suffered most. The losses of Italy from this horrid practice were probably the greatest; but the provinces also lost proportionably; the imitation of Roman habits was rife on the remotest frontiers; the conquests of the empire were consolidated by the attractions of Roman indulgence and sensuality; slavery threw discredit on all manual labor, and engendered a false sentiment of honor, which constrained the poorer classes of freemen to dependence and celibacy; vice and idleness went hand in hand, and combined to stunt the moral and physical growth of the Roman citizen, leaving his weak and morbid frame exposed in an unequal contest to the fatal influences of his climate.

If, however, the actual amount of population in Italy and other metropolitan districts had but lately begun sensibly to decline, for some generations it had been recruited mainly from a foreign stock, and was mingled with the refuse of every nation, civilized and barbarian. Slaves, freedmen, clients of the rich and powerful, had glided by adoption into the Roman gentes, the names of which still retained a fallacious air of antiquity, while their members had lost the feelings and principles which originally signalized them. As late as the time of the younger Pliny, we find the gentile names of the republic still common, though many of them have ceased to recur on the roll of the great magistracies, where they have been supplanted by others, hitherto obscure or unknown; but the surnames of Pliny's friends and correspondents, which distinguish the family from the house, are in numerous instances strange to us, and often grotesque and barbarous. The gradual exhaustion of the true Roman blood had been already marked and deplored under Claudius, and there can be no doubt, though materials are wanting for tracing it, that the flux continued to gather force through succeeding generations.

The decay of moral principles which hastened the disintegration of Roman society was compensated by no new discoveries in material cultivation. The idea of civilization common to the Greeks and Romans was the highest development of the bodily faculties, together with the imagination; but in exploring the agencies of the natural world, and turning its forces to

the use of man, the progress soon reached its limits. The Greeks and Romans were almost equally unsteady in tracing the laws of physical phenomena, which they empirically observed, and analyzing the elements of the world around them. Their advance in applied science stopped short with the principles of mechanics, in which they doubtless attained great practical proficiency. Roman engineering, especially, deserves the admiration even of our own times. But the ancients invented no instrument for advancing the science of astronomy; they remained profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of chemistry; their medicine, notwithstanding the careful diagnosis of Hippocrates and Galen, could not free itself from connection with the most trivial superstitions. The Greeks speculated deeply in ethics and politics; the Romans were intelligent students of legal theory and procedure; but neither could discover from these elementary sciences the compound ideas of public economy. Their principles of commerce and finance were to the last rude and unphilosophical. They made little advance, at the height of their prosperity and knowledge, in the economy of labor and production; they made no provision for the support of the increasing numbers to which the human race, under the operation of natural laws, ought to have attained. We read of no improvements in the common processes of agriculture, none even in the familiar mode of grinding corn, none in the extraction and smelting of ores, none in the art of navigation. Even in war, to which they so ardently devoted themselves, we find the helmet and cuirass, the sword, spear, and buckler, identical in character and almost in form, from the siege of Troy to the sack of Rome. Changes in tactics and discipline were slight and casual, compelled rather by some change in circumstances than spontaneous or scientific. The ancient world had, in short, no versatility, no power of adaptation to meet the varying wants of its outward condition. Its ideas were equal to the extension of its material dominion. A little soul was lodged in a vast body.

The Egyptian civilization, the Hindu, the Chinese, as well as the Greek and Roman, have all had their natural limits, at which their vitality was necessarily arrested. Possibly all civilizations are subject to a similar law, though some may have a wider scope and a more enduring force than others; or possibly there may be a real salt of society in the principle of intelligent freedom, which has first learned to control itself,

that it may deserve to escape from the control of external forces. But Roman society, at least, was animated by no such principle. At no period within the sphere of historic records was the commonwealth of Rome anything but an oligarchy of warriors and slave owners, who indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed on them by their equals in the forum by aggression abroad and tyranny in their households. The causes of its decline seem to have little connection with the form of government established in the first and second centuries. They were in full operation before the fall of the Republic, though their baneful effects were disguised and perhaps retarded by outward successes, by extended conquests, and increasing supplies of tribute or plunder. The general decline of population throughout the ancient world may be dated even from the second century before our era. The last age of the Republic was perhaps the period of the most rapid exhaustion of the human race; but its dissolution was arrested under Augustus, when the population recovered for a time in some quarters of the empire, and remained at least stationary in others. The cause of slavery could not but make itself felt again, and demanded the destined catastrophe. Whatever evil we ascribe to the despotism of the Cæsars, we must remark that it was slavery that rendered political freedom and constitutional government impossible. Slavery fostered in Rome, as previously at Athens, the spirit of selfishness and sensuality, of lawlessness and insolence, which cannot consist with political equality, with political justice, with political moderation. The tyranny of the emperors was, as I have elsewhere observed, only the tyranny of every noble extended and intensified. The empire became no more than an ergastulum or barracoon on a vast scale, commensurate with the dominions of the greatest of Roman slaveholders. It is vain to imagine that a people can be tyrants in private life, and long escape subjection to a common tyrant in public. It was more than they could expect, more, indeed, than they deserved, if they found in Augustus, at least, and Vespasian, in Trajan and Hadrian, in Antoninus and Aurelius, masters who sought spontaneously to divest themselves of the most terrible attributes of their boundless autocracy.

THE WORLD AT AUCTION, A.D. 198.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

[Pseudonym of Katherine Bradley and Edith Cooper, English ladies. Their joint publications under this name are—"Callirrhoë and Fair Rosamund" (1884); "The Tragic Mary" and "The Father's Tragedy" (1885); "Brutus Ultor" (1886); "Canuté the Great" (1887); "The Cup of Water," "Stephania," "Underneath the Bough," and "Long Ago," (1889); "Attila, My Attila!" (1895).]

Didius— Stay a little.
The lady Marcia prayed to welcome you.
So old a friend!
Clara— Gods, how I hate old friends!
And you, Cornelius?
Cornelius— Tell me of your hatreds;
They shall be mine.
Clara— I hate your poverty.
Grow rich!
Cornelius— I promise.
Clara— Rome shall never say
You sought me for my fortune. How I wish
Your uncle could be murdered!
Cornelius— You will yield me
Your hand when I inherit?
Didius— Loveliest jewel,
You jest at murder!
Clara— Every one I hate
I instantly wish dead. Old Pertinax,
Who grows each day a little worthier still,
More careful of the poor, more scrupulous,
Can no one murder him?
Didius— Hush, child! No bloodshed!
And do not rage at Pertinax: his sale
Of slaves has given me opportunity
Of purchasing a dwarf, a very gem,
The creature Commodus had cast in bronze. . . .
Clara—
He cost you dear?
Didius— Ah, child, he is a gift.
So are these pearls, this hyacinth-colored mantle,
Once owned by an Augusta.
Yet, alas,
While Pertinax is watchful, these must lie
Unworn within your press.

Clara — Would he could go
The way of Commodus!
Cornelius — We must be married,
For we are one already. [*Enter* MARCIA.
Manlia — Dearest Marcia,
At last we welcome you.
Marcia — Hush! There is news
I have no strength to utter, and a peril
I must not think of. Pertinax is dead,
More terrible, is slain.
Clara — The gods be praised!
Cornelius —
They bless our wishes.
Manlia — Marcia, do not gasp . . .
Is slain — by whom?
Marcia — By his prætorian guard
The good old man was butchered. Infamy!
Didius —
I do not like this violence . . .
Manlia — But the issue?
Dear Marcia, calm yourself.
Didius — You spoke of peril . . .
Your husband! Is Eclectus safe?
Marcia — God knows!
He would not leave his emperor.
Didius — Loyal heart!
Can such fidelity be possible,
Do mortals knit so close?
Marcia — They died together,
If he were in the palace.
Didius — Nay, I trust —
At noon he crossed the Stadium leisurely —
You are not yet a widow. [*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.
Abascantus,
There is a passion in your steps as if
The treasure vessels from your Syrian marts
Had touched at Ostia: check your eagerness,
For Pertinax is dead. When Cæsar dies,
He still is Cæsar, and the throne is shaken
As if an earthquake passed.
Abascantus — An hour ago
That was the talk of Rome. The corpse must cool
Before the funeral-rites; a yesterday
Must be of age, to interest. Noble patron,
The past is swept away, our policy

Changed on the instant, and the loaded coffers
I guard and with my watchfulness increase,
Surrendered to your service, for the world
Is now at auction, and your price the highest
That any Roman has the power to bid.
Come quickly to the camp.

Didius — You break designs
As if they were accomplishment.

Abascantus — They are
When revenue conducts them.

Marcia — Rome for sale!
The Empire offered! Didius, do not listen;
There is no verity behind this cry:
The world may be possessed in many ways,
It may not know its lord; but, oh, believe me,
It has its Cæsar; nothing alters that,
No howling of a little, greedy crowd.
Why should you rule this city? Have you raised it
To higher honor? Have you borne its griefs?
Will it remember you?

Abascantus — On all the coins
A safe, a graven memory.
(*To* DIDIUS) Do you stoop
To justify yourself to . . . oh, a lady
High in esteem, but not a lawful empress,
A Nazarene and friend of slaves. More meetly
You should desire the quickening approbation
Of wife and daughter. An imperial beauty
Is at your side, a noble consort, wealth
To make all unaccustomed places smooth
As the floor's treading . . . and you hesitate!
Come with me to the camp.

Didius — So suddenly
This fortune crosses me.

Clara — But claim it, father;
I stifle with impatience.

Manlia — Dearest husband,
You have the very majesty of Jove,
So gentle, so urbane, that you will slip
Into a throne nor note its quality.
All is so smooth!

Didius — Ay, in Olympus, smooth!
Among the happy gods, there I could rule;
But to contend . . . Go, treasurer, to the camp
With a large freedom. Bring me word again
How you have prospered.

Manlia — Say that he will rule
Nobly at Numa.
Didius — That would damage me,
That was the error of poor Pertinax.
Be lavish, Abascantus.
Abascantus — Come yourself.
Men do not win the world by sending stewards
With liberty of purchase; all is vain
Without the master's voice.
Didius — I will not come;
I cannot. Do I ever choose the slaves,
Or look upon my treasure till 'tis wiped
Of blood and filthy contact? Must I strive,
All Plutus in reserve? Do what you will,
Take any means, but keep me from the forum,
Men's faces; there are murderers in the crowd:
All men in mass are murderers. Stand aside,
Mutter your promises; if you can buy
A palace, paying honestly the price,
It is simply that . . .
Abascantus — (*Aside to* CLARA) Work on him;
I fear that woman. [*Exit.*
Didius — (*To* MARCIA) Is Rome bought and sold?
Alas, you see, she is a purchaser,
Is not ashamed to trade in noblest blood,
If once a state of servitude is owned:
We traffic in all creatures, and, if fate
Allow the traffic, we are justified.
Marcia —
You are forbidden; something holds you back.
Rome to be bought!
(*Showing the city*) Look there!
Didius — But if I stood,
An army at my back to overwhelm,
You would not interpose.
Marcia — It is the strong,
And they must be accoutered by the gods —
What helmets and what spears! — who may prevail
In circumstance so awful. Dare you call
The Mighty Helpers who have fought for Rome
To aid you in this enterprise? I know
The day will come she will bear many evils,
And many kingdoms build their seat on her:
But touch her with a menacle for gold!
O Didius, do not dream that what is done

Of foolish men can ever come to pass;
It is the Sibyl's books that are fulfilled,
The prophecies — no doings of a crowd;
They are laid by as dust. "If fate allow,"
You say, "the traffic!" You may change the current
And passage of whole kingdoms by not knowing
Just what is infamy: a common deed
It may be, nothing monstrous to the eye,
And yet your children may entreat the hills
To hide them from its terror. Be dissuaded:
I know what one may do, and what it is
To strike predestined blows: but this attempt
Will lead you to wide ruin.

Didius — Clara, child,
You lay this dearest head against my shoulder,
You clasp my arm as if to make entreaty;
But for your sake, if this should prove a gift
That secretly should blight you!

Clara — Give it me.
You say I am the apple of your eye,
You say I am your idol, praise my beauty,
And yet you shut it in the dark forever,
As you have shut away your murrhine vase,
If now you let another rise more high,
Another pass beyond me; be most sure
I never shall have pleasure any more
From any gift you give, in any honor
You may attempt to win, if you refuse
My marvelous, full title. Indiscreetly
Cornelius let it drop into my ear;
From him it has no meaning: you may breathe it,
And with it breathe of joy on all my youth.

Manlia —
Husband, I join my prayers.

Clara — There is no need,
For the great suit is won. I know when Jove
Flushes benignant.

Didius — Ah, Cornelius, see!
This is a smile to win, and you have heard
That I alone can win it. Is it so?

[*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.

Well, Abascantus, do we rule the world?

Abascantus —
You must appear in person. I have bribed
With promises, but still the soldiers shout,

"Let Didius come himself and raise the price
Sulpicianus bids."

Didius — Sulpicianus!
It is unseemly he should leave the corse
Of a dear son-in-law unvisited . . .

Abascantus —
His speech is artful, and your fluent lips
Are needed with their generosity,
For he is winning power the thievish way
Of subtle eloquence.

Cornelius — If you should speak,
Most gracious sir, we cannot doubt the issue;
Your golden mouth and not your golden coffers
Will earn you sovereignty.

Didius — If I must speak?
Why, so — it is my gift! Sulpicianus
Will scarcely there be master. You must leave me
To ponder on my periods. By and bye,
If with security I can provide
These palaces and thrones.
(*To* MARCIA) Eclectus lives,
Marcia, be sure of that, and if I rule
Shall be most dear to me in trust. Go in!

[*Exeunt all but* ABASCANTUS *and* GABBA, *who has been forgotten.*

And treasurer, count my gold.

Abascantus — No counting now;
You must appease the soldiers, or, inflamed,
They lift Sulpicianus on their shields.
You lose the precious instant.

Didius — Face this Rome,
This populace! I never wanted words,
They streamed up to my lips so fluently;
And now I am ashamed and cannot speak.
But leave me — count my gold; for if my treasure
Lie not in solid heaps upon the floor
I will not stir a foot. [*Exit* ABASCANTUS.
If this delay
Should save me from my doom! And yet I fear . . .
His jaws locked on a sudden — treasurer
Of the imperial chests! — while I must traverse
Wide halls and palaces with no more right
Than if I were a ghost; I am not Cæsar;
Marcia said true; and now this awful charge
Is laid upon me, a strange emptiness

Fills me with lassitude. How should I speak?
These Roman citizens, who were my neighbors,
Who were my friends, are foreign to me now:
If they will be my slaves, they may be happy;
But that is the condition, and to that
Will the prætorians yield? I am struck dumb.
The gold must speak; for at whatever price
Rome rate herself I am her purchaser,
And the great gods, the silent companies,
Must sit around and scoff. . . .

[*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.

Abascantus— How just!
My patron, we must part with him and quickly
To the new emperor.

Didius— Thus the coffers doom.
You have been long away.

Abascantus— In colloquy
With logic and with chance. Sulpicianus
Will offer at the least five thousand drachms.
To every soldier: of his honesty
He can pledge that.

Didius— And I a thousand more.
We have these sums, or they are on the way.

Abascantus—
They never will arrive: but you must go
And bray like Hercules, no point reserved,
If you would give your heaps of jewels light,
See your rare vases placed, and claim the service
Of Pylades, the wing-foot dancer, perfect
As gem or vase. And there must be no question,
No scruple, if Augusta and her dwarf . . .

Didius—
Clara Augusta! But revolted soldiers . . .

Gabba—
Murder!

Abascantus— And bloodshed! Hail, Sulpicianus!
Ours is but merchant's traffic.

Didius— I will bid.

ARMINIUS DESTROYS VARUS'S ARMY.

By DION CASSIUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Dion Cassius Cocceianus, Roman historian, was born at Nicæa, A.D. 155, son of a provincial governor. Going to Rome on his father's death, he was admitted to the Senate about the time of Marcus Aurelius's death; was advocate, ædile, and quæstor, during Commodus's reign; made prætor by Pertinax, he held the office under Septimius Severus, was provincial governor under Macrinus, and made consul about 220, probably by Heliogabalus; proconsul of Africa and imperial legate under Alexander Severus, the latter made him consul again in 229, but he retired soon after to his native place, and died there. Of his immense "History of Rome," in eighty books, only a small part is extant.]

Germanicus brought news of the victory [of Tiberius over the Pannonians], and the consequent glorifying of the imperial name for Augustus and Tiberius; and a triumph was decreed — among other honors, two memorial arches in Pannonia, which were to be permanent trophies. . . .

While these decrees were still fresh, adverse news from Germany prevented the celebrations. This is what was going on there at that very time: —

The Romans held certain spots in Germany, not connectedly, but as they could take them by force here and there; at these places the Roman soldiers made winter quarters, and built villages. The barbarians soon adopted their ways of life, came together in the market place, and mingled peacefully with them; yet their own ancestral usages, their ingrained habits, the influence of liberty and of arms, were not wholly forgotten. Thus while, kept under this oversight, they gradually and to some extent unlearned the old, they bore the change in their life willingly because they did not perceive it.

Now when Quintilius Varus, made prefect of Germany after administering Syria, on taking the reins of government began suddenly to transform this people, — to rule them as subjects in serfdom, and exact money from them as from conquered foes, — the Germans would not bear the performance: the leaders coveting their lost chieftainship, the people their wonted manner of life before the foreign domination. But because, since many Romans dwelt along the Rhine and many among themselves, they did not dare attempt open rebellion, they treated Varus with apparently entire submission to his orders;

and tolled him far from the Rhine, to the bounds of the Cherusci and to the river Visurgis (Weser). There, living in the utmost peace and friendship toward him, they inveigled him into the belief that they could be held in servitude otherwise than by military force. Varus, therefore, did not keep his troops together in one spot, as should be done in a hostile country: he dispersed many of them among the weaker tribes, who asked for them on the pretext of strengthening town garrisons, or hunting down robbers, or convoying supplies in safety. Among those who were conspiring, Arminius and Segimerus, the leaders both in the plots and the war which was being kindled, were always in company with Varus and very often feasting with him.

While Varus was thus confident, anticipating no evil, and not only withdrew his trust from those who, suspecting how matters stood, warned him to beware, but even censured them for being causelessly alarmed over him and bringing odium on the rest, — suddenly out of the quiet, some of the distant German tribes revolted; undoubtedly because Varus marching against them would be handier to slaughter from his belief that he had a friendly district to traverse, and could not protect himself when war was suddenly raised by all at once.

This plan was approved by the event. They [the "friendly" tribes] urged on the departing army, themselves remaining at home [ostensibly] to make ready as auxiliaries and come swiftly with help. Their forces — already at hand in a designated place — being soon gathered, and the Roman soldiers massacred whom each had among them, previously gotten from Varus; having overtaken him while sticking fast in the pathless forest, the enemy suddenly showed themselves in their true colors, and inflicted vast and varied havoc on the Roman army. For here there were mountains full of ravines and inequalities of ground, and exceedingly close-set trees; so that the Romans before the enemy attacked them were tired out with cutting, and road and bridge making, and many other things of the sort they had to do. They had in train also many carts and beasts of burden, as in time of peace, and not a few children and women and a numerous other attendance followed after, so that it formed on that account a much scattered line of march. Meanwhile rains with high winds came on, and dispersed them still more; while the ground, having become slippery around the roots and [fallen] trunks of trees, made

them stumble in walking, and the tree-tops breaking off and falling threw them into confusion.

The Romans being thus in such helplessness, the barbarians suddenly from every direction at once, through the dense coverts before mentioned, surrounded them, who were used to beaten roads, and at first shot at them from a distance; then, as no one defended himself and many were wounded, they joined battle: for the Romans, not marching in any order, but promiscuously among the carts and the unarmed, could not easily be collected into any sort of bodies; and being singly always fewer than their assailants, they suffered much without being able to retaliate.

Then they encamped there, having chosen as suitable a place as was feasible on a wooded mountain; and having afterwards burned and broken up most of the vehicles not absolutely indispensable to them, and drawn themselves up in order of battle, they marched somewhat better on the following day, so that they managed to advance into a cleared space, though they by no means escaped without bloodshed. Then setting out into the woods, they were again attacked; and though they defended themselves against their assailants, they profited scarcely at all by it, for this reason: that being collected in a narrow space, cavalry and infantry crowded together in the same spot, when they were attacked many fell by each other's means and many on account of the trees.

So the third day came to them on the march: and again a furious rain and violent wind, beating on them, not only hindered them from either going forward or standing firmly, but deprived them of the use of their weapons and armor; for neither their arrows, javelins, nor shields being other than quite soaked through, they could not be used effectively. To the enemy, as they were mostly destitute of armor and able to advance or retreat in safety, these things mattered less. By this time also the natives were far more numerous (for at the outset the rest were hesitating, and only joined them for the sake of the spoil); and the Romans being fewer (for many had been killed in the previous battles), they were more easily surrounded and slain.

Varus, therefore, and others of most distinction, fearing lest they might be taken alive and put to death by these fiercest of enemies (for they were wounded), summoned fortitude for a deed of dreadful necessity, for they slew themselves. When

this was announced, no one defended himself any longer, even if his strength was sufficient for it: all imitated their leader, and, casting away their arms, suffered whoever would to kill them; for no one could fly, however much he wished. So now every man and beast could be safely slain. And all might have been killed or captured, had not the barbarians been occupied in plundering the spoil; whereby the strongest made their escape.

[Gap in MS. here. But Zonaras, a Byzantine compiler of the twelfth century, who in this part not only uses Dion Cassius as his chief authority, but often copies his very words, has the following passage, which supplies it:—]

The barbarians captured all the fortifications but one, which kept them so busy that they neither crossed the Rhine nor invaded Gaul. But that one they were not able to master, because they were unskilled in the art of besieging, and the Romans showered darts upon them, by which they were driven back and many slain. After this, learning that the Romans had placed a guard at the Rhine, and that Tiberius was advancing with a powerful army, many abandoned the attempt on the fortification; and the rest, drawing away from it so as not to suffer harm from those within, guarded the roads, hoping to capture them by starvation. But the Romans within, so long as they had plenty of provisions, remained in the place waiting for succor; then, as no one brought help to them and they were suffering from hunger, watching for a stormy night they stole away (there were few soldiers and many non-combatants), and ——

—— passed the first and second fortress [of the barbarians] in safety; but when they reached the third they were discovered, by reason of the women and children continually calling to the grown men for help, from fear and fatigue in the darkness and cold. But the trumpeters who were with them, playing a brisk march, made the enemy believe (for night had fallen and they could not see) that they had come from Asprenas. By this means they checked the pursuit; and Asprenas, hearing what had happened, did really bring succor to them. And some of those captured gained their freedom afterward, being ransomed by their relatives; for that was permitted to be done if they would remain outside Italy.

ECLOGUE.

On the Accession of a Young Emperor.

By CALPURNIUS SICULUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Nothing whatever is known of the author but his name, and his date has been set all the way from the time of Nero (A.D. 54–68) to that of Carinus (283). But internal evidence seems to fix the first of his eleven eclogues (here translated) in October, 238, three months after the accession of Gordian III. He imitated not only Virgil but Virgil's imitators; but he is the first talented extant follower of Virgil in the bucolics.]

Ornitus —

Not yet are the sun-horses tamed as the summer declines to its end,
Though under the weight of the juice-laden clusters the wine-presses bend,
And with guttering murmur the foamy new must gushes into the air.

Corydon —

Ornitus, look, notice the cows that my father gave into my care,
How under their broad shaggy flanks they are quietly folding the knee.
Why should not we repose too in the shade of this neighboring tree?
Why shield our blistering faces with only a cap from the heat?

Ornitus —

Rather this grove, brother Corydon; there let us seek a retreat
In the grots of our father Faunus, where the pine forest sheds
Its slender tresses, and softens the glare of the sun on our heads;
Where under its roots the great beech-tree shelters the bubbling spring,
And amid its wide-spreading branches entangles the shadows they fling.

Corydon —

Wherever you call me, Ornitus, I follow; for while my delight,
My Leuce, denies me embraces and all the enjoyments of night,
She has made a clear path for my use to the shrine of the horn-bearing Faun.

Ornitus —

Take then these pipes, and if any choice air you have mastered, play on;
Nor shall my flute to accompany fail you — a workmanlike deed
Of versatile Lygdon's, made recently out of a fully grown reed.

And now we will lie down together, out of the sunshine's reach.
But what is the holy inscription I see carven here on the beech,
Which some one I know not has lately engraved with a hurrying blade?

Corydon —

Do you notice how green, too, the message has kept all the tracings he made,
Not yawning in open-mouthed rifts as of so many mouths gone adry?
Bring your eyes nearer, Ornitus — you can read quicker than I
Writing carved high on the bark of a tree; for your father before you
Was lengthy and bulky between joints; and likewise the mother that bore you,
Not being jealous, injected no dwarfishness into your blood.

Ornitus —

No shepherd, no wandering wayfarer did this in trifling mood;
The god himself sung it — naught cattle-bred my reading of it espies,
Nor marks the inspired composition the use of our mountain cries.

Corydon —

Marvels you tell; so let not your eyes wander, but hasten along,
And read out for both of us straightway the lines of this heavenly song.

Ornitus (*reads*) —

"Faunus am I, sprung from Æther; the mountain and wood are my care;
I sing to the people good tidings; delight in this fashion to bear
Such jubilant songs of what waits them from Fate's manifested decree.
Denizens ye of the forest, rejoice with me; every man's cattle at last
May wander at large without danger; the shepherd, no longer afraid,
Cares not at night his inclosure to guard with fascine barricade;
No longer the plunderer skulking lays snares for the sheep on their way,
Nor loosing the draught-horses' halter, decamps in the night with his prey.
Peace and security with us, the golden age is reborn;
Bountiful Justice at last upon earth is allowed to return,
Cleansed from her filth and her mold; a blest era succeeds to the gloom,

Led by a youth who has sported with issues of law from the womb.
While he rules in his godhead, Bellona, the worst of the heavenly band,
Bound by him with her hands tied behind her and stripped of her weapons shall stand,
Turning her old lacerations against her own maddening breast;
And e'en as all nations have known civil war at her evil behest,
So will she war with herself; for no Philips has Rome now to mourn,
Nor triumphs to lead with herself as the chief of the captives forlorn.
Off to the dungeons of Tartarus all the War brood shall take flight,
Bury their heads in the shadows, and fear to come forth to the light.
Snow-white Peace shall be with us; nor white as to visage alone, —
Such as full oft was the masking, all open hostilities done,
Of her who when far-off assailants were vanquished, by ambushes laid
Spread terror and hate through the people, with silent and treacherous blade.
All the crimes of the feigners of peace he has ordered to pack and be gone
Far, far away, and fair Clemency buries the swords that are drawn.
With no funeral pomp of a Senate in chains will his service of gore
Weary the headsman; with prisons o'erflowing, no more
Shall the Curia count the few Fathers still left from the Senate of yore.
Quiet profound shall there be, with the drawing of weapons unknown,
That shall call back fresh reigns of old Saturn to Latium's long desecrate throne;
Fresh reigns of Numa, who first to the hot-hearted Roman array,
Exulting in slaughter, and burning afield to engage in the fray,
Taught the employments of peace, and with arms become silent around,
Ordered the flutes for the sacrifice, not for the battle, to sound.
No more shall the shade of a phantom distinction be sold on the block,
Nor, silenced, the powerless fasces and judgment seat naught but a mock

Shall a consul accept; but with law's return, justice for all shall there come,
Giving us back both the guise and the wont of the Forum of Rome.
Jubilate, ye of the uttermost race next the South Wind that lies,
Tills the boisterous Boreal region, or neighbors the Orient skies,
Or dwells in the realm of the Sunset, or burns in the middlemost air.
Notice ye how shines the twentieth night in the heaven so fair?
How it shows us the peace-bringing comet set off with its radiant glow?
How the limpid star is transmitted unmarred to the watchers below?
Does the torch, as it oft has, besprinkle the heavens from pole unto pole
With fires all ensanguined, and sparkle with blood flaming over the whole?
Not such as the present the past was, when, Cæsar snatched off in his prime,
It pointed to fatal embroilments, the people chastised for the crime.
Most plainly a true god has taken the weight of the empire at last,
In his strong arms upbearing it, so that unshaken through all it has passed;
No crash of its fall shall resound through the world when it changes its head,
Nor shall Rome from its punishments deem that the holy Penates are dead,
The sun set save now that it longingly sees one arise in the sky."

Corydon —

Ornitus, just now, as though filled with the sense that the god was anigh,
I trembled; a feeling stole o'er me where terror and joy intertwine;
But now of the eloquent Faun let us worship the godhead benign.

Ornitus —

We will voice in his honor the carols the god has himself brought us here,
And out from the flute's polished throat shall the music sound lofty and clear;
Perchance Melibœus may waft it to reach the great Emperor's ear.

KING GOLL.

(THIRD CENTURY.)

By W. B. YEATS.

Mine was a chair of skins and gold,
Wolf-breeding mountains, galleried Eman,
Mine were clan Morna's tribes untold,
Many a landsman, many a seaman.
Chaired in a cushioned otter skin,
Fields fattening slow, men wise in joy,
I ruled and ruled my life within,
Peace-making, mild, a kingly boy.
And every whispering old man said,
Bending low his fading head,
"This young man brings the age of gold."
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me—
the beech leaves old.)

Splashed all with clay and journey dull,
Cried a herald, "To our valleys
Comes a sea king masterful
To fill with cows his hollow galleys."
From rolling valley and rivery glen,
With horsemen hurrying near and far,
I drew at evening my mailed men,
And under the blink o' the morning star
Fell on the pirates by the deep,
And they inherit the great sleep.
These hands slew many a seaman bold.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me—
the beech leaves old.)

But slowly as I shouting slew
And trampled in the bubbling mire,
In my most secret spirit grew
A fever and a whirling fire.
I paused — the stars above me shone,
And shone around the eyes of men;
I paused — and far away rushed on,
Over the heath and spongy fen,
And crumpled in my hands the staff
Of my long spear with scream and laugh

And song that down the valleys rolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

And now I wander in the woods
Where summer gluts the golden bees,
Or in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-colored trees;
Or where along the wintry strands
The cormorants shiver on their rocks,
I wander on and wave my hands,
And sing and shake my heavy locks.
The gray wolf knows me; by one ear
I lead along the woodland deer,
And hares run near me growing bold.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

Once, while within a little town
That slumbered 'neath the harvest moon,
I passed atiptoe up and down,
Murmuring a mountain tune
Of how I hear on hill heads high
A tramping of tremendous feet.
I saw this harp all songless lie
Deserted in a doorway seat,
And bore it to the woods with me.
Of some unhuman misery
Our married voices wildly trolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

And toads, and every outlawed thing,
With eyes of sadness rose to hear,
From pools and rotting leaves, me sing
The song of outlaws and their fear.
My singing sang me fever-free;
My singing fades, the strings are torn;
I must away by wood and sea
And lift an ulalu forlorn,
And fling my laughter to the sun —
For my remembering hour is done —
In all his evening vapors rolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

TRUE FASTING, AND PURITY OF BODY.

(From "The Pastor" of Hermas.)

[HERMAS is the name assigned to the unknown author of this work of fiction, from its frequent occurrence in the book, but without reason. The work was exceedingly popular in the early Church; it seems to have been written in Rome, toward the end of Hadrian's reign.]

WHILE fasting and sitting on a certain mountain, and giving thanks to the Lord for all His dealings with me, I see the Shepherd sitting down beside me, and saying, "Why have you come hither [so] early in the morning?" "Because, sir," I answered, "I have a station." "What is a station?" he asked. "I am fasting, sir," I replied. "What is this fasting," he continued, "which you are observing?" "As I have been accustomed, sir," I reply, "so I fast." "You do not know," he says, "how to fast unto the Lord: this useless fasting which you observe to Him is of no value." "Why, sir," I answered, "do you say this?" "I say to you," he continued, "that the fasting which you think you observe is not a fasting. But I will teach you what is a full and acceptable fasting to the Lord. Listen," he continued: "God does not desire such an empty fasting. For fasting to God in this way you will do nothing for a righteous life; but offer to God a fasting of the following kind: Do no evil in your life, and serve the Lord with a pure heart: keep His commandments, walking in His precepts, and let no evil desire arise in your heart; and believe in God. If you do these things, and fear Him, and abstain from every evil thing, you will live unto God; and if you do these things, you will keep a great fast, and one acceptable before God.

"Hear the similitude which I am about to narrate to you relative to fasting. A certain man had a field and many slaves, and he planted a certain part of the field with a vineyard, and selecting a faithful and beloved and much valued slave, he called him to him, and said, 'Take this vineyard which I have planted, and stake it until I come, and do nothing else to the vineyard; and attend to this order of mine, and you shall receive your freedom from me.' And the master of the slave departed to a foreign country. And when he was gone, the slave took and staked the vineyard; and when he

had finished the staking of the vines, he saw that the vineyard was full of weeds. He then reflected, saying, 'I have kept this order of my master: I will dig up the rest of this vineyard, and it will be more beautiful when dug up; and being free of weeds, it will yield more fruit, not being choked by them.' He took, therefore, and dug up the vineyard, and rooted out all the weeds that were in it. And that vineyard became very beautiful and fruitful, having no weeds to choke it. And after a certain time the master of the slave and of the field returned, and entered into the vineyard. And seeing that the vines were suitably supported on stakes, and the ground, moreover, dug up, and all the weeds rooted out, and the vines fruitful, he was greatly pleased with the work of his slave. And calling his beloved son who was his heir, and his friends who were his councilors, he told them what orders he had given his slave, and what he had found performed. And they rejoiced along with the slave at the testimony which his master bore to him. And he said to them, 'I promised this slave freedom if he obeyed the command which I gave him, and he has kept my command, and done besides a good work to the vineyard, and has pleased me exceedingly. In return, therefore, for the work which he has done, I wish to make him coheir with my son, because, having good thoughts, he did not neglect them, but carried them out.' With this resolution of the master his son and friends were well pleased, viz. that the slave should be coheir with the son. After a few days the master made a feast, and sent to his slave many dishes from the table. And the slave receiving the dishes that were sent him from his master took of them what was sufficient for himself, and distributed the rest among his fellow-slaves. And his fellow-slaves rejoiced to receive the dishes, and began to pray for him, that he might find still greater favor with his master for having so treated them. His master heard all these things that were done, and was again greatly pleased with his conduct. And the master again calling together his friends and his son, reported to them the slave's proceeding with regard to the dishes which he had sent him. And they were still more satisfied that the slave should become coheir with his son."

I said to him, "Sir, I do not see the meaning of these similitudes, nor am I able to comprehend them, unless you explain them to me." "I will explain them all to you," he said, "and whatever I shall mention in the course of our conversations I

will show you. [Keep the commandments of the Lord, and you will be approved, and inscribed amongst the number of those who observe His commands.] And if you do any good beyond what is commanded by God, you will gain for yourself more abundant glory, and will be more honored by God than you would otherwise be. If, therefore, in keeping the commandments of God, you do, in addition, these services, you will have joy if you observe them according to my command." I said to him, "Sir, whatsoever you enjoin upon me I will observe, for I know that you are with me." "I will be with you," he replied, "because you have such a desire for doing good; and I will be with all those," he added, "who have such a desire. This fasting," he continued, "is very good, provided the commandments of the Lord be observed. Thus, then, shall you observe the fasting which you intend to keep. First of all, be on your guard against every evil word, and every evil desire, and purify your heart from all the vanities of this world. If you guard against these things, your fasting will be perfect. And you will do also as follows. Having fulfilled what is written, in the day on which you fast you will taste nothing but bread and water; and having reckoned up the price of the dishes of that day which you intended to have eaten, you will give it to a widow, or an orphan, or to some person in want, and thus you will exhibit humility of mind, so that he who has received benefit from your humility may fill his own soul, and pray for you to the Lord. If you observe fasting, as I have commanded you, your sacrifice will be acceptable to God, and this fasting will be written down: and the service thus performed is noble, and sacred, and acceptable to the Lord. These things, therefore, shall you thus observe with your children, and all your house, and in observing them you will be blessed; and as many as hear these words and observe them shall be blessed; and whatsoever they ask of the Lord they shall receive."

I prayed him much that he would explain to me the similitude of the field, and of the master of the vineyard, and of the slave who staked the vineyard, and of the stakes, and of the weeds that were plucked out of the vineyard, and of the son, and of the friends who were fellow-councilors, for I knew that all these things were a kind of parable. And he answered me, and said: "You are exceedingly persistent with your questions. You ought not," he continued, "to ask any questions at all; for if it is needful to explain anything, it will be made known

to you." I said to him, "Sir, whatsoever you show me, and do not explain, I shall have seen to no purpose, not understanding its meaning. In like manner also, if you speak parables to me, and do not unfold them, I shall have heard your words in vain." And he answered me again, saying, "Every one who is the servant of God, and has his Lord in his heart, asks of Him understanding, and receives it, and opens up every parable; and the words of the Lord become known to him which are spoken in parables. But those who are weak and slothful in prayer, hesitate to ask anything from the Lord; but the Lord is full of compassion, and gives without fail to all who ask Him. But you, having been strengthened by the holy Angel, and having obtained from Him such intercession, and not being slothful, why do you not ask of the Lord understanding and receive it from Him?" I said to him, "Sir, having, you with me, I am necessitated to ask questions of you, for you show me all things, and converse with me; but if I were to see or hear these things without you, I would then ask the Lord to explain them."

"I said to you a little ago," he answered, "that you were cunning and obstinate in asking explanations of the parables; but since you are so persistent, I shall unfold to you the meaning of the similitudes of the field, and of all the others that follow, that you may make them known to every one. Hear now," he said, "and understand them. The field is this world; and the Lord of the field is He who created, and perfected, and strengthened all things; [and the son is the Holy Spirit;] and the slave is the Son of God; and the vines are this people, whom He Himself planted; and the stakes are the holy angels of the Lord, who keep His people together; and the weeds that were plucked out of the vineyard are the iniquities of God's servants; and the dishes which He sent him from His table are the commandments which He gave His people through His Son; and the friends and fellow-councilors are the holy angels who were first created; and the Master's absence from home is the time that remains until His appearing." I said to him, "Sir, all these are great, and marvelous, and glorious things. Could I, therefore," I continued, "understand them? No, nor could any other man, even if exceedingly wise. Moreover," I added, "explain to me what I am about to ask you." "Say what you wish," he replied. "Why, sir," I asked, "is the Son of God in the parable in the form of a slave?"

"Hear," he answered, "the Son of God is not in the form of a slave, but in great power and might." "How so, sir?" I said; "I do not understand." "Because," he answered, "God planted the vineyard, that is to say, He created the people, and gave them to His Son; and the Son appointed His angels over them to keep them; and He Himself purged away their sins, having suffered many trials and undergone many labors, for no one is able to dig without labor and toil. He Himself, then, having purged away the sins of the people, showed them the paths of life by giving them the law which He received from His Father. [You see," he said, "that He is the Lord of the people, having received all authority from His Father.] And why the Lord took His Son as councilor, and the glorious angels, regarding the heirship of the slave, listen. The holy, prœxistent Spirit, that created every creature, God made to dwell in flesh, which He chose. This flesh, accordingly, in which the Holy Spirit dwelt, was nobly subject to that Spirit, walking religiously and chastely, in no respect defiling the Spirit; and accordingly, after living excellently and purely, and after laboring and coöperating with the Spirit, and having in everything acted vigorously and courageously along with the Holy Spirit, He assumed it as a partner with it. For this conduct of the flesh pleased Him, because it was not defiled on the earth while having the Holy Spirit. He took, therefore, as fellow-councilors His Son and the glorious angels, in order that this flesh, which had been subject to the body without a fault, might have some place of tabernacle, and that it might not appear that the reward [of its servitude had been lost]; for the flesh has been found without spot or defilement, in which the Holy Spirit dwelt [will receive a reward]. You now have the explanation of this parable also."

"I rejoice, sir," I said, "to hear this explanation." "Hear," again he replied: "Keep this flesh pure and stainless, that the Spirit which inhabits it may bear witness to it, and your flesh may be justified. See that the thought never arise in your mind that this flesh of yours is corruptible, and you misuse it by any act of defilement. If you defile your flesh, you will also defile the Holy Spirit; and if you defile your flesh [and spirit], you will not live."

THE CONSERVATISM OF HEATHENDOM.

By CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

[Titus Flavius Clemens, "Alexandrinus," one of the chief and earliest philosophers who constructed the metaphysical bases of historic Christian doctrine, enrolled as a saint until Benedict XIV. struck his name off the calendar, flourished about A.D. 200. He was a pagan, converted to Christianity. His birthplace is uncertain, but he became presbyter of the church of Alexandria. Origen was his pupil. Nothing is known of his further fortunes or time of death. He was a man of immense learning, both in Greek literature and philosophy and Christian speculation, and of the loftiest life.]

But you say it is not creditable to subvert the customs handed down to us from our fathers. And why, then, do we not still use our first nourishment, milk, to which our nurses accustomed us from the time of our birth? Why do we increase or diminish our patrimony, and not keep it exactly the same as we got it? Why do we not still vomit on our parents' breasts, or still do the things for which, when infants, and nursed by our mothers, we were laughed at, but have corrected ourselves even if we did not fall in with good instructors? Then, if excesses in the indulgence of the passions, though pernicious and dangerous, yet are accompanied with pleasure, why do we not in the conduct of life abandon that usage which is evil, and provocative of passion, and godless, even should our fathers feel hurt, and betake ourselves to the truth, and seek Him who is truly our Father, rejecting custom as a deleterious drug? For of all that I have undertaken to do, the task I now attempt is the noblest, viz. to demonstrate to you how inimical this insane and most wretched custom is to godliness. For a boon so great, the greatest ever given by God to the human race, would never have been hated and rejected, had not you been carried away by custom, and then shut your ears against us; and just as unmanageable horses throw off the reins, and take the bit between their teeth, you rush away from the arguments addressed to you, in your eager desire to shake yourselves clear of us, who seek to guide the chariot of your life, and, impelled by your folly, dash towards the precipices of destruction, and regard the holy word of God as an accursed thing. The reward of your choice, therefore, as described by Sophocles, follows: —

> The mind a blank, useless ears, vain thoughts.

And you know not that, of all truths, this is the truest, that the good and godly shall obtain the good reward, inasmuch as they

held goodness in high esteem; while, on the other hand, the wicked shall receive meet punishment. For the author of evil, torment has been prepared; and so the prophet Zecharias threatens him: "He that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee; lo, is not this a brand plucked from the fire?" What an infatuated desire, then, for voluntary death is this, rooted in men's minds! Why do they flee to this fatal brand, with which they shall be burned, when it is within their power to live nobly according to God, and not according to custom? For God bestows life freely; but evil custom, after our departure from this world brings on the sinner unavailing remorse with punishment. By sad experience, even a child knows how superstition destroys and piety saves. Let any of you look at those who minister before the idols, their hair matted, their persons disgraced with filthy and tattered clothes; who never come near a bath, and let their nails grow to an extraordinary length, like wild beasts; many of them castrated, who show the idol's temples to be in reality graves or prisons. These appear to me to bewail the gods, not to worship them, and their sufferings to be worthy of pity rather than piety. And seeing these things, do you still continue blind, and will you not look up to the Ruler of all, the Lord of the universe? And will you not escape from those dungeons, and flee to the mercy that comes down from heaven? For God of His great love comes to the help of man, as the mother bird flies to one of her young that has fallen out of the nest; and if a serpent open its mouth to swallow the little bird, "the mother flutters round, uttering cries of grief over her dear progeny;" and God the Father seeks His creature, and heals his transgression, and pursues the serpent, and recovers the young one, and incites it to fly up to the nest.

Thus dogs that have strayed track out their master by the scent; and horses that have thrown their riders come to their master's call if he but whistle. "The ox," it is said, "knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known me." What, then, of the Lord? He remembers not our ill desert; He still pities, He still urges us to repentance.

And I would ask you, if it does not appear to you monstrous, that you men who are God's handiwork, who have received your souls from Him, and belong wholly to God, should be subject to another master, and, what is more, serve the tyrant instead of the rightful King — the evil one instead of the good? For, in the name of truth, what man in his senses turns his back on good, and attaches himself to evil? What, then, is he who flees

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from God to consort with demons? Who, that may become a son of God, prefers to be in bondage? Or who is he that pursues his way to Erebus, when it is in his power to be a citizen of Heaven, and to cultivate Paradise, and walk about in Heaven and partake of the tree of life and immortality, and, cleaving his way through the sky in the track of the luminous cloud, behold, like Elias, the rain of salvation? Some there are, who, like worms wallowing in marshes and mud, in the streams of pleasure feed on foolish and useless delights — swinish men. For swine, it is said, like mud better than pure water, and, according to Democritus, "doat upon dirt."

Let us not then be enslaved or become swinish; but, as true children of the light, let us raise our eyes and look on the light, lest the Lord discover us to be spurious, as the sun does the eagles. Let us therefore repent, and pass from ignorance to knowledge, from foolishness to wisdom, from licentiousness to self-restraint, from unrighteousness to righteousness, from godlessness to God. It is an enterprise of noble daring to take our way to God; and the enjoyment of many other good things is within the reach of the lovers of righteousness, who pursue eternal life, especially those things to which God Himself alludes, speaking by Isaiah, "There is an inheritance for those who serve the Lord." Noble and desirable is this inheritance; not gold, not silver, not raiment, which the moth assails, and things of earth which are assailed by the robber, whose eye is dazzled by worldly wealth; but it is that treasure of salvation to which we must hasten, by becoming lovers of the Word. Thence praiseworthy works descend to us, and fly with us on the wing of truth. This is the inheritance with which the eternal covenant of God invests us, conveying the everlasting gift of grace; and thus our loving Father — the true Father — ceases not to exhort, admonish, train, love us. For He ceases not to save, and advises the best course: "Become righteous," says the Lord. "Ye that thirst, come to the water; and ye that have no money, come, and buy and drink without money." He invites to the laver, to salvation, to illumination, all but crying out and saying, "The land I give thee, and the sea, my child, and heaven too; and all the living creatures in them I freely bestow upon thee." Only, O child, thirst for thy Father; God shall be revealed to thee without price; the truth is not made merchandise of. He gives thee all creatures that fly and swim, and those on the land. These the Father has created for thy thankful enjoyment. What

the bastard, who is a son of perdition, foredoomed to be the slave of mammon, has to buy for money, He assigns to thee as thine own, even to His own son who loves the Father; for whose sake He still works, and to whom alone He promises, saying, "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity," for it is not destined to corruption. "For the whole land is mine;" and it is thine too, if thou receive God. Wherefore, the Scriptures, as might have been expected, proclaims good news to those who have believed. "The saints of the Lord shall inherit the glory of God and His power." What glory, tell me, O blessed One, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man"; and "they shall be glad in the kingdom of their Lord for ever and ever! Amen." You have, O men, the divine promise of grace; you have heard, on the other hand, the threatening of punishment: by these the Lord saves, teaching men by fear and grace. Why do we delay? Why do we not shun the punishment? Why do we not receive the free gift? Why, in fine, do we not choose the better part, God instead of the evil one, and prefer wisdom to idolatry, and take life in exchange for death? "Behold," He says, "I have set before your face death and life." The Lord tries you, that "you may choose life." He counsels you as a father to obey God. "For if ye hear me," He says, "and be willing, ye shall eat the good things of the land:" this is the grace attached to obedience. "But if ye obey me not, and are unwilling, the sword and fire shall devour you:" this is the penalty of disobedience. For the mouth of the Lord — the law of truth, the word of the Lord — hath spoken these things. Are you willing that I should be your good counselor? Well, do you hear. I, if possible, will explain. You ought, O men, when reflecting on the Good, to have brought forward a witness inborn and competent, viz. faith, which of itself, and from its own resources, chooses at once what is best, instead of occupying yourselves in painfully inquiring whether what is best ought to be followed. For, allow me to tell you, you ought to doubt whether you should get drunk, but you get drunk before reflecting on the matter; and whether you ought to do an injury, but you do injury with the utmost readiness. The only thing you make the subject of question is, whether God should be worshiped, and whether this wise God and Christ should be followed: and this you think requires deliberation and doubt, and know not what is worthy of God. Have faith in us, as you have in drunkenness, that you may be wise; have faith in us, as you

have in injury, that you may live. But if, acknowledging the conspicuous trustworthiness of the virtues, you wish to trust them, come and I will set before you in abundance materials of persuasion respecting the Word. But do you, — for your ancestral customs, by which your minds are preoccupied, divert you from the truth, — do you now hear what is the real state of the case as follows.

And let not any shame of this name preoccupy you, which does great harm to men, and seduces them from salvation. Let us then openly strip for the contest, and nobly strive in the arena of truth, the holy Word being the judge, and the Lord of the universe prescribing the contest. For 'tis no insignificant prize, the guerdon of immortality which is set before us. Pay no more regard then, if you are rated by some of the low rabble who lead the dance of impiety, and are driven on to the same pit by their folly and insanity, makers of idols and worshipers of stones. For these have dared to deify men, — Alexander of Macedon, for example, whom they canonized as the thirteenth god, whose pretensions Babylon confuted, which showed him dead. I admire, therefore, the divine sophist. Theocritus was his name. After Alexander's death, Theocritus, holding up the vain opinions entertained by men respecting the gods to ridicule before his fellow-citizens, said, "Men, keep up your hearts as long as you see the gods dying sooner than men." And, truly, he that worships gods that are visible, and the promiscuous rabble of creatures begotten and born, and attaches himself to them, is a far more wretched object than the very demons. For God is by no manner of means unrighteous as the demons are, but in the very highest degree righteous; and nothing more resembles God than one of us when he becomes righteous in the highest possible degree: —

> Go into the way, the whole tribe of you handicraftsmen,
> Who worship Jove's fierce-eyed daughter, the working-goddess,
> With fans duly placed, fools that ye are,

fashioners of stones, and worshipers of them. Let your Phidias and Polycletus, and your Praxiteles and Apelles too, come, and all that are engaged in mechanical arts, who, being themselves of the earth, are workers of the earth. "For then," says a certain prophecy, "the affairs here turn out unfortunately, when men put their trust in images." Let the meaner artists, too, — for I will not stop calling, — come. None of these ever

made a breathing image, or out of earth molded soft flesh. Who liquefied the marrow? or who solidified the bones? Who stretched the nerves? who distended the veins? Who poured the blood into them? or who spread the skin? Who ever could have made eyes capable of seeing? Who breathed spirit into the lifeless form? Who bestowed righteousness? Who promised immortality? The Maker of the universe alone; the Great Artist and Father has formed us, such a living image as man is. But your Olympian Jove, the image of an image, greatly out of harmony with truth, is the senseless work of Attic hands. For the image of God is His Word, the genuine Son of Mind, the Divine Word, the archetypal light of light; and the image of the Word is the true man, the mind which is in man, who is therefore said to have been made "in the image and likeness of God," assimilated to the Divine Word in the affections of the soul, and therefore rational; but effigies sculptured in human form, the earthly image of that part of man which is visible and earth-born, are but a perishable impress of humanity, manifestly wide of the truth. That life, then, which is occupied with so much earnestness about matter, seems to me to be nothing else than full of insanity. And custom, which has made you taste bondage and unreasonable care, is fostered by vain opinion; and ignorance, which has proved to the human race the cause of unlawful rites and delusive shows, and also of deadly plagues and hateful images, has, by devising many shapes of demons, stamped on all that follow it the mark of long-continued death. Receive, then, the water of the word; wash, ye polluted ones; purify yourselves from custom, by sprinkling yourselves with the drops of truth. The pure must ascend to heaven. Thou art a man, if we look to that which is most common to thee and others — seek Him who created thee; thou art a son, if we look to that which is thy peculiar prerogative — acknowledge thy Father. But do you still continue in your sins, engrossed with pleasures? To whom shall the Lord say, "Yours is the kingdom of heaven"? Yours, whose choice is set on God, if you will; yours, if you will only believe and comply with the brief terms of the announcement; which the Ninevites having obeyed, instead of the destruction they looked for, obtained a signal deliverance. How, then, may I ascend to heaven, is it said? The Lord is the way; a strait way, but leading from heaven; strait in truth, but leading back to heaven; strait, despised on earth; broad, adored in heaven.

ON FREE WILL.

By ORIGEN.

[Origenes, one of the greatest of the founders of Christian theology, by some reckoned the very greatest and the real architect of its doctrinal framework, and the one who did most to win it acceptance from the pagan world by reconciling it with ancient culture and science, was born of Christian parents at Alexandria, A.D. 185 or 186. Educated under Pantænus and Clement, at the only school then existing which taught Greek science and Scripture at once, he showed remarkable early talents. His father was martyred in 202, and the family beggared. The next year he became head of the school himself, at not over eighteen, and taught for twenty-eight years with enormous reputation; living an ascetic life, at first copying manuscripts for a living; studying philosophy and Hebrew, and writing textual and expository comments on the Scriptures, etc., and taking many journeys for cultivation and ecclesiastical objects. The bishop of Alexandria was jealous of him, and would never give him ecclesiastical consecration, so that he remained a layman. About the year 230 the bishops in Palestine ordained him; on which the Alexandrian bishop convened two synods, which banished him and degraded him to the lay status again. He went to Palestine, where his condemnation was not acknowledged, established a famous school in Cæsarea, and was persecuted there; traveled and lectured widely and wrote much; was imprisoned and ill-used in the persecution under Decius, 250; and died in peace, probably in 254.]

The rational animal, however, has, in addition to its phantasial nature, also reason, which judges the phantasies, and disapproves of some and accepts others, in order that the animal may be led according to them. Therefore, since there are in the nature of reason aids towards the contemplation of virtue and vice, by following which, after beholding good and evil, we select the one and avoid the other, we are deserving of praise when we give ourselves to the practice of virtue, and censurable when we do the reverse. We must not, however, be ignorant that the greater part of the nature assigned to all things is a varying quantity among animals, both in a greater and a less degree; so that the instinct in hunting dogs and in war-horses approaches somehow, so to speak, to the faculty of reason. Now, to fall under some one of those external causes which stir up within us this phantasy or that, is confessedly not one of those things that are dependent upon ourselves; but to determine that we shall use the occurrence in this way or differently, is the prerogative of nothing else than of the reason within us, which, as occasion offers, arouses us towards efforts inciting to what is virtuous and becoming, or turns us aside to what is the reverse.

Such being the case, to say that we are moved from without,

and to put away the blame from ourselves, by declaring that we are like to pieces of wood and stones, which are dragged about by those causes that act upon them from without, is neither true nor in conformity with reason, but is the statement of him who wishes to destroy the conception of free will. For if we were to ask such an one what was free will, he would say that it consisted in this, that when purposing to do some thing, no external cause came inciting to the reverse. But to blame, on the other hand, the mere constitution of the body, is absurd; for the disciplinary reason, taking hold of those who are most intemperate and savage (if they will follow her exhortation), effects a transformation, so that the alteration and change for the better is most extensive — the most licentious men frequently becoming better than those who formerly did not seem to be such by nature; and the most savage men passing into such a state of mildness, that those persons who never at any time were so savage as they were, appear savage in comparison, so great a degree of gentleness having been produced within them. And we see other men, most steady and respectable, driven from their state of respectability and steadiness by intercourse with evil customs, so as to fall into habits of licentiousness, often beginning their wickedness in middle age, and plunging into disorder after the period of youth has passed, which, so far as its nature is concerned, is unstable. Reason, therefore, demonstrates that external events do not depend on us, but that it is our own business to use them in this way or the opposite, having received reason as a judge and an investigator of the manner in which we ought to meet those events that come from without.

But since certain declarations of the Old Testament and of the New lead to the opposite conclusion, — namely, that it does not depend on ourselves to keep the commandments and to be saved, or to transgress them and to be lost, — let us adduce them one by one, and see the explanations of them, in order that from those which we adduce, any one selecting in a similar way all the passages that seem to nullify free will, may consider what is said about them by way of explanation. And now, the statements regarding Pharaoh have troubled many, respecting whom God declared several times, "I will harden Pharaoh's heart." For if he is hardened by God, and commits sin in consequence of being hardened, he is not the cause of sin to himself; and if so, then neither does Pharaoh possess free

will. And some will say that, in a similar way, they who perish have not free will, and will not perish of themselves. The declaration also in Ezekiel, "I will take away their stony hearts, and will put in them hearts of flesh, that they may walk in my precepts, and keep my commandments," might lead one to think that it was God who gave the power to walk in His commandments, and to keep His precepts, by His withdrawing the hindrance, — the stony heart, and implanting a better, — a heart of flesh. And let us look also at the passage in the Gospel — the answer which the Savior returns to those who inquired why He spoke to the multitude in parables. His words are, "That seeing they might not see; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest they should be converted, and their sins be forgiven them." The declarations, too, in other places, that "both to will and to do are of God"; "that God hath mercy upon whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth. Thou wilt say then, Why doth He yet find fault? For who hath resisted His will?" "The persuasion is of Him that calleth, and not of us." "Nay, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that hath formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?" Now these passages are sufficient of themselves to trouble the multitude, as if man were not possessed of free will, but as if it were God who saves and destroys whom He will.

Let us begin, then, with what is said about Pharaoh — that he was hardened by God, that he might not send away the people; along with which will be examined also the statement of the apostle, "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." And certain of those who hold different opinions misuse these passages, themselves also almost destroying free will by introducing ruined natures incapable of salvation, and others saved which it is impossible can be lost; and Pharaoh, they say, as being of a ruined nature, is therefore hardened by God, who has mercy upon the spiritual, but hardens the earthy. Let us see now what they mean. For we shall ask them if Pharaoh was of an earthy nature; and when they answer, we shall say that he who is of an earthy nature is altogether disobedient to God; but if disobedient, what need is there of his heart being hardened, and that not once, but frequently? Unless perhaps,

since it was possible for him to obey (in which case he would certainly have obeyed, as not being earthy, when hard pressed by the signs and wonders), God needs him to be disobedient to a greater degree, in order that He may manifest His mighty deeds for the salvation of the multitude, and therefore hardens his heart. This will be our answer to them in the first place, in order to overturn their supposition that Pharaoh was of a ruined nature. And the same reply must be given to them with respect to the statement of the apostle. For whom does God harden? Those who perish, as if they would obey unless they were hardened, or manifestly those who would be saved because they are not of a ruined nature. And on whom has He mercy? Is it on those who are to be saved? And how is there need of a second mercy for those who have been prepared once for salvation, and who will by all means become blessed on account of their nature? Unless perhaps, since they are capable of incurring destruction if they did not receive mercy, they will obtain mercy in order that they may not incur that destruction of which they are capable, but may be in the condition of those who are saved. And this is our answer to such persons.

But to those who think they understand the term "hardened," we must address the inquiry, What do they mean by saying that God, by His working, hardens the heart, and with what purpose does He do this? For let them observe the conception of a God who is in reality just and good; but if they will not allow this, let it be conceded to them for the present that He is just; and let them show how the good and just God, or the just God only, appears to be just, in hardening the heart of him who perishes because of his being hardened: and how the just God becomes the cause of destruction and disobedience, when men are chastened by Him on account of their hardness and disobedience. And why does He find fault with him, saying, "Thou wilt not let my people go;" "Lo, I will smite all the firstborn in Egypt, even thy firstborn;" and whatever else is recorded as spoken from God to Pharaoh through the intervention of Moses? For he who believes that the Scriptures are true, and that God is just, must necessarily endeavor, if he be honest. to show how God, in using such expressions, may be distinctly understood to be just. But if any one should stand, declaring with uncovered head that the Creator of the world was inclined to wickedness, we should need other words to answer them.

But since they say that they regard Him as a just God, and we as one who is at the same time good and just, let us consider how the good and just God could harden the heart of Pharaoh. See, then, whether, by an illustration used by the apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are able to prove that by one operation God has mercy upon one man while He hardens another, although not intending to harden; but, [although] having a good purpose, hardening follows as a result of the inherent principle of wickedness in such persons, and so He is said to harden him who is hardened. "The earth," he says, "which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them for whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh to cursing, whose end is to be burned." As respects the rain, then, there is one operation; and there being one operation as regards the rain, the ground which is cultivated produces fruit, while that which is neglected and is barren produces thorns. Now, it might seem profane for Him who rains to say, "I produced the fruits, and the thorns that are in the earth;" and yet, although profane, it is true. For, had rain not fallen, there would have been neither fruits nor thorns; but, having fallen at the proper time and in moderation, both were produced. The ground, now, which drank in the rain which often fell upon it, and yet produced thorns and briers, is rejected and nigh to cursing. The blessing, then, of the rain descended even upon the inferior land; but it, being neglected and uncultivated, yielded thorns and thistles. In the same way, therefore, the wonderful works also done by God are, as it were, the rain; while the differing purposes are, as it were, the cultivated and neglected land, being [yet], like earth, of one nature.

And as if the sun, uttering a voice, were to say, "I liquefy and dry up," liquefaction and drying up being opposite things, he would not speak falsely as regards the point in question, wax being melted and mud being dried by the same heat; so the same operation, which was performed through the instrumentality of Moses, proved the hardness of Pharaoh on the one hand, the result of his wickedness, and the yielding of the mixed Egyptian multitude who took their departure with the Hebrews. And the brief statement that the heart of Pharaoh was softened, as it were, when he said, "But ye shall not go far: ye will go a three days' journey and leave your wives,"

and anything else which he said, yielding little by little before the signs, proves that the wonders made some impression even upon him, but did not accomplish all [that they might]. Yet even this would not have happened, if that which is supposed by the many — the hardening of Pharaoh's heart — had been produced by God Himself. And it is not absurd to soften down such expressions agreeably to common usage; for good masters often say to their slaves, when spoiled by their kindness and forbearance, "I have made you bad, and I am to blame for offenses of such enormity." For we must attend to the character and force of the phrase, and not argue sophistically, disregarding the meaning of the expression. Paul, accordingly, having examined these points clearly, says to the sinner: "Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? but, after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Now, let what the apostle says to the sinner be addressed to Pharaoh, and then the announcements made to him will be understood to have been made with peculiar fitness, as to one who, according to his hardness and unrepentant heart, was treasuring up to himself wrath; seeing that his hardness would not have been proved nor made manifest unless miracles had been performed, and miracles, too, of such magnitude and importance.

But since such narratives are slow to secure assent and are considered to be forced, let us see from the prophetical declarations also what those persons say who, although they have experienced the great kindness of God, have not lived virtuously, but have afterwards sinned. "Why, O Lord, hast Thou made us to err from Thy ways? Why hast Thou hardened our heart so as not to fear Thy name? Return for Thy servants' sake, for the tribes of Thine inheritance, that we may inherit a small portion of Thy holy mountain." And in Jeremiah, "Thou hast deceived me, O Lord, and I was deceived; Thou wert strong and Thou didst prevail." For the expression, "Why hast Thou hardened our heart so as not to fear Thy name?" uttered by those who are begging to receive mercy, is in its nature as follows: "Why hast Thou spared us so long, not visiting us because of our sins, but deserting us, until our transgressions come to a height?" Now He

leaves the greater part of men unpunished, both in order that the habits of each one may be examined, so far as it depends upon ourselves, and that the virtuous may be made manifest in consequence of the test applied, while the others, not escaping notice from God, — for He knows all things before they exist, — but, from the rational creation and themselves, may afterwards obtain the means of cure, seeing they would not have known the benefit had they not condemned themselves. It is of advantage to each one that he perceive his own peculiar nature and the grace of God. For he who does not perceive his own weakness and the divine favor, although he receive a benefit, yet, not having made trial of himself nor having condemned himself, will imagine that the benefit conferred upon him by the grace of Heaven is his own doing. And this imagination, producing also vanity, will be the cause of a downfall, which, we conceive, was the case with the devil, who attributed to himself the priority which he possessed when in a state of sinlessness. "For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased," and "every one that humbleth himself shall be exalted." And observe that for this reason divine things have been concealed from the wise and prudent, in order, as says the apostle, that "no flesh should glory in the presence of God"; and they have been revealed to babes, to those who after childhood have come to better things, and who remember that it is not so much from their own effort as by the unspeakable goodness [of God] that they have reached the greatest possible extent of blessedness.

It is not without reason, then, that he who is abandoned is abandoned to the divine judgment, and that God is long-suffering with certain sinners, but because it will be for their advantage, with respect to the immortality of the soul and the unending world, that they be not quickly brought into a state of salvation, but be conducted to it more slowly, after having experienced many evils. For as physicians who are able to cure a man quickly, when they suspect that a hidden poison exists in the body, do the reverse of healing, making this more certain through their very desire to heal, deeming it better for a considerable time to retain the patient under inflammation and sickness, in order that he may recover his health more surely, than to appear to produce a rapid recovery, and afterwards to cause a relapse, and thus that hasty cure last only for a time. In the same way, God also, who knows

the secret things of the heart and foresees future events, in His long-suffering, permits [certain events to occur], and, by means of those things which happen from without, extracts the secret evil, in order to cleanse him who through carelessness has received the seeds of sin, that having vomited them forth when they come to the surface, although he may have been deeply involved in evils, he may afterwards obtain healing after his wickedness and be renewed. For God governs souls not with reference, let me say, to the fifty years of the present life, but with reference to an illimitable age.

TO THE MARTYRS.

By TERTULLIAN.

[Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus, "the earliest and next to Augustine the greatest of the Church writers of the West, the creator of Christian Latin literature," was born at Carthage of a superior pagan family, about A.D. 150, and highly educated, being very learned in philosophy, history, and law; went to Rome and was held one of its leading jurists, and wrote legal treatises. Converted in middle age, he returned to Carthage, married, and gave the rest of his life, first to fortifying Christianity against the various pagan schools; second, to reconciling primitive Christianity with the new systems developed from the Scriptures and the new ecclesiastical forms; finally, to opposing the conversion of the Church into a political organization, which in the end led to his breaking with it altogether (about 207) and becoming the head of a "Montanist" community. The date of his death is uncertain.]

Blessed Martyrs Designate, — Along with the provision which our lady mother the church from her bountiful breasts, and each brother out of his private means, makes for your bodily wants in the prison, accept also from me some contribution to your spiritual sustenance. For it is not good that the flesh be feasted and the spirit starve: nay, if that which is weak is carefully looked to, it is but right that that which is still weaker should not be neglected. Not that I am specially entitled to exhort you; yet not only the trainers and overseers, but even the unskilled, nay, all who choose, without the slightest need for it, are wont to animate from afar by their cries the most accomplished gladiators, and from the mere throng of onlookers useful suggestions have sometimes come. First, then, O blessed, grieve not the Holy Spirit, who has entered the prison with you. For if He had not gone with you there, you would not have

been there this day. And do you give all endeavor therefore to retain Him; so let Him lead you thence to your Lord. The prison, indeed, is the devil's house as well, wherein he keeps his family. But you have come within its walls for the very purpose of trampling the wicked one under foot in his chosen abode. You had already in pitched battle outside utterly overcome him; let him have no reason, then, to say to himself, "They are now in my domains; with vile hatreds I shall tempt them, with defections or dissensions among themselves." Let him fly from your presence, and skulk away into his own abysses, shrunken and torpid as though he were an outcharmed or outsmoked snake. Give him not the success in his own kingdom of setting you at variance with each other, but let him find you armed and fortified with concord; for peace among you is battle with him. You know that some, not able to find this peace in the church, have been used to seek it from the imprisoned martyrs. And so you ought to have it dwelling with you, and to cherish it, and to guard it, that you may be able perhaps to bestow it upon others.

Other things, hindrances equally of the soul, may have accompanied you as far as the prison gate, to which also your relatives may have attended you. There and thenceforth you were severed from the world; how much more from the ordinary course of worldly life and all its affairs! Nor let this separation from the world alarm you. For if we reflect that the world is more really the prison, we shall see that you have gone out of a prison rather than into one. The world has the greater darkness, blinding men's hearts. The world imposes the more grievous fetters, binding men's very souls. The world breathes out the worst impurities — human lusts. The world contains the larger number of criminals, even the whole human race. Then, last of all, it awaits the judgment, not of the proconsul, but of God. Wherefore, O blessed, you may regard yourselves as having been translated from a prison to, we may say, a place of safety. It is full of darkness, but ye yourselves are light; it has bonds, but God has made you free. Unpleasant exhalations are there, but ye are an odor of sweetness. The judge is daily looked for, but ye shall judge the judges themselves. Sadness may be there for him who sighs for the world's enjoyments. The Christian outside the prison has renounced the world, but in the prison he has renounced a prison too. It is of no consequence where you are in the world — you who

are not of it. And if you have lost some of life's sweets, it is the way of business to suffer present loss, that after gains may be the larger. Thus far I say nothing of the rewards to which God invites the martyrs. Meanwhile let us compare the life of the world and of the prison, and see if the spirit does not gain more in the prison than the flesh loses. Nay, by the care of the church and the love of the brethren, even the flesh does not lose there what is for its good, while the spirit obtains besides important advantages. You have no occasion to look on strange gods, you do not run against their images; you have no part in heathen holidays, even by mere bodily mingling in them; you are not annoyed by the foul fumes of idolatrous solemnities; you are not pained by the noise of the public shows, nor by the atrocity or madness or immodesty of their celebrants; your eyes do not fall on stews and brothels; you are free from causes of offense, from temptations, from unholy reminiscences; you are free now from persecution too. The prison does the same service for the Christians which the desert did for the prophet. Our Lord Himself spent much of His time in seclusion, that He might have greater liberty to pray, that He might be quit of the world. It was in a mountain solitude, too, He showed His glory to His disciples. Let us drop the name of prison; let us call it a place of retirement. Though the body is shut in, though the flesh is confined, all things are open to the spirit. In spirit, then, roam abroad; in spirit walk about, not setting before you shady paths or long colonnades, but the way which leads to God. As often as in spirit your footsteps are there, so often you will not be in bonds. The leg does not feel the chain when the mind is in the heavens. The mind compasses the whole man about, and whither it wills it carries him. But where thy heart shall be, there shall be thy treasure. Be there our heart, then, where we would have our treasure.

Grant now, O blessed, that even to Christians the prison is unpleasant. But we were called to the warfare of the living God in our very response to the sacramental words. Well, no soldier comes out to the campaign laden with luxuries, nor does he go to action from his comfortable chamber, but from the light and narrow tent, where every kind of hardness and roughness and disagreeableness must be put up with. Even in peace soldiers inure themselves to war by toils and inconveniences—marching in arms, running over the plain, working

at the ditch, making the testudo, engaging in many arduous labors. The sweat of the brow is in everything, that bodies and minds may not shrink at having to pass from shade to sunshine, from sunshine to icy cold, from the robe of peace to the coat of mail, from silence to clamor, from quiet to tumult. In like manner, O blessed, count whatever is hard in this lot of yours as a discipline of your powers of mind and body. You are about to pass through a noble struggle, in which the living God acts the part of superintendent, in which the Holy Ghost is your trainer, in which the prize is an eternal crown of angelic essence, citizenship in the heavens, glory everlasting. Therefore your Master, Jesus Christ, who has anointed you with His Spirit, and led you forth to the arena, has seen it good, before the day of conflict, to take you from a condition more pleasant in itself, and imposed on you a harder treatment, that your strength might be the greater. For the athletes, too, are set apart to a more stringent discipline, that they may have their physical powers built up. They are kept from luxury, from daintier meats, from more pleasant drinks; they are pressed, racked, worn out; the harder their labors in the preparatory training, the stronger is the hope of victory. "And they," says the apostle, "that they may obtain a corruptible crown." We, with the crown eternal in our eye, look upon the prison as our training ground, that at the goal of final judgment we may be brought forth well disciplined by many a trial; since virtue is built up by hardships, as by voluptuous indulgence it is overthrown.

From the saying of our Lord we know that the flesh is weak, the spirit willing. Let us not, withal, take delusive comfort from the Lord's acknowledgment of the weakness of the flesh. For precisely on this account He first declared the spirit willing, that He might show which of the two ought to be subject to the other — that the flesh might yield obedience to the spirit — the weaker to the stronger; the former thus from the latter getting strength. Let the spirit hold converse with the flesh about the common salvation, thinking no longer of the troubles of the prison, but of the wrestle and conflict for which they are the preparation. The flesh, perhaps, will dread the merciless sword, and the lofty cross, and the rage of the wild beasts, and that punishment of the flames, of all most terrible, and all the skill of the executioner in torture. But, on the other side, let the spirit set clearly forth before itself

and the flesh, how these things, though exceeding painful, have yet been calmly endured by many, — nay, have even been desired for the sake of fame and glory; and this not only in the case of men, but of women too, that you, O holy women, may be worthy of your sex. It would take me too long to enumerate one by one the men who at their own self-impulse have put an end to themselves. As to women, there is a famous case at hand: the violated Lucretia, in the presence of her kinsfolk, plunged the knife into herself, that she might have glory for her chastity. Mucius burned his right hand on an altar, that this deed of his might dwell in fame. The philosophers have been outstripped, — for instance Heraclitus, who, smeared with cow dung, burned himself; and Empedocles, who leapt down into the fires of Etna; and Peregrinus, who not long ago threw himself on the funeral pile. For women even have despised the flames. Dido did so, lest, after the death of a husband very dear to her, she should be compelled to marry again; and so did the wife of Hasdrubal, who, Carthage now on fire, that she might not behold her husband suppliant at Scipio's feet, rushed with her children into the conflagration, in which her native city was destroyed. Regulus, a Roman general, who had been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, declined to be exchanged for a large number of Carthaginian captives, choosing rather to be given back to the enemy. He was crammed into a sort of chest; and, everywhere pierced by nails driven from the outside, he endured so many crucifixions. Woman has voluntarily sought the wild beasts, and even asps, those serpents worse than bear or bull, which Cleopatra applied to herself, that she might not fall into the hands of her enemy. But the fear of death is not so great as the fear of torture. And so the Athenian courtesan succumbed to the executioner, when subjected to torture by the tyrant for having taken part in a conspiracy, still making no betrayal of her confederates, she at last bit off her tongue and spat it in the tyrant's face, that he might be convinced of the uselessness of his torments, however long they should be continued. Everybody knows what to this day is the great Lacedæmonian solemnity — the scourging; in which sacred rite the Spartan youths are beaten with scourges before the altar, their parents and kinsmen standing by and exhorting them to stand it bravely out. For it will be always counted more honorable and glorious that the soul rather than the

body has given itself to stripes. But if so high a value is put on the earthly glory, won by mental and bodily vigor, that men, for the praise of their fellows, I may say, despise the sword, the fire, the cross, the wild beasts, the torture; these surely are but trifling sufferings to obtain a celestial glory and a divine reward. If the bit of glass is so precious, what must the true pearl be worth? Are we not called on, then, most joyfully to lay out as much for the true as others do for the false?

I leave out of account now the motive of glory. All these same cruel and painful conflicts, a mere vanity you find among men — in fact, a sort of mental disease — has trampled under foot. How many ease-lovers does the conceit of arms give to the sword? They actually go down to meet the very wild beasts in vain ambition; and they fancy themselves more winsome from the bites and scars of the contest. Some have sold themselves to fires, to run a certain distance in a burning tunic. Others, with most enduring shoulders, have walked about under the hunters' whips. The Lord has given these things a place in the world, O blessed, not without some reason: for what reason, but now to animate us, and on that day to confound us if we have feared to suffer for the truth, that we might be saved, what others out of vanity have eagerly sought for to their ruin?

Passing, too, from examples of enduring constancy having such an origin as this, let us turn to a simple contemplation of man's estate in its ordinary conditions, that mayhap from things that happen to us whether we will or no, and which we must set our minds to bear, we may get instruction. How often then have fires consumed the living! How often have wild beasts torn men in pieces, it may be in their own forests, or it may be in the heart of cities, when they have chanced to escape from their dens! How many have fallen by the robber's sword! How many have suffered at the hands of enemies the death of the cross, after having been tortured first, yes, and treated with every sort of contumely! One may even suffer in the cause of a man what he hesitates to suffer in the cause of God. In reference to this, indeed, let the present times bear testimony, when so many persons of rank have met with death in a mere human being's cause, and that though from their birth and dignities and bodily condition and age such a fate seemed most unlikely; either suffering at his hands if they have taken part against him, or from his enemies if they have been his partisans.

THE FALL OF PALMYRA, A.D. 272.

By WILLIAM WARE.

(From "Zenobia.")

[WILLIAM WARE, an American clergyman and historical novelist, was born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797. He studied theology under his father's direction; held pastorates of Unitarian churches in Brooklyn, Conn., Burlington, Vt., New York city (1821–1836), and in towns near Boston; and retired from the ministry on account of failing health. He was the author of the popular historical novels: "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra," "Aurelian," and "Julian." Died at Cambridge, Mass., February 19, 1852.]

I WRITE again from Palmyra.

We arrived here after a day's hard travel. The sensation occasioned by the unexpected return of Gracchus seemed to cause a temporary forgetfulness of their calamities on the part of the citizens. As we entered the city at the close of the day, and they recognized their venerated friend, there were no bounds to the tumultuous expressions of their joy. The whole city was abroad. It were hard to say whether Fausta herself was more pained by excess of pleasure, than was each citizen who thronged the streets as we made our triumphal entry.

A general amnesty of the past having been proclaimed by Sandarion immediately after the departure of Aurelian with the prisoners whom he chose to select, we found Calpurnius already returned. At Fausta's side he received us as we dismounted in the palace yard. I need not tell you how we passed our first evening. Yet it was one of very mixed enjoyment. Fausta's eye, as it dwelt upon the beloved form of her father, seemed to express unalloyed happiness. But then, again, as it was withdrawn at those moments when his voice kept not her attention fixed upon himself, she fell back upon the past and the lost, and the shadows of a deep sadness would gather over her. So, in truth, was it with us all; especially when, at the urgency of the rest, I related to them the interviews I had had with Longinus, and described to them his behavior in the prison, and at the execution.

"I think," said Fausta, "that Aurelian, in the death of Longinus, has injured his fame far more than by the capture of Zenobia and the reduction of Palmyra he has added to it. Posterity will not readily forgive him for putting out, in its

meridian blaze, the very brightest light of the age. It surely was an unnecessary act."

"The destruction of prisoners, especially those of rank and influence, is," said I, "according to the savage usages of war; and Aurelian defends the death of Longinus by saying that in becoming the first adviser of Zenobia, he was no longer Longinus the philosopher, but Longinus the minister and rebel."

"That will be held," she replied, "as a poor piece of sophistry. He was still Longinus, and in killing Longinus the minister, he basely slew Longinus the renowned philosopher, the accomplished scholar, the man of letters and of taste, the greatest man of the age, — for you will not say that either in Rome or Greece there now lives his equal."

"Fausta," said Gracchus, "you are right. And had Aurelian been any more or higher than a soldier, he would not have dared to encounter the odium of the act; but in simple truth he was, I suppose, and is utterly insensible to the crime he has committed, not against an individual or Palmyra, but against the civilized world and posterity, — a crime that will grow in its magnitude as time rolls on, and will forever, and to the remotest times, blast the fame and the name of him who did it. Longinus belonged to all times and people, and by them will be avenged. Aurelian could not understand the greatness of his victim, and was ignorant that he was drawing upon himself a reproach greater than if he had sacrificed in his fury the queen herself and half the inhabitants of Palmyra. He will find it out when he reaches Rome. He will find himself as notorious there, as the murderer of Longinus, as he will be as conqueror of the East."

"There was one sentiment of Aurelian," I said, "which he expressed to me when I urged upon him the sparing of Longinus, to which you must allow some greatness to attach. I had said to him that it was greater to pardon than to punish, and that for that reason —— 'Ah!' he replied, interrupting me, 'I may not gain to myself the fame of magnanimity at the expense of Rome. As the chief enemy of Rome in this rebellion, Rome requires his punishment, and Rome is the party to be satisfied, not I.'"

"I grant that there is greatness in the sentiment. If he was sincere, all we can say is that he misjudged in supposing that Rome needed the sacrifice. She needed it not. There were enough heads like mine, of less worth, that would do for the soldiers, — for they are Rome in Aurelian's vocabulary."

"Men of humanity and of letters," I replied, "will, I suppose, decide upon this question one way, politicians and soldiers another."

"That, I believe," rejoined Gracchus, "is nearly the truth."

Then, wearied by a prolonged conversation, we sought the repose of our pillows, each one of us happier by a large and overflowing measure, than but two days before we had ever thought to be again.

The city is to all appearance tranquil and acquiescent under its bitter chastisement. The outward aspect is calm and peaceful. The gates are thrown open, and the merchants and traders are returning to the pursuits of traffic; the gentry and nobles are engaged in refitting and reëmbellishing their rifled palaces; and the common people have returned in quiet to the several channels of their industry.

I have made, however, some observations which lead me to believe that all is not so settled and secure as it seems to be, and that however the greater proportion of the citizens are content to sit down patiently under the rule of their new masters, others are not of their mind. I can perceive that Antiochus, who, under the general pardon proclaimed by Sandarion, has returned to the city, is the central point of a good deal of interest among a certain class of citizens. He is again at the head of the same licentious and desperate crew as before, — a set of men, like himself, large in their resources, lawless in their lives, and daring in the pursuit of whatever object they set before them. To one who knows the men, their habits and manners, it is not difficult to see that they are engaged in other plans than appear upon the surface. Yet are their movements so quietly ordered as to occasion no general observation or remark. Sandarion, ignorant whence danger might be expected to arise, appears not to indulge suspicions of one or another. Indeed, from the smallness of the garrison, from the whole manner both of the governor and those who are under him, soldiers and others, it is evident that no thought of a rising on the part of the populace has entered their minds.

A few days have passed, and Gracchus and Fausta, who inclined not to give much heed to my observations, both think with me; indeed, to Gracchus communication has been made of the existence of a plot to rescue the city from the hands of Rome, in which he has been solicited to join.

Antiochus himself has sought and obtained an interview with Gracchus.

Gracchus has not hesitated to reject all overtures from that quarter. We thus learn that the most desperate measures are in agitation, — weak and preposterous, too, as they are desperate, and must in the end prove ruinous. Antiochus, we doubt not, is a tool in the hands of others; but he stands out as the head and center of the conspiracy. There is a violent and a strong party, consisting chiefly of the disbanded soldiers, but of some drawn from every class of the inhabitants, whose object is, by a sudden attack, to snatch the city from the Roman garrison, and placing Antiochus on the throne, proclaim their independence again, and prepare themselves to maintain and defend it. They make use of Antiochus because of his connection with Zenobia, and the influence he would exert through that prejudice, and because of his sway over other families among the richest and most powerful, especially the two princes, Herennianus and Timolaus, and because of his foolhardiness. If they should fail, he, they imagine, will be the only or the chief sacrifice, and he can well be spared. If they succeed, it will be an easy matter afterwards to dispose of him, if his character or measures as their king should displease them, and exalt some other and worthier in his room.

"And what, father," said Fausta, "said you to Antiochus?"

"I told him," replied Gracchus, "what I thought, — that the plan struck me not only as frantic and wild, but foolish; that I for myself should engage in no plot of any kind, having in view any similar object, much less in such a one as he proposed. I told him that if Palmyra was destined ever to assert its supremacy and independence of Rome, it could not be for many years to come, and then by watching for some favorable juncture in the affairs of Rome in other parts of the world. It might very well happen, I thought, that in the process of years, and when Palmyra had wholly recruited her strength after her late and extreme sufferings, there might occur some period of revolution or inward commotion in the Roman empire, such as would leave her remote provinces in a comparatively unprotected state. Then would be the time for reasserting our independence; then we might spring upon our keepers with some good prospect of overpowering them, and taking again to ourselves our own government. But now, I tried to convince him, it was utter madness, or worse, stupidity, to dream of suc-

cess in such an enterprise. The Romans were already inflamed and angry, not half appeased by the bloody offering that had just been made; their strength was undiminished, — for what could diminish the strength of Rome, — and a rising could no sooner take place, than her legions would again be upon us, and our sufferings might be greater than ever. I entreated him to pause, and to dissuade those from action who were connected with him. I did not hesitate to set before him a lively picture of his own hazard in the affair, — that he, if failure ensued, would be the first victim. I urged, moreover, that a few, as I held this number to be, had no right to endanger, by any selfish and besotted conduct, the general welfare, the lives and property of the citizens; that not till he felt he had the voice of the people with him, ought he to dare to act; and that although I should not betray his counsels to Sandarion, I should to the people, unless I received from him ample assurance that no movement should be made without a full disclosure of the project to all the principal citizens, as representatives of the whole city."

"And how took he all that?" we asked.

"He was evidently troubled at the vision I raised of his own head borne aloft upon a Roman pike, and not a little disconcerted at what I labored to convince him were the rights of us all in the case. I obtained from him in the end a solemn promise that he would communicate what I had said to his companions, and that they would forbear all action till they had first obtained the concurrence of the greater part of the city. I assured him, however, that in no case, and under no conceivable circumstances, could he or any calculate upon any coöperation of mine. Upon any knowledge which I might obtain of intended action, I should withdraw from the city."

"It is a sad fate," said Fausta, "that having just escaped with our lives and the bare walls of our city and dwellings from the Romans, we are now to become the prey of a wicked faction among ourselves. But, can you trust the word of Antiochus that he will give you timely notice if they go on to prosecute the affair? Will they not now work in secret all the more, and veil themselves even from the scrutiny of citizens?"

"I hardly think they can escape the watchful eyes that will be fixed upon them," replied Gracchus; "nor do I believe that, however inclined Antiochus might be to deceive me, those who are of his party would agree to such baseness. There are honorable men, however deluded, in his company."

Several days have passed, and our fears are almost laid. Antiochus and the princes have been seen as usual frequenting the more public streets, lounging in the Portico, or at the places of amusement. And the evenings have been devoted to gayety and pleasure, — Sandarion himself, and the officers of his legion, being frequent visitors at the palace of Antiochus, and at that of the Cæsars, lately the palace of Zenobia.

During this interval we have celebrated, with all becoming rites, the marriage of Fausta and Calpurnius, hastened at the urgency of Gracchus, who, feeling still very insecure of life, and doubtful of the continued tranquillity of the city, wished to bestow upon Calpurnius the rights of a husband, and to secure to Fausta the protection of one. Gracchus seems happier and lighter of heart since this has been done, — so do we all. It was an occasion of joy, but as much of tears also. An event which we had hoped to have been graced by the presence of Zenobia, Julia, and Longinus, took place almost in solitude and silence. But of this I have written fully to Portia.

That which we have apprehended has happened. The blow has been struck, and Palmyra is again, in name at least, free and independent.

Early on the morning after the marriage of Fausta, we were alarmed by the sounds of strife and commotion in the streets, — by the cries of those who pursued, and of those who fled and fought. It was as yet hardly light. But it was not difficult to know the cause of the uproar or the parties engaged. We seized our arms, and prepared ourselves for defense, against whatever party, Roman or Palmyrene, should make an assault. The preparation was, however, needless, for the contest was already decided. The whole garrison, with the brave Sandarion at their head, has been massacred, and the power of Palmyra is in the hands of Antiochus and his adherents. There has been in truth no fighting, it has been the murder rather of unprepared and defenseless men. The garrison was cut off in detail while upon their watch, by overwhelming numbers. Sandarion was dispatched in his quarters, and in his bed, by the very inhuman wretches at whose tables he had just been feasted, from whom he had but a few hours before parted, giving and receiving the signs of friendship. The cowardly Antiochus it was who stabbed him as he sprang from his sleep, encumbered and disabled by his night clothes. Not a Roman has escaped with his life.

Antiochus is proclaimed king, and the streets of the city have resounded with the shouts of this deluded people, crying, "Long live Antiochus!" He has been borne in tumult to the great portico of the Temple of the Sun, where, with the ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, he has been crowned king of Palmyra and of the East.

While these things were in progress, — the new king entering upon his authority, and the government forming itself, — Gracchus chose and acted his part.

"There is little safety," he said, "for me now, I fear, anywhere, — but least of all here. But were I secure of life, Palmyra is now a desecrated and polluted place, and I would fain depart from it. I could not remain in it, though covered with honor, to see Antiochus in the seat of Zenobia, and Critias in the chair of Longinus. I must go, as I respect myself, and as I desire life. Antiochus will bear me no good will; and no sooner will he have become easy in his seat and secure of his power, than he will begin the work for which his nature alone fits him, of cold-blooded revenge, cruelty, and lust. I trust indeed that his reign will end before that day shall arrive; but it may not, and it will be best for me and for you, my children, to remove from his sight. If he sees us not, he may forget us."

We all gladly assented to the plan which he then proposed. It was to withdraw as privately as possible to one of his estates in the neighborhood of the city, and there await the unfolding of the scenes that remained yet to be enacted. The plan was at once carried into effect. The estate to which we retreated was about four Roman miles from the walls, situated upon an eminence, and overlooking the city and the surrounding plains. Soon as the shadows of the evening of the first day of the reign of Antiochus had fallen, we departed from Palmyra, and within an hour found ourselves upon a spot as wild and secluded as if it had been within the bosom of a wilderness. The building consists of a square tower of stone, large and lofty, built originally for purposes of war and defense, but now long occupied by those who have pursued the peaceful labors of husbandry. The wildness of the region, the solitariness of the place, the dark and frowning aspect of the impregnable tower, had pleased the fancy of both Gracchus and Fausta, and it has been used by them as an occasional retreat at those times when, wearied of the sound and sight of life, they have needed per-

fect repose. A few slaves are all that are required to constitute a sufficient household.

Here, Curtius, notwithstanding the troubled aspect of the times, have we passed a few days of no moderate enjoyment. Had there been no other, it would have been enough to sit and witness the happiness of Calpurnius and Fausta. But there have been and are other sources of satisfaction, as you will not doubt. We have now leisure to converse at such length as we please upon a thousand subjects which interest us. Seated upon the rocks at nightfall, or upon the lofty battlements of the tower, or at hot noon reclining beneath the shade of the terebinth or palm, we have tasted once again the calm delights we experienced at the queen's mountain palace. In this manner have we heard from Calpurnius accounts every way instructive and entertaining of his life while in Persia; of the character and acts of Sapor; of the condition of that empire, and its widespread population. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice and investigation. At these times and places too, do I amuse and enlighten the circle around me by reading such portions of your letters and of Portia's as relate to matters generally interesting; and thus too do we discuss the times, and speculate upon the events with which the future labors in relation to Palmyra.

In the mean time we learn that the city is given up to festivity and excess. Antiochus, himself possessing immense riches, is devoting these, and whatever the treasury of the kingdom places within his reach, to the entertainment of the people with shows and games after the Roman fashion, and seems really to have deluded the mass of the people so far as to have convinced them that their ancient prosperity has returned, and that he is the father of their country, a second Odenatus. He has succeeded in giving to his betrayal of the queen the character and merit of a patriotic act, at least with the creatures who uphold him; and there are no praises so false and gross that they are not heaped upon him, and imposed upon the people in proclamations and edicts. The ignorant — and where is it that they are not the greater part? — stand by, wonder, and believe. They cannot penetrate the wickedness of the game that has been played before them, and by the arts of the king and his minions have already been converted into friends and supporters.

The defense of the city is not, we understand, wholly

neglected. But having before their eyes some fear of retribution, troops are again levied and organized, and the walls beginning to be put into a state of preparation. But this is all of secondary interest, and is postponed to any object of more immediate and sensual gratification.

But there are large numbers of the late queen's truest friends who with Gracchus look on in grief, and terror even, at the order of things that has arisen, and prophesying with him a speedy end to it, either from interior and domestic revolution, or a return of the Roman armies, accompanied in either case of course by a widespread destruction, have with him also secretly withdrawn from the city, and fled either to some neighboring territory, or retreated to the fastnesses of the rural districts. Gracchus has not ceased to warn all whom he knows and chiefly esteems of the dangers to be apprehended, and urge upon them the duty of a timely escape.

Messengers have arrived from Antiochus to Gracchus, with whom they have held long and earnest conference, the object of which has been to induce him to return to the city, and resume his place at the head of the senate, the king well knowing that no act of his would so much strengthen his power as to be able to number Gracchus among his friends. But Gracchus has not so much as wavered in his purpose to keep aloof from Antiochus and all concern with his affairs. His contempt and abhorrence of the king would not however, he says, prevent his serving his country, were he not persuaded that in so short a time violence of some sort from without or within would prostrate king and government in the dust.

It was only a few days after the messengers from Antiochus had paid their visit to Gracchus, that as we were seated upon a shady rock not far from the tower, listening to Fausta as she read to us, we were alarmed by the sudden irruption of Milo upon our seclusion, breathless, except that he could just exclaim, "The Romans! the Romans!" As soon as he could command his speech, he said that the Roman army could plainly be discerned from the higher points of the land, rapidly approaching the city, of which we might satisfy ourselves by ascending the tower.

"Gods! can it be possible," exclaimed Gracchus, "that Aurelian can himself have returned? He must have been well on his way to the Hellespont ere the conspiracy broke out."

"I can easily believe it," I replied, as we hastened toward

the old tower, "from what I have known and witnessed of the promptness and miraculous celerity of his movements."

As we came forth upon the battlements of the tower, not a doubt remained that it was indeed the Romans pouring in again like a flood upon the plains of the now devoted city. Far as the eye could reach to the west, clouds of dust indicated the line of the Roman march, while the van was already within a mile of the very gates. The roads leading to the capital, in every direction, seemed covered with those who, at the last moment, ere the gates were shut, had fled and were flying to escape the impending desolation. All bore the appearance of a city taken by surprise and utterly unprepared, — as we doubted not was the case from what we had observed of its actual state, and from the suddenness of Aurelian's return and approach.

"Now," said Fausta, "I can believe that the last days of Palmyra have arrived. It is impossible that Antiochus can sustain the siege against what will now be the tenfold fury of Aurelian and his enraged soldiers."

A very few days will suffice for its reduction, if long before it be not again betrayed into the power of the assailants.

We have watched with intense curiosity and anxiety the scene that has been performing before our eyes. We are not so remote but what we can see with considerable distinctness whatever takes place, sometimes advancing and choosing our point of observation upon some nearer eminence.

After one day of preparation, and one of assault, the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph, — this time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered, both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenseless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued, hunted, and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers, to perish, dashed upon the rocks below. Fausta cannot endure these sights of horror, but retires and hides herself in her apartments.

No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes,

after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within, — as from its insulated position the flames from the neighboring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished; and the vast pile stood towering in the center of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures.

"This," said Fausta, "is the act of a rash and passionate man. Aurelian, before to-morrow's sun has set, will himself repent it. What a single night has destroyed, a century could not restore. This blighted and ruined capital, as long as its crumbling remains shall attract the gaze of the traveler, will utter a blasting malediction upon the name and memory of Aurelian. Hereafter he will be known, not as conqueror of the East, and the restorer of the Roman empire, but as the executioner of Longinus and the ruthless destroyer of Palmyra."

"I fear that you prophesy with too much truth," I replied. "Rage and revenge have ruled the hour, and have committed horrors which no reason and no policy, either of the present or of any age, will justify."

"It is a result ever to be expected," said Gracchus, "so long as mankind will prefer an ignorant, unlettered soldier as their ruler. They can look for nothing different from one whose ideas have been formed by the camp alone, — whose vulgar mind has never been illuminated by study and the knowledge of antiquity. Such a one feels no reverence for the arts, for learning, for philosophy, or for man as man; he knows not what these mean; power is all he can comprehend, and all he worships. As long as the army furnishes Rome with her emperors, so long may she know that her name will, by acts like these, be handed down to posterity covered with the infamy that belongs to the polished savage, the civilized barbarian. Come, Fausta, let us now in

and hide ourselves from this sight, too sad and sorrowful to gaze upon."

"I can look now, father, without emotion," she replied; "a little sorrow opens all the fountains of grief, too much seals them. I have wept till I can weep no more. My sensibility is, I believe, by this succession of calamities, dulled till it is dead."

Aurelian, we learn, long before the fire had completed its work of destruction, recalled the orders he had given, and labored to arrest the progress of the flames. In this he to a considerable extent succeeded, and it was owing to this that the great temple was saved, and others among the most costly and beautiful structures.

On the third day after the capture of the city and the massacre of the inhabitants, the army of the "conqueror and destroyer" withdrew from the scene of its glory, and again disappeared beyond the desert. I sought not the presence of Aurelian while before the city; for I cared not to meet him drenched in the blood of women and children. But as soon as he and his legions were departed, we turned toward the city, as children to visit the dead body of a parent.

No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls, and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all — and without resistance apparently — fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates, and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met naught but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less,

— that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere, — in the streets, upon the porticoes of private and public dwellings, upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith, — in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads, little children and infants, women, the young, the beautiful, the good, — all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air; what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'; what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared! The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured, and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those, who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their doorstones; their own halls have become their tombs.

We sought together the house of Gracchus. We found it partly consumed, partly standing and uninjured. The offices and one of the rear wings were burned and level with the ground, but there the flames had been arrested, and the remainder, comprising all the principal apartments, stands as it stood before. The palace of Zenobia has escaped without harm; its lofty walls and insulated position were its protection. The Long Portico, with its columns, monuments, and inscriptions,

remains also untouched by the flames, and unprofaned by any violence from the wanton soldiery. The fire has fed upon the poorer quarters of the city, where the buildings were composed in greater proportion of wood, and spared most of the great thoroughfares, principal avenues, and squares of the capital, which, being constructed in the most solid manner of stone, resisted effectually all progress of the flames; and though frequently set on fire for the purpose of their destruction, the fire perished from a want of material, or it consumed but the single edifice where it was kindled.

The silence of death and of ruin rests over this once and but so lately populous city. As I stood upon a high point which overlooked a large extent of it, I could discern no signs of life except here and there a detachment of the Roman guard dragging forth the bodies of the slaughtered citizens, and bearing them to be burned or buried. This whole people is extinct. In a single day these hundred thousands have found a common grave. Not one remains to bewail or bury the dead. Where are the anxious crowds, who, when their dwellings have been burned, eagerly rush in as the flames have spent themselves, to sorrow over their smoking altars, and pry with busy search among the hot ashes, if perchance they may yet rescue some lamented treasure, or bear away, at least, the bones of a parent or a child buried beneath the ruins? They are not here. It is broad day, and the sun shines brightly; but not a living form is seen lingering about these desolated streets and squares. Birds of prey are already hovering round, and alighting, without apprehension of disturbance, wherever the banquet invites them; and soon as the shadows of evening shall fall, the hyena of the desert will be here to gorge himself upon what they have left, having scented afar off upon the tainted breeze the fumes of the rich feast here spread for him. These Roman gravediggers from the legion of Bassus are alone upon the ground to contend with them for their prize. O miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute? Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death whole kingdoms, — making misery and destruction the steps by which they mount up to their seats of pride! O gentle doctrine of Christ! — doctrine of love and of peace, when shall it be that I and all mankind

shall know thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under thy life-giving reign!

Fausta, as she has wandered with us through this wilderness of woe, has uttered scarce a word. This appalling and afflicting sight of her beloved Palmyra — her pride and hope, in whose glory her very life was wrapped up — so soon become a blackened heap of ruins; its power departed; its busy multitudes dead, and their dwellings empty or consumed, — has deprived her of all but tears. She has only wept. The sensibility which she feared was dead, she finds endued with life enough, — with too much for either her peace or safety.

As soon as it became known in the neighboring districts that the army of Aurelian was withdrawn, and that the troops left in the camp and upon the walls were no longer commissioned to destroy, they who had succeeded in effecting their escape, or who had early retreated from the scene of danger, began to venture back. These were accompanied by great numbers of the country people, who now poured in either to witness with their own eyes the great horror of the times, or to seek for the bodies of children or friends, who, dwelling in the city for the purposes of trade or labor, or as soldiers, had fallen in the common ruin. For many days might the streets and walls and ruins be seen covered with crowds of men and women who, weeping, sought among the piles of the yet unburied and decaying dead, dear relatives or friends or lovers, for whom they hoped to perform the last offices of unfailing affection, — a hope that was, perhaps, in scarce a single instance fulfilled. And how could any but those in whom love had swallowed up reason, once imagine that where the dead were heaped fathoms deep, mangled by every shocking mode of death, and now defaced yet more by the processes of corruption, they could identify the forms which they last saw beautiful in all the bloom of health? But love is love; it feels, but cannot reason.

Cerronius Bassus, the lieutenant of Aurelian, has with a humane violence laid hold upon this curious and gazing multitude, and changed them all into buriers of the dead they came to seek and bewail. To save the country from pestilence, himself and his soldiers, he hastens the necessary work of interment. The plains are trenched, and into them the bodies of the citizens are indiscriminately thrown. There now lie in narrow space the multitudes of Palmyra.

The mangled bodies of Antiochus, Herennianus, and Timolaus have been found among the slain.

We go no longer to the city, but remain at our solitary tower, — now, however, populous as the city itself. We converse of the past and the future, but most of my speedy departure for Rome.

It is the purpose of Gracchus to continue for a season yet in the quiet retreat where he now is. He then will return to the capital, and become one of those to lay again the foundations of another prosperity.

"Nature," he says, "has given to our city a position and resources which, it seems to me, no power of man can deprive her of, nor prevent their always creating and sustaining, upon this same spot, a large population. Circumstances like the present may oppress and overwhelm for a time, but time again will revive, and rebuild, and embellish. I will not for one sit down in inactivity or useless grief, but if Aurelian does not hinder, shall apply the remainder of my days to the restoration of Palmyra. In Calpurnius and Fausta I shall look to find my lieutenants, prompt to execute the commissions intrusted to them by their commander."

"We shall fall behind," said Calpurnius, "I warrant you, in no quality of affection or zeal in the great task."

"Fausta," continued Gracchus, "has as yet no heart but for the dead and the lost. But, Lucius, when you shall have been not long in Rome, you will hear that she lives then but among the living, and runs before me and Calpurnius in every labor that promises advantage to Palmyra."

"It may be so," replied Fausta, "but I have no faith that it will. We have witnessed the death of our country; we have attended the funeral obsequies. I have no belief in any rising again from the dead."

"Give not way, my child," said Gracchus, "to grief and despair. These are among the worst enemies of man. They are the true doubters and deniers of the gods and their providence who want a spirit of trust and hope. Hope and confidence are the best religion, and the truest worship. I, who do not believe in the existence of the gods, am therefore to be commended for my religion more than many of the stanchest defenders of Pagan, Christian, or Jewish superstitions, who too often, it seems to me, feel and act as if the world were abandoned of all divine care, and its affairs and events the sport

of a blind chance. What is best for man and the condition of the world must be most agreeable to the gods, — to the Creator and the possessor of the world, — be they one or many. Can we doubt which is best for the remaining inhabitants of Palmyra, and the provinces around which are dependent upon her trade, — to leave her in her ruin finally and utterly to perish, or apply every energy to her restoration? Is it better that the sands of the desert should within a few years heap themselves over these remaining walls and dwellings, or that we who survive should cleanse, and repair, and rebuild, in the confident hope, before we in our turn are called to disappear, to behold our beloved city again thronged with its thousands of busy and laborious inhabitants? Carthage is again populous as in the days of Hamilcar. You, Fausta, may live to see Palmyra what she was in the days of Zenobia."

"The gods grant it may be so!" exclaimed Fausta, and a bright smile at the vision her father had raised up before her illuminated her features. She looked for a moment as if the reality had been suddenly revealed to her, and had stood forth in all its glory.

"I do not despair," continued Gracchus, "of the Romans themselves doing something toward the restoration of that which they have wantonly and foolishly destroyed."

"But they cannot give life to the dead; and therefore it is but little they can do at best," said Fausta. "They may indeed rebuild the Temple of the Sun, but they cannot give us back the godlike form of Longinus, and kindle within it that intellect that shed light over the world; they may raise again the walls of the citizen's humble dwelling, but they cannot reanimate the bodies of the slaughtered multitudes, and call them out from their trenches to people again the silent streets."

"They cannot, indeed," rejoined Gracchus; "they cannot do everything; they may not do anything. But I think they will, and that the emperor himself, when reason returns, will himself set the example. And from you, Lucius, when once more in Rome, shall I look for substantial aid in disposing favorably the mind both of Aurelian and the senate."

"I can never be more happily employed," I replied, "than in serving either you or Palmyra. You will have a powerful advocate also in Zenobia."

"Yes," said Gracchus, "if her life be spared, which must for some time be still quite uncertain. After gracing the

triumph of Aurelian, she, like Longinus, may be offered as a new largess to the still hungering legions."

"Nay, there, I think, Gracchus, you do Aurelian hardly justice. Although he has bound himself by no oath, yet virtually is he sworn to spare Zenobia; and his least word is true as his sword."

Thus have we passed the last days and hours of my residence here. I should in vain attempt, my Curtius, to tell you how strongly I am bound to this place, to this kingdom and city, and above all, to those who survive this destruction. No Palmyrene can lament with more sincerity than I the whirlwind of desolation that has passed over them, obliterating almost their place and name; nor from any one do there ascend more fervent prayers that prosperity may yet return, and these widespread ruins again rise and glow in their ancient beauty. Rome has by former acts of unparalleled barbarism covered her name with reproach; but by none has she so drenched it in guilt as by this wanton annihilation — for so do I regard it — of one of the fairest cities and kingdoms of the earth. The day of Aurelian's triumph may be a day of triumph to him, but to Rome it will be a day of never-forgotten infamy.

A Roman Triumph.

I trust that you have safely received the letter which, as we entered the Tiber, I was fortunate enough to place on board a vessel bound directly to Berytus. In that I have told you of my journey and voyage, and have said many other things of more consequence still, both to you, Gracchus, and myself.

I now write to you from my own dwelling upon the Cælian, where I have been these many days that have intervened since the date of my former letter. If you have waited impatiently to hear from me again, I hope now I shall atone for what may seem a too long delay, by telling you of those concerning whom you wish chiefly to hear and know, — Zenobia and Julia.

But first let me say that I have found Portia in health, and as happy as she could be after her bitter disappointment in Calpurnius. This has proved a misfortune, less only than the loss of our father himself. That a Piso should live, and be other than a Roman; that he should live and bear arms against his country, — this has been to her one of those inexplicable mysteries in the providence of the gods that has tasked her

piety to the utmost. In vain has she scrutinized her life to discover what fault has drawn down upon her and her house this heavy retribution. Yet her grief is lightened by what I have told her of the conduct of Calpurnius at Antioch and Emesa. At such times, when I have related the events of those great days, and the part which my brother took, the pride of the Roman has yielded to that of the mother, and she has not been able to conceal her satisfaction. "Ah," she would say, "my brave boy!" "That was like him!" "I warrant Zabdas himself was not greater!" "What might he not be, were he but in Rome!"

Portia is never weary with inquiring into everything relating to yourself and Gracchus. My letters, many and minute as they have been, so far from satisfying her, serve only as themes for new and endless conversations, in which, as well as I am able, I set before her my whole life while in Palmyra, and every event, from the conversation at the table or in the porticoes, to the fall of the city and the death of Longinus. So great is her desire to know all concerning the "hero Fausta," and so unsatisfying is the all that I can say, that I shall not wonder if, after the ceremony of the triumph, she should herself propose a journey to Palmyra, to see you once more with her own eyes, and once more fold you in her arms. You will rejoice to be told that she bewails, even with tears, the ruin of the city, and the cruel massacre of its inhabitants. She condemns the emperor in language as strong as you and I should use. The slaughter of Sandarion and his troops she will by no means allow to be a sufficient justification of the act. And of her opinion are all the chief citizens of Rome.

I have found Curtius and Lucilia also in health. They are at their villa upon the Tiber. The first to greet me there were Laco and Cælia. Their gratitude was affecting and oppressive. Indeed, there is no duty so hard as to receive with grace the thanks of those whom you have obliged. Curtius is for once satisfied that I have performed with fidelity the part of a correspondent. He even wonders at my diligence. The advantage is, I believe for the first time, fairly on my side, — though you can yourself bear testimony, having heard all his epistles, how many he wrote, and with what vividness and exactness he made Rome to pass before us. I think he will not be prevented from writing to you by anything I can say. He drops in every day, Lucilia sometimes with him, and never leaves us till he

has exhausted his prepared questions concerning you and the great events which have taken place, — there remaining innumerable points to a man of his exact turn of mind, about which he must insist upon fuller and more careful information. I think he will draw up a history of the war. I hope he will; no one could do it better.

Aurelian, you will have heard, upon leaving Palmyra, instead of continuing on the route which he set out, toward Emesa and Antioch, turned aside to Egypt, in order to put down, by one of his sudden movements, the Egyptian merchant Firmus, who, with a genius for war greater than for traffic, had placed himself at the head of the people, and proclaimed their independence of Rome. As the friend and ally of Zenobia — although he could render her, during the siege, no assistance — I must pity his misfortunes and his end. News has just reached us that his armies have been defeated, he himself taken and put to death, and his new-made kingdom reduced again to the condition of a Roman province. We now every hour look to hear of the arrival of the emperor and his armies.

Although there has been observed some secrecy concerning the progress and places of residence of Zenobia, yet we learn with a good degree of certainty that she is now at Brundusium, awaiting the further orders of Aurelian, having gone overland from Byzantium to Apollonia, and there crossing the Adriatic. I have not been much disturbed by the reports which have prevailed, because I thought I knew too much of the queen to think them well grounded. Yet I confess I have suffered somewhat, when, upon resorting to the Capitol or the baths, I have found the principal topic to be the death of Zenobia, — according to some, of grief, on her way from Antioch to Byzantium; or, as others had it, of hunger, she having resolutely refused all nourishment. I have given no credit to the rumor; yet as all stories of this kind are a mixture of truth and error, so in this case I can conceive easily that it has some foundation in reality, and I am led to believe from it that the sufferings of the queen have been great. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? A feebler spirit than Zenobia's, and a feebler frame, would necessarily have been destroyed. With what impatience do I wait the hour that shall see her in Rome! I am happily already relieved of all anxiety as to her treatment by Aurelian; no fear need be entertained for her safety. Desirous as far as may be to atone for the rash severity of his orders in Syria, he

will distinguish with every possible mark of honor the queen, her family, and such other of the inhabitants of Palmyra as have been reserved to grace his triumph.

For this august ceremony the preparations are already making. It is the sole topic of conversation, and the single object toward which seem to be bent the whole genius and industry of the capital. It is intended to surpass in magnificence all that has been done by former emperors or generals. The materials for it are collecting from every part of the empire, and the remotest regions of Asia and Africa. Every day there arrive cargoes either of wild beasts, or of prisoners destined to the amphitheater. Illustrious captives also from Asia, Germany, and Gaul, among whom are Tetricus and his son. The Tiber is crowded with vessels bringing in the treasures drawn from Palmyra, — her silver and gold, her statuary and works of art, and every object of curiosity and taste that was susceptible of transportation across the desert and the ocean.

It is now certain that the queen has advanced as far as Tusculum, where with Julia, Livia, Faustula, and Vabalathus, she will remain — at a villa of Aurelian's, it is said — till the day of triumph. Separation seems the more painful as they approach nearer. Although knowing that they would be scrupulously prohibited from all intercourse with any beyond the precincts of the villa itself, I have not been restrained from going again and again to Tusculum, and passing through it and around it in the hope to obtain were it but a distant glimpse of persons to whom I am bound more closely than to any others on earth. But it has been all in vain. I shall not see them till I behold them a part of the triumphal procession of their conqueror.

Aurelian has arrived; the long-expected day has come and is gone. His triumph has been celebrated, and with a magnificence and a pomp greater than the traditionary glories of those of Pompey, Trajan, Titus, or even the secular games of Philip.

I have seen Zenobia!

The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad; and added to our overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the

empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the Capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and greatness of Rome.

A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well-knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theater. Next, upon gilded wagons, and arrayed so as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian, — treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia, and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and the most precious woods of India. The jeweled wine cups, vases, and golden statuary of Demetrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes, bearing in their hands, upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these, came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly, in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms

fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear? I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on forever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the Capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic emperor Tetricus — yet slave of his army and of Victoria — accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once a senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend — her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign queen and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial — now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace, — toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels such as, both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome, and of chains of gold, which first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so — yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form; but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty, yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune; there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heartbreaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears; but they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes.

Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon, as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And, as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a deathlike silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long; for when the emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the Capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the queen, led and placed her in her own chariot — that chariot in which she had hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph — between Julia and Livia. Upon this, the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, "The gods bless you!" and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when, after the lapse of many minutes, it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the Capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd, and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen that the last of the procession had passed the front of the Capitol, and the emperor reposed within the walls of his palace.

THE ART OF COMPOSITION.

By LONGINUS.

[Dionysius Cassius Longinus, the foremost rhetorician, critic, and philosophic expositor of his age, pronounced by some the best critic of all antiquity, was born probably in Syria, A.D. 213. He studied under Origen at Alexandria, and settled as teacher of oratory and composition at Athens, gaining immense reputation not only for learning, as a "walking library," but for taste and insight. He became in his latter years tutor to Zenobia's children at Palmyra, and her chief political counselor; and on her overthrow by Aurelian, was executed for treason.]

But since the sentiments and the language of compositions are generally best explained by the light they throw upon one another, let us in the next place consider what it is that remains to be said concerning the "Diction." And here, that a judicious *choice* of proper and magnificent terms has wonderful effects in winning upon and entertaining an audience, cannot, I think, be denied. For it is from hence that the greatest writers derive with indefatigable care the grandeur, the beauty, the solemnity, the weight, the strength, and the energy of their expressions. This clothes a composition in the most beautiful dress, makes it shine like a picture in all the gayety of color, and, in a word, it animates our thoughts and inspires them with a kind of vocal life. But it is needless to dwell upon these particulars before persons of so much taste and experience. Fine words are indeed the peculiar light in which our thoughts must shine. But then it is by no means proper that they should everywhere swell and look big. For dressing up a trifling subject in grand, exalted expressions makes the same ridiculous appearance as the enormous mask of a tragedian would do upon the diminutive face of an infant.

. . . [The beginning of this Section is lost.] . . . In this verse of "Anacreon," the terms are *vulgar*, yet there is a simplicity in it which pleases, because it is natural:

Nor shall this Thracian vex me more!

And for this reason, that celebrated expression of Theopompus seems to me the most significant of any I ever met with, though Cecilius has found something to blame in it:

"Philip" (says he) "was used to swallow affronts, in compliance with the exigencies of his affairs."

Vulgar terms are sometimes much more significant than the most ornamental could possibly be. They are easily understood, because borrowed from common life; and what is most familiar to us, soonest engages our belief. Therefore, when a person, to promote his ambitious designs, bears ill-treatment and reproaches not only with patience, but a seeming pleasure, to say that *he swallows affronts* is as happy and expressive a phrase as could possibly be invented. The following passage from "Herodotus" in my opinion comes very near it. "Cleomenes," (says he) "being seized with madness, with a little knife that he had, cut his flesh into small pieces, till, having entirely mangled his body, he expired." And again, "Pythes remaining still in the ship, fought courageously, till he was hacked in pieces." These expressions approach near to the *vulgar*, but are far from having vulgar significations.

As to a proper number of Metaphors, Cecilius has gone into their opinion, who have settled it at *two* or *three* at most, in expressing the same object. But in this also let Demosthenes be observed as our model and guide; and by him we shall find that the proper time to apply them is when the passions are so much worked up as to hurry on like a torrent, and unavoidably carry along with them a whole crowd of metaphors. "Those prostituted souls, those cringing traitors, those furies of the commonwealth, who have combined to wound and mangle their country, who have drunk up its liberty in healths, to Philip once and since to Alexander, measuring their happiness by their belly and their lust. As for these generous principles of honor and that maxim *never to endure a master*, which to our brave forefathers were the high ambition of life and the standard of felicity, — these they have quite subverted." Here, by means of this multitude of Tropes, the orator bursts out upon the traitors in the warmest indignation. It is, however, the precept of Aristotle and Theophrastus that bold Metaphors ought to be introduced with some small alleviations; such as, *if it may be so expressed*, and *as it were*, and *if I may speak with so much boldness*. For this excuse, say they, very much palliates the hardness of the figures.

Such a rule hath a general use, and therefore I admit it; yet still I maintain what I advanced before in regard to

Figures: that bold Metaphors, and those, too, in good plenty, are very seasonable in a noble composition, where they are always mitigated and softened by the vehement Pathetic and generous Sublime dispersed through the whole. For as it is the nature of the Pathetic and Sublime to run rapidly along and carry all before them, so they require the figures they are worked up in to be strong and forcible, and do not so much as give leisure to a hearer to cavil at their number, because they immediately strike his imagination and inflame him with all the warmth and fire of the speaker.

But let us for once admit the possibility of a faultless and consummate writer; and then will it not be worth while to consider at large that important question, Whether, in poetry or prose, what is truly grand in the midst of some faults be not preferable to that which has nothing extraordinary in its best parts, correct, however, throughout and faultless? And further, Whether the excellence of fine writing consists in the number of its beauties or in the grandeur of its strokes? For these points, being peculiar to the Sublime, demand an illustration.

I readily allow that writers of a lofty and towering genius are by no means pure and correct, since whatever is neat and accurate throughout must be exceedingly liable to flatness. In the Sublime, as in great affluence of fortune, some minuter articles will unavoidably escape observation. But it is almost impossible for a low and groveling genius to be guilty of error, since he never endangers himself by soaring on high, or aiming at eminence, but still goes on in the same uniform secure track, whilst its very height and grandeur exposes the Sublime to sudden falls. Nor am I ignorant indeed of another thing, which will no doubt be urged, that in passing our judgment upon the works of an author, we always muster his imperfections, so that the remembrance of his faults sticks indelibly fast in the mind, whereas that of his excellencies is quickly worn out. For my part, I have taken notice of no inconsiderable number of faults in Homer, and some other of the greatest authors, and cannot by any means be blind or partial to them; however, I judge them not to be voluntary faults, so much as accidental slips incurred through inadvertence; such as, when the mind is intent upon things of a higher nature, will creep insensibly into compositions. And for this reason I give it as my real opinion,

that the great and noble flights, though they cannot everywhere boast an equality of perfection, yet ought to carry off the prize, by the sole merit of their own intrinsic grandeur.

Apollonius, author of the "Argonautics," was a writer without blemish; and no one ever succeeded better in Pastoral than Theocritus, excepting some pieces where he has quitted his own province. But yet, would you choose to be Apollonius or Theocritus rather than Homer? Is the poet Eratosthenes, whose "Erigone" is a complete and delicate performance, and not chargeable with one fault, to be esteemed a superior poet to Archilochus, who flies off into many and brave irregularities, a godlike spirit bearing him forward in the noblest career, such spirit as will not bend to rule, or easily brook control? In "Lyrics," would you sooner be Bacchylides than Pindar, or Io the Chian than the great Sophocles? Bacchylides and Io have written smoothly, delicately, and correctly, they have left nothing without the nicest decoration; but in Pindar and Sophocles, who carry fire along with them through the violence of their motion, that very fire is many times unseasonably quenched, and then they drop most unfortunately down. But yet no one, I am certain, who has the least discernment, will scruple to prefer the single "Œdipus" of Sophocles before all that Io ever composed.

If the beauties of writers are to be estimated by their number, and not by their quality or grandeur, then Hyperides will prove far superior to Demosthenes. He has more harmony and a finer cadence, he has a greater number of beauties, and those in a degree almost next to excellent. He resembles a champion who, professing himself master of the five exercises, in each of them severally must yield the superiority to others, but in all together stands alone and unrivaled. For Hyperides has in every point, except the structure of his words, imitated all the virtues of Demosthenes, and has abundantly added the graces and beauties of Lysias. When his subject demands simplicity, his style is exquisitely smooth; nor does he utter everything with one emphatical air of vehemence, like Demosthenes. His thoughts are always just and proper, tempered with most delicious sweetness and the softest harmony of words. His turns of wit are inexpressibly fine. He raises a laugh with the greatest art, and is prodigiously dexterous at irony or sneer. His strokes of raillery are far from ungenteel; by no means

far-fetched, like those of the depraved imitators of Attic neatness, but apposite and proper. How skillful at evading an argument! With what humor does he ridicule, and with what dexterity does he sting in the midst of a smile! In a word, there are inimitable graces in all he says. Never did any one more artfully excite compassion; never was any one more diffuse in narration; never any more dexterous at quitting and resuming his subject with such easy address, and such pliant activity. This plainly appears in his little poetical fables of "Latona"; and besides, he has composed a funeral oration with such pomp and ornament as I believe never will or can be equaled.

Demosthenes, on the other side, has been unsuccessful in representing the humors and characters of men; he was a stranger to diffusive eloquence; awkward in his address; void of all pomp and show in his language; and, in a word, for the most part deficient in all the qualities ascribed to Hyperides. Where his subject compels him to be merry or facetious, he makes people laugh, but it is at himself. And the more he endeavors at raillery, the more distant he is from it. Had he ever attempted an oration for a Phryne or an Athenogenes, he would in such attempts have only served as a foil to Hyperides.

Yet, after all, in my opinion, the numerous beauties of Hyperides are far from having any inherent greatness. They show the sedateness and sobriety of the author's genius, but have not force enough to enliven or to warm an audience. No one that reads him is ever sensible of extraordinary emotion. Whereas Demosthenes, adding to a continued vein of grandeur and to magnificence of diction (the greatest qualifications requisite in an orator), such lively strokes of passion, such copiousness of words, such address, and such rapidity of speech; and, what is his masterpiece, such force and vehemence, as the greatest writers besides durst never aspire to: being, I say, abundantly furnished with all these divine (it would be sin to call them human) abilities, he excels all before him in the beauties which are really his own; and, to atone for deficiencies in those he has not, overthrows all opponents with the irresistible force and the glittering blaze of his lightning. For it is much easier to behold with steadfast and undazzled eyes the flashing lightning, than those ardent strokes of the Pathetic, which come so thick, one upon another, in his orations.

The parallel between Plato and his opponents must be drawn in a different light. For Lysias not only falls short of him in the excellence, but in the number of his beauties. And what is more, he not only falls short of him in the number of his beauties, but exceeds him vastly in the number of his faults.

What, then, can we suppose that those godlike writers had in view, who labored so much in raising their compositions to the highest pitch of the Sublime, and looked down with contempt upon accuracy and correctness? Amongst others, let this reason be accepted. Nature never designed man to be a groveling and ungenerous animal, but brought him into life, and placed him in the world, as in a crowded theater, not to be an idle spectator, but, spurred on by an eager thirst of excelling, ardently to contend in the pursuit of glory. For this purpose she implanted in his soul an invincible love of grandeur, and a constant emulation of whatever seems to approach nearer to divinity than himself. Hence it is that the whole universe is not sufficient for the extensive reach and piercing speculation of the human understanding. It passes the bounds of the material world, and launches forth at pleasure into endless space. Let any one take an exact survey of a life which, in its every scene, is conspicuous on account of excellence, grandeur, and beauty, and he will soon discern for what noble ends we were born. Thus the impulse of nature inclines us to admire, not a little, clear, transparent rivulet that ministers to our necessities, but the Nile, the Ister, the Rhine, or still much more, the Ocean. We are never surprised at the sight of a small fire that burns clear and blazes out on our own private hearth, but view with amaze the celestial fires, though they are often obscured by vapors and eclipses. Nor do we reckon anything in nature more wonderful than the boiling furnaces of Ætna, which cast up stones, and sometimes whole rocks, from their laboring abyss, and pour out whole rivers of liquid and unmingled flame. And from hence we may infer that whatever is useful and necessary to man lies level to his abilities, and is easily acquired; but whatever exceeds the common size is always great and always amazing.

With regard, therefore, to those sublime writers whose flight, however exalted, never fails of its use and advantage, we must add another consideration. Those other inferior beauties show their authors to be men, but the Sublime makes

near approaches to the height of God. What is correct and faultless comes off barely without censure, but the grand and lofty command admiration. What can I add further? One exalted and sublime sentiment in those noble authors makes ample amends for all their defects. And what is more remarkable, were the errors of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the rest of the most celebrated authors to be culled carefully out and thrown together, they would not bear the least proportion to those infinite, those inimitable excellencies which are so conspicuous in these heroes of antiquity. And for this reason has every age and every generation, unmoved by partiality and unbiased by envy, awarded the laurels to these great masters, which flourish still green and unfading on their brows, and will flourish,

> As long as streams in silver marges rove,
> Or Spring with annual green renews the grove.
>
> (— FENTON.)

'A certain writer objects here that an ill-wrought Colossus cannot be set upon the level with a little faultless statue; for instance, the little soldier of Polyclitus; but the answer to this is very obvious. In the works of art we have regard to exact proportion; in those of nature to grandeur and magnificence. Now speech is a gift bestowed upon us by nature. As, therefore, resemblance and proportion to the originals is required in statues, so in the noble faculty of discourse there should be something extraordinary, something more than humanly great. . . .

. . . [The beginning of this section on Hyperbole is lost.] As this Hyperbole, for instance, is exceedingly bad, "If you carry not your brains in the soles of your feet and tread upon them." One consideration, therefore, must always be attended to, "How far the thought can properly be carried." For overshooting the mark often spoils an Hyperbole; and whatever is overstretched loses its tone and immediately relaxes; nay, sometimes produces an effect contrary to that for which it was intended. Thus Isocrates, childishly desirous of saying nothing without enlargement, has fallen into a shameful puerility. The end and design of his "Panegyric" is to prove that the Athenians had done greater service to the united body of Greece than the Lacedæmonians; and this is his beginning: "The virtue and

efficacy of eloquence is so great as to be able to render great things contemptible, to dress up trifling subjects in pomp and show, to clothe what is old and obsolete in a new dress, and put off new occurrences in an air of antiquity." And will it not be immediately demanded, Is this what you are going to practice with regard to the affairs of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians? For this ill-timed encomium of eloquence is an inadvertent admonition to the audience not to listen or give credit to what he says.

Those Hyperboles, in short, are the best (as I have before observed of Figures) which have neither the appearance nor air of Hyperboles. And this never fails to be the state of those which in the heat of a passion flow out in the midst of some grand circumstance. Thus Thucydides has dexterously applied one to his countrymen that perished in Sicily. "The Syracusans," says he, "came down upon them and made a slaughter chiefly of those who were in the river. The water was immediately discolored with blood. But the stream polluted with mud and gore deterred them not from drinking it greedily, nor many of them from fighting desperately for a draught of it." A circumstance so uncommon and affecting gives those expressions of *drinking mud and gore* and *fighting desperately for it* an air of probability.

Hyperboles literally are impossibilities, and therefore can only then be reasonable or productive of sublimity where the circumstances may be stretched beyond their proper size, that they may appear without fail important and great.

Herodotus has used a like Hyperbole concerning those warriors who fell at Thermopylæ: "In this place they defended themselves with the weapons that were left, and with their hands and teeth, till they were buried under the arrows of barbarians." Is it possible, you will say, for men to defend themselves with their teeth against the fury and violence of armed assailants? Is it possible that men could be buried under arrows? Notwithstanding all this, there is a seeming probability in it. For the circumstance does not appear to have been fitted to the Hyperbole, but the Hyperbole seems to be the necessary production of the circumstance. For applying these strong Figures only where the heat of action or impetuosity of passion demands them (a point I shall never cease to insist upon) very much softens and mitigates the boldness of too daring expressions. So in comedy circumstances wholly absurd

and incredible pass off very well, because they answer their end and raise a laugh. As in this passage: "He was owner of a piece of ground not so large as a Lacedæmonian letter." For laughter is a passion arising from some inward pleasure.

But Hyperboles equally serve two purposes; they *enlarge* and they *lessen*. Stretching anything beyond its natural size is the property of both. And the Diasyrm (the other species of the Hyperbole) increases the lowness of anything, or renders trifles more trifling.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

(Translated by Thomas Stanley.)

[Author unknown; date perhaps about third or fourth century A.D.]

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The spring appears, in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth;
When all things mutual love unites;
When birds perform their nuptial rites;
And fruitful by her watery lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover.
Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade,
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbors wind;
To-morrow, raised on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Then the round ocean's foaming flood
Immingled with celestial blood,
'Mongst the blue purple of the main,
And horses whom two feet sustain,
Rising Dione did beget
With fruitful waters dropping wet.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

With flowery jewels everywhere
She paints the purple-colored year;
She, when the rising bud receives
Favonius' breath, thrusts forth the leaves,
The naked roof with these t' adorn;
She the transparent dew o' th' morn,
Which the thick air of night still uses
To leave behind, in rain diffuses;
These tears with orient brightness shine,
Whilst they with trembling weight decline,
Whose every drop, into a small
Clear orb distilled, sustain its fall.
Pregnant with these the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.
The drops of falling dew that are
Shed in calm nights by every star,
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her virgin leaves unfolds.
I' th' morn, by her command, each maid
With dewy roses is arrayed;
Which from Cythera's crimson blood,
From the soft kisses Love bestowed,
From jewels, from the radiant flame,
And the sun's purple luster, came.
She to her spouse shall married be
To-morrow; not ashamed that he
Should with a single knot untie
Her fiery garment's purple dye.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The goddess bade the nymphs remove
Unto the shady myrtle grove;
The boy goes with the maids, yet none
Will trust, or think Love tame is grown,
If they perceive that anywhere
He arrows doth about him bear.
Go fearless, nymphs, for Love hath laid
Aside his arms, and tame is made.
His weapons by command resigned,
Naked to go he is enjoined,

Lest he hurt any by his craft,
Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
But yet take heed, young nymphs, beware
You trust him not, for Cupid's fair,
Lest by his beauty you be harmed;
Love naked is completely armed.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Fair Venus virgins sends to thee,
Indued with equal modesty:
One only thing we thee desire,
Chaste Delia, for a while retire;
That the wide forest, that the wood,
May be unstained with savage blood.
She would with prayers herself attend thee,
But that she knew she could not bend thee;
She would thyself to come have prayed,
Did these delights beseem a maid.
Now might'st thou see with solemn rites
The Chorus celebrate three nights;
'Mongst troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
To play and sport upon thy downs;
'Mongst garlands made of various flowers,
'Mongst ever verdant myrtle bowers.
Ceres nor Bacchus absent be,
Nor yet the poet's deity.
All night we wholly must employ
In vigils, and in songs of joy;
None but Dione must bear sway
Amongst the woods; Delia, give way.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She the tribunal did command
Decked with Hyblæan flowers should stand;
She will in judgment sit; the Graces
On either side shall have their places;
Hybla, thy flowers pour forth, whate'er
Was brought thee by the welcome year;
Hybla, thy flowery garment spread,
Wide as is Enna's fruitful mead;
Maids of the country here will be;
Maids of the mountain come to see;

Hither resort all such as dwell
Either in grove, or wood, or well.
The wing'd boy's mother every one
Commands in order to sit down;
Charging the virgins that they must
In nothing Love, though naked, trust.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Let the fresh covert of a shade
Be by these early flowers displayed,
To-morrow (which with sports and play
We keep) was Æther's wedding day;
When first the father of the spring
Did out of clouds the young year bring.
The husband Shower then courts his spouse,
And in her sacred bosom flows,
That all which that vast body bred
By this defluxion may be fed:
Produced within, she all there sways
By a hid spirit, which by ways
Unknown diffused through soul and veins,
All things both governs and sustains.
Piercing through the unsounded sea,
And earth, and highest heaven, she
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part she doth distill;
And to the world the mystic ways
Of all production open lays.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She to the Latins did transfer
The Trojan nephews; and by her
Was the Laurentian virgin won,
And joined in marriage to her son.
By her assistance did Mars gain
A votaress from Vesta's fane.
To marriage Romulus betrayed
The Sabine women, by her aid,
(Of Romans the widespreading stem,)
And in the long descent of them
In whom that offspring was dilated,
Cæsar her nephew she created.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure;
The fields are rich in Venus' treasure;
And Love, Dione's son, fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields;
As soon as born the field relieved him,
Into its bosom first received him,
She bred him from his infant hours
With the sweet kisses of the flowers.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

See how the bulls their sides distend,
And broomstalks with the burthen bend;
Now every one doth safely lie
Confined within his marriage tie;
See, with their husbands here are laid
The bleating flocks beneath the shade.
The warbling birds on every tree
The goddess wills not silent be.
The vocal swans on every lake,
With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make;
And Tereus' hapless maid beneath
The poplar's shade her song doth breathe;
Such as might well persuade thee, love,
Doth in those trembling accents move;
Not that the sister in those strains
Of the inhuman spouse complains.
We silent are whilst she doth sing,
How long in coming is my spring?
When will the time arrive, that I
May swallow-like my voice untie?
My muse for being silent flies me,
And Phœbus will no longer prize me:
So did Amiclæ once, whilst all
Silence observed, through silence fall.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

By AUSONIUS.

[Decimus Magnus Ausonius, a Roman man of letters, now remembered only as a poet; was born at Burdigala (Bordeaux) about 310, son of a noted physician, was a classical scholar of distinction, practised law, taught grammar, became professor of rhetoric, and attained such reputation that Valentinian appointed him tutor to his son Gratian, besides making him quæstor. Gratian after his accession made him prefect of Latium, Libya, and Gaul, and consul. He was converted to Christianity, and probably died about 394. His fame rests chiefly on a collection of miscellaneous poems called "Silvæ."]

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

Four letters now, my friend, thou hast,
Each more complaining than the last,
And though I lack new phrase to tell
How long I've loved thee, and how well,—
And thus, so gently, jog thy sloth,
Still to reply, I find thee loath,
As if thou had'st no time to spend
Upon the letter of a friend.

Have I deserved, Paulinus, say,
This thankless and unkind delay,
Or dust thou curb thy wishes in,
Remorseful for some secret sin,
Determined to continue dumb,
As penance, for a year to come?

This between friends?— Why, even foes
Are civil till they get to blows,
And, often ere they come to fight,
Will say "good morning," or "good night";
For why should Mars unfurl his banners
Against well-breeding and good manners?
Nay e'en the very stocks and stones,
Paulinus, have respondent tones,
And if you bid a cave "good by,"
A civil echo makes reply.
As for the groves, they are what folk call,
Who like find words, "exceeding vocal";
Your seashore rocks, too, are great gabblers,
And streamlets are notorious babblers.

I've heard a buzzing hold, for hours,
With busy-body bees and flowers,
And Midas, that half-witted Vandal,
Found reeds a good deal prone to scandal;
As for the wind and pines, they'll sing
And quaver, too, like anything.
Ay! puzzle some that have reliance
Both on their voices and their science.
—Take this, in short, Paulinus, from me,
"Nature throughout, abhors a *dummy*."
Beasts, birds, and bats, are proofs of this,
The very serpent has his hiss;
The proverb goes, that fish are mute,
But wise philosophers dispute,
And tell you, with a knowing wink,
"Not so mute, maybe, as you think."
The hoarse tragedian, if he fears
His bawling may not split your ears,
Stamps when he thinks his voice is wanting,
And gets the boards to help his ranting.
I pass your cymbals and your trumpet,
And drum that grumbles when you thump it;
And, quite as garrulous, I pass
Your timbrels of the noisy brass,
That at Dodona still cry clang,
Nor take, in peace, one single bang.

Paulinus, you have grown so dumb,
That those who know not whence you come
Will all agree to think it likely
You are a burgher of Amyclæ!
If, like Sigalion, Egypt's god,
You'll only wink, or sign, or nod,
And give a sinecure to tongue,
Can folks but wonder why 'twas hung?

Come, come, — I know you're sorry; — shame
At once both feels and causes blame;
The more your sluggishness you see
The longer it is like to be, —
But can't you send a word or two
Just barely to say, "how d' ye do?" —
They shall pass freely for a letter, a
"Health to my friend," and "yours, etc.";
I ask you not to fill the sheet,
Talk, like love cyphers, short and sweet.

It never was my way, God knows,
To like a friend because he'd prose,
Nor did I think it less a curse
Because my friend can prose in verse.
Write for the prize in pithy brevity,
And, ten to one, but we shall give it you;
E'en try to rival the gruff Spartans
Who played so dextrously their part once,
And capped a tedious king's long scrawl
With but one letter — that was all,
Strive like Pythagoras to teach,
Who never wasted time in speech,
But sent all syllogisms to pot,
With "this is so," and "this is not";
A golden rule to disentangle
An argument that's grown a wrangle.
A way for all it may not suit
To get the worst in a dispute.

His affability is small
Who never says a word at all,
But he who cuts his speeches short,
We like him all the better for 't;
And take my word, Paulinus, would ye,
To be a genial fav'rite, study,
I do believe the secret lies
Midway, between two contraries,
And that the keystone of the matter,
Is neither to be dumb nor chatter.
'Tis plain (you'll tell me) that I show
A road I never mean to go; —
How nearly the extremes will touch
Of saying nothing and too much.
You cannot into speech be wrung,
Nor I compelled to hold my tongue;
Yet these varieties, we see,
But serve to pester you and me.

Still, — let no snowy Pyrenees,
Paulinus, thus your kindness freeze,
Nor all the shades that round you lie
Make you forget our friendly sky.
Would all the plagues e'er pestered Spain
Might rise and pester her again;

Depend on 't I'd feel no objection
Should Carthage make a resurrection,
And set once more, to rouse your fears,
Old Hannibal about your ears —
Believe me, I should think it glorious
To hear that the old rogue Sertorius
Again on earth his nose had thrust,
Resolved upon another dust.

Your country's honor, and mine own,
Prop of the Senate and the throne,
Shall rocky Calagorris have —
Or Bilboa — your forgotten grave, —
Shall parched Ilerda refuge give,
Whose thirsty river scarce can live?
— Your country saw your early rise,
And let her close your dying eyes,
Nor the hot sands of distant Spain
These honored bones, at last, contain.
Oh! may he, who could recommend
Unsocial silence to my friend,
Ingrate, ne'er have it in his choice,
For any good to use his voice;
Grant Heav'n he never may be found,
To share the joys that spring from sound.
For him may poet raise no strain —
For him no nightingale complain —
No groves resound — no breezes sigh —
No echoes liquidly reply —
Deserted — poor — may he be placed
Upon some lonely, barren waste,
Or 'mid untrodden mountains, where
No sound disturbs the savage air,
Sad, voiceless may he wander on,
As did, of old, Bellerophon. —
But I have done; — and now, extend
Indulgence to thy chyming friend; —
And oh! Paulinus, he would fain
That his rough-hewn Bœotian strain
Might have the fortune to recall
A real poet to us all.

JULIAN, CONSTANTIUS, AND THE PERSIAN WAR.

By AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

[AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, the most valuable of Roman historians after the time of Dion Cassius, was born in Antioch about 320–325, of a noble pagan family, and served in the army till middle age, winning credit as a cavalryman on several expeditions during the reign of Constantius II., and accompanying the emperor Julian on his fatal Persian campaign (363). Retiring to Rome, he wrote — not in his natural Greek, but in unnatural Latin — a history of the empire from the accession of Nerva (96) to the death of Valens (378). Contrary to the frequent fate of such histories, the contemporary and most valuable part has survived, and is highly valued for its accuracy and impartiality. The date of his death is unknown.]

CAPTURE OF AMIDA AND ESCAPE OF AMMIANUS.

THE enemy surrounded the city with a line of heavy-armed soldiers five deep; and at the beginning of the third day the brilliant squadrons filled every spot as far as the eye could see in every direction, and the ranks, marching slowly, took up the positions appointed to each by lot.

When we saw these countless hosts thus deliberately collected for the conflagration of the Roman world, and directed to our own immediate destruction, we despaired of safety, and sought only how to end our lives gloriously, as we all desired.

From the rising of the sun to its setting, the enemy's lines stood immovable, as if rooted to the ground, without changing a step or uttering a sound; nor was even the neigh of a horse heard; and the men having withdrawn in the same order as they had advanced, after refreshing themselves with food and sleep, even before the dawn, returned, led by the clang of brazen trumpets, to surround the city, as if fated to fall with their terrible ring.

And scarcely had Grumbates, like a Roman fecial, hurled at us a spear stained with blood, according to his native fashion, than the whole army, rattling their arms, mounted up to the walls, and instantly the tumult of war grew fierce, while all the squadrons hastened with speed and alacrity to the attack, and our men on their side opposed them with equal fierceness and resolution.

Soon many of the enemy fell, with their heads crushed by vast stones hurled from scorpions, some were pierced with arrows,

others were transfixed with javelins, and strewed the ground with their bodies; others, wounded, fled back in haste to their comrades.

Nor was there less grief or less slaughter in the city, where the cloud of arrows obscured the air, and the vast engines, of which the Persians had got possession when they took Singra, scattered wounds everywhere.

For the garrison, collecting all their forces, returning in constant reliefs to the combat in their eagerness to defend the city, fell wounded, to the hindrance of their comrades, or, being sadly torn as they fell, threw down those who stood near them, or if still alive, sought the aid of those skillful in extracting darts which had become fixed in their bodies.

So slaughter was met by slaughter, and lasted till the close of day, being scarcely stopped by the darkness of evening, so great was the obstinacy with which both sides fought.

And the watches of the night were passed under arms, and the hills resounded with the shouts raised on both sides, while our men extolled the valor of Constantius Cæsar as lord of the empire and of the world, and the Persians styled Sapor Saansas and Pyroses, which appellation means king of kings, and conqueror in wars.

The next morning, before daybreak, the trumpet gave the signal, and countless numbers from all sides flocked like birds to a contest of similar violence; and in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen in the plains and valleys but the glittering arms of these savage nations.

And presently a shout was raised, and as the enemy rushed forward all at once, they were met by a dense shower of missiles from the walls; and as may be conjectured, none were hurled in vain, falling as they did among so dense a crowd. For while so many evils surrounded us, we fought, as I have said before, with the hope, not of procuring safety, but of dying bravely. . . .

At the dawn of the next morning we saw from the citadel an innumerable multitude, which, after the capture of the fort called Ziata, was being led to the enemy's camp. For a promiscuous multitude had taken refuge in Ziata on account of its size and strength; it being a place ten furlongs in circumference.

In those days many other fortresses also were stormed and burnt, and many thousands of men and women carried off from

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them into slavery; among whom were many men and women enfeebled by age, who, fainting from different causes, broke down under the length of the journey, gave up all desire of life, and were hamstrung and left behind.

The Gallic soldiers beholding these wretched crowds, demanded by a natural but unseasonable impulse to be led against the forces of the enemy, threatening their tribunes and principal centurions with death if they refused them leave.

And as wild beasts kept in cages, being rendered more savage by the smell of blood, dash themselves against their movable bars in the hope of escaping, so these men smote the gates, which we have already spoken of as being blockaded, with their swords; being very anxious not to be involved in the destruction of the city till they had done some gallant exploit; or if they ultimately escaped from their dangers, not to be spoken of as having done nothing worth speaking of, or worthy of their Gallic courage. Although when they had sallied out before, as they had often done, and had inflicted some loss on the raisers of the mounds, they had always experienced equal loss themselves.

We, at a loss what to do, and not knowing what resistance to oppose to these furious men, at length, having with some difficulty won their consent thereto, decided, since the evil could be endured no longer, to allow them to attack the Persian advanced guard, which was not much beyond bowshot; and then, if they could force their line, they might push their advance farther. For it was plain that if they succeeded in this, they would cause a great slaughter of the enemy.

And while the preparations for this sally were being made, the walls were still gallantly defended with unmitigated labor and watching, and planting engines for shooting stones and darts in every direction.

In the meantime the Gallic troops, impatient of delay, armed with their axes and swords, went forth from the open postern gate, taking advantage of a dark and moonless night. And imploring the Deity to be propitious, and repressing even their breath when they got near the enemy, they advanced with quick step and in close order, slew some of the watch at the outposts, and the outer sentinels of the camp (who were asleep, fearing no such event), and entertained secret hopes of penetrating even to the king's tent if fortune assisted them.

But some noise, though slight, was made by them in their

march, and the groans of the slain aroused many from sleep; and while each separately raised the cry "to arms," our soldiers halted and stood firm, not venturing to move any farther forward. For it would not have been prudent, now that those whom they sought to surprise were awakened, to hasten into open danger, while the bands of Persians were now heard to be flocking to battle from all quarters.

Nevertheless the Gallic troops, with undiminished strength and boldness, continued to hew down their foes with their swords, though some of their own men were also slain, pierced by the arrows which were flying from all quarters; and they still stood firm, when they saw the whole danger collected into one point, and the bands of the enemy coming on with speed; yet no one turned his back: and they withdrew, retiring slowly as if in time to music, and gradually fell behind the pales of the camp, being unable to sustain the weight of the battalions pressing close upon them, and being deafened by the clang of the Persian trumpets.

And while many trumpets in turn poured out their clang from the city, the gates were opened to receive our men, if they should be able to reach them: and the engines for missiles creaked, though no javelins were shot from them, in order that the captains of the advanced guard of the Persians, ignorant of the slaughter of their comrades, might be terrified by the noise into falling back, and so allowing our gallant troops to be admitted in safety.

And owing to this maneuver, the Gauls about daybreak entered the gate, although with diminished numbers; many of them severely and others slightly wounded. They lost four hundred men this night, when if they had not been hindered by more formidable obstacles, they would have slain in his very tent not Rhesus nor Thracians sleeping before the walls of Troy, but the king of Persia, surrounded by 100,000 armed men.

When the next day showed the slaughter which had been made, nobles and satraps were found lying amongst the corpses, and all kinds of dissonant cries and tears indicated the changed posture of the Persian host: everywhere was heard wailing; and great indignation was expressed by the princes, who thought that the Romans had forced their way through the sentries in front of the walls. A truce was made for three days by the common consent of both armies, and we gladly accepted a little respite in which to take breath. . . .

And now, the necessary preparations having been completed by the universal alacrity, at the rising of the day-star all kinds of structures and iron towers were brought up to the walls; on the lofty summits of which ballistæ were fitted, which beat down the garrison who were placed on lower ground.

And when day broke the iron coverings of the bodies of the foe darkened the whole heaven, and the dense lines advanced without any skirmishers in front, and not in an irregular manner as before, but to the regular and soft music of trumpets; protected by the roofs of the engines, and holding before them wicker shields.

And when they came within reach of our missiles, the Persian infantry, holding their shields in front of them, and even then having difficulty in avoiding the arrows which were shot from the engines on the walls, for scarcely any kind of weapon found an empty space, they broke their line a little; and even the cuirassiers were checked and began to retreat, which raised the spirits of our men.

Still the ballistæ of the enemy, placed on their iron towers, and pouring down missiles with great power from their high ground on those in a lower position, spread a great deal of slaughter in our ranks. At last, when evening came on, both sides retired to rest, and the greater part of the night was spent by us in considering what device could be adopted to resist the formidable engines of the enemy.

At length, after we had considered many plans, we determined on one which the rapidity with which it could be executed made the safest — to oppose four scorpions to the four ballistæ; which were carefully moved (a very difficult operation) from the place in which they were; but before this work was finished, day arrived, bringing us a mournful sight, inasmuch as it showed us the formidable battalions of the Persians, with their trains of elephants, the noise and size of which animals are such that nothing more terrible can be presented to the mind of man.

And while we were pressed on all sides with the vast masses of arms, and works, and beasts, still our scorpions were kept at work with their iron slings, hurling huge round stones from the battlements, by which the towers of the enemy were crushed and the ballistæ and those who worked them were dashed to the ground, so that many were desperately injured, and many crushed by the weight of the falling structures.

And the elephants were driven back with violence, and, surrounded by the flames which we poured forth against them, the moment that they were wounded retired, and could not be restrained by their riders. The works were all burnt, but still there was no cessation from the conflict.

For the king of the Persians himself, who is never expected to mingle in the fight, being indignant at these disasters, adopting a new and unprecedented mode of action, sprang forth like a common soldier among his own dense columns; and as the very number of his guards made him the more conspicuous to us who looked from afar on the scene, he was assailed by numerous missiles, and was forced to retire after he had lost many of his escort, while his troops fell back by echelons; and at the end of the day, though frightened neither by the sad sight of the slaughter nor of the wounds, he at length allowed a short period to be given to rest.

Night had put an end to the combat; and when a slight rest had been procured from sleep, the moment that the dawn, looked for as the harbinger of better fortune, appeared, Sapor, full of rage and indignation, and perfectly reckless, called forth his people to attack us. And as his works were all burnt, as we have related, and the attack had to be conducted by means of their lofty mounds raised close to our walls, we also from mounds within the walls, as fast as we could raise them, struggled in spite of all our difficulties, with all our might, and with equal courage, against our assailants.

And long did the bloody conflict last, nor was any one of the garrison driven by fear of death from his resolution to defend the city. The conflict was prolonged, till at last, while the fortune of the two sides was still undecided, the structure raised by our men, having been long assailed and shaken, at last fell, as if by an earthquake.

And the whole space which was between the wall and the external mound being made level as if by a causeway or a bridge, opened a passage to the enemy, which was no longer embarrassed by any obstacles; and numbers of our men, being crushed or enfeebled by their wounds, gave up the struggle. Still men flocked from all quarters to repel so imminent a danger, but from their eager haste they got in one another's way, while the boldness of the enemy increased with their success.

By the command of the king all his troops now hastened

into action, and a hand-to-hand engagement ensued. Blood ran down from the vast slaughter on both sides; the ditches were filled with corpses, and thus a wider path was opened for the besiegers. And the city, being now filled with the eager crowd which forced its way in, all hope of defense or of escape was cut off, and armed and unarmed without any distinction of age or sex were slaughtered like sheep.

It was full evening when, though fortune had proved adverse, the bulk of our troops was still fighting in good order; and I, having concealed myself with two companions in an obscure corner of the city, now under cover of darkness made my escape by a postern gate where there was no guard; and aided by my own knowledge of the country and by the speed of my companions, I at last reached the tenth milestone from the city.

Here, having lightly refreshed ourselves, I tried to proceed, but found myself, as a noble unaccustomed to such toil, overcome by fatigue of the march. I happened to fall in, however, with what, though a most unsightly object, was to me, completely tired out, a most seasonable relief.

A groom riding a runaway horse, barebacked and without a bridle, in order to prevent his falling had knotted the halter by which he was guiding him tightly to his left hand, and presently, being thrown, and unable to break the knot, he was torn to pieces as he was dragged over the rough ground and through the bushes, till at last the weight of his dead body stopped the tired beast; I caught him, and mounting him, availed myself of his services at a most seasonable moment, and after much suffering arrived with my companions at some sulphurous springs of naturally hot water.

On account of the heat we had suffered greatly from thirst, and had been crawling about for some time in search of water; and now when we came to this well it was so deep that we could not descend into it, nor had we any ropes; but taught by extreme necessity, we tore up the linen clothes which we wore into long rags, which we made into one great rope, and fastened to the end of it a cap which one of us wore beneath his helmet; and letting that down by the rope, and drawing up water in it like a sponge, we easily quenched our thirst.

From hence we proceeded rapidly to the Euphrates, intending to cross to the other side in the boat which long custom had stationed in that quarter, to convey men and cattle across.

When lo! we see at a distance a Roman force with cavalry standards, scattered and pursued by a division of .Persians, though we did not know from what quarter it had come so suddenly on them in their march.

This example showed us that what men call indigenous people are not sprung from the bowels of the earth, but merely appear unexpectedly by reason of the speed of their movements: and because they were seen unexpectedly in various places, they got the name of Sparti, and were believed to have sprung from the ground, antiquity exaggerating their renown in a fabulous manner, as it does that of other things.

Roused by this sight, since our only hope of safety lay in our speed, we drew off through the thickets and woods to the high mountains; and from thence we went to Melitina, a town of the Lesser Armenia, where we found our chief just on the point of setting off, in whose company we went on to Antioch.

How Julian was forced into Revolt.

Even while he was hastening to lead succors to the East, which, as the concurrent testimony of both spies and deserters assured him, was on the point of being invaded by the Persians, Constantius was greatly disturbed by the virtues of Julian, which were now becoming renowned among all nations, so highly did fame extol his great labors, achievements, and victories, in having conquered several kingdoms of the Alemanni, and recovered several towns in Gaul which had been plundered and destroyed by the barbarians, and having compelled the barbarians themselves to become subjects and tributaries of the empire.

Influenced by these considerations, and fearing lest Julian's influence should become greater, at the instigation, as it is said, of the prefect Florentius, he sent Decentius, the tribune and secretary, to bring away at once the auxiliary troops of the Heruli and Batavi, and the Celtæ, and the legion called Petulantes, and three hundred picked men from the other forces; enjoining him to make all speed on the plea that their presence was required with the army which it was intended to march at the beginning of spring against the Parthians.

Also, Lupicinus was directed to come as commander of these auxiliary troops with the three hundred picked men, and to lose no time, as it was not known that he had crossed over

to Britain; and Sintula, at that time the superintendent of Julian's stables, was ordered to select the best men of the Scutarii and Gentiles, and to bring them also to join the emperor.

Julian made no remonstrance, but obeyed these orders, yielding in all respects to the will of the emperor. But on one point he could not conceal his feelings nor keep silence; but entreated that those men might be spared from this hardship who had left their homes on the other side of the Rhine, and had joined his army on condition of never being moved into any country beyond the Alps, urging that if this were known, it might be feared that other volunteers of the barbarian nations, who had often enlisted in our service on similar conditions, would be prevented from doing so in future. But he argued in vain.

For the tribune, disregarding his complaints, carried out the commands of the emperor, and having chosen out a band suited for forced marches, of preëminent vigor and activity, set out with them full of hope of promotion.

And as Julian, being in doubt what to do about the rest of the troops whom he was ordered to send, and revolving all kinds of plans in his mind, considered that the matter ought to be managed with great care, as there was on one side the fierceness of the barbarians, and on the other the authority of the orders he had received (his perplexity being further increased by the absence of the commander of the cavalry), he urged the prefect, who had gone some time before to Vienne under the pretence of procuring corn, but in reality to escape from military troubles, to return to him.

For the prefect bore in mind the substance of a report which he was suspected to have sent some time before, and which recommended the withdrawing from the defense of Gaul those troops so renowned for their valor, and already objects of dread to the barbarians.

The prefect, as soon as he had received Julian's letters, informing him of what had happened, and entreating him to come speedily to him to aid the republic with his counsels, positively refused, being alarmed because the letters expressly declared that in any crisis of danger the prefect ought never to be absent from the general. And it was added that if he declined to give his aid, Julian would, of his own accord, renounce the emblems of authority, thinking it better to die,

if so it was fated, than to have the ruin of the provinces attributed to him. But the obstinacy of the prefect prevailed, and he resolutely refused to comply with the wishes thus reasonably expressed and enforced.

But during the delay which arose from the absence of Lupicinus and of any military movement on the part of the alarmed prefect, Julian, deprived of all assistance in the way of advice, and being greatly perplexed, thought it best to hasten the departure of all his troops from the stations in which they were passing the winter, and to let them begin their march.

When this was known, some one privily threw down a bitter libel near the standard of the Petulantes legion, which, among other things, contained these words: "We are being driven to the farthest parts of the earth like condemned criminals, and our relations will become slaves to the Alemanni after we have delivered them from that first captivity by desperate battles."

When this writing was taken to headquarters and read, Julian, considering the reasonableness of the complaint, ordered that their families should go to the East with them, and allowed them the use of the public wagons for the purpose of moving them. And as it was for some time doubted which road they should take, he decided, at the suggestion of the secretary Decentius, that they should go by Paris, where he himself still was, not having moved.

And so it was done, and when they arrived in the suburbs, the prince, according to his custom, met them, praising those whom he recognized, and reminding individuals of their gallant deeds, he congratulated them with courteous words, encouraging them to go cheerfully to join the emperor, as they would reap the most worthy rewards of their exertions where power was the greatest and most extensive.

And to do them the more honor, as they were going to a great distance, he invited their chiefs to a supper, when he bade them ask whatever they desired. And they, having been treated with such liberality, departed, anxious and sorrowful on two accounts, because cruel fortune was separating them at once from so kind a ruler and from their native land. And with this sorrowful feeling they retired to their camp.

But when night came on they broke out into open discontent, and their minds being excited, as his own griefs pressed

upon each individual, they had recourse to force, and took up arms, and with a great outcry thronged to the palace, and surrounding it so as to prevent any one from escaping, they saluted Julian as emperor with loud vociferations, insisting vehemently on his coming forth to them; and though they were compelled to wait till daylight, still, as they would not depart, at last he did come forth. And when he appeared, they saluted him emperor with redoubled and unanimous cheers.

But he steadily resisted them individually and collectively, at one time showing himself indignant, at another holding out his hands and entreating and beseeching them not to sully their numerous victories with anything unbecoming and not to let unseasonable rashness and precipitation awaken materials for discord. At last he appeased them, and having addressed them mildly, he added: —

"I beseech you let your anger depart for a while: without any dissension or attempt at revolution what you wish will easily be obtained. Since you are so strongly bound by love of your country, and fear strange lands to which you are unaccustomed, return now to your homes, certain that you shall not cross the Alps, since you dislike it. And I will explain the matter to the full satisfaction of the emperor, who is a man of great wisdom, and will listen to reason."

Nevertheless, after his speech was ended, the cries were repeated with as much vigor and unanimity as ever; and so vehement was the uproar and zeal, which did not even spare reproaches and threats, that Julian was compelled to consent. And being lifted up on the shield of an infantry soldier, and raised up in sight of all, he was saluted as Augustus with one universal acclamation, and was ordered to produce a diadem. And when he said that he had never had one, his wife's coronet or necklace was demanded.

And when he protested that it was not fitting for him at his first accession to be adorned with female ornaments, the frontlet of a horse was sought for, so that being crowned therewith, he might have some badge, however obscure, of supreme power. But when he insisted that that also would be unbecoming, a man named Maurus, afterwards a count, the same who was defeated in the defile of the Succi, but who was then only one of the front-rank men of the Petulantes, tore a chain off his own neck, which he wore in his quality of standard bearer,

and placed it boldly on Julian's head, who, being thus brought under extreme compulsion, and seeing that he could not escape the most imminent danger to his life if he persisted in his resistance, consented to their wishes, and promised a largess of five pieces of gold and a pound of silver to every man.

After this Julian felt more anxiety than ever; and, keenly alive to the future consequences, neither wore his diadem or appeared in public, nor would he even transact the serious business which pressed upon his attention, but sought retirement, being full of consternation at the strangeness of the recent events. This continued till one of the decurions of the palace (which is an office of dignity) came in great haste to the standards of the Petulantes and of the Celtic legion, and in a violent manner exclaimed that it was a monstrous thing that he who had the day before been by their will declared emperor should have been privily assassinated.

When this was heard, the soldiers, as readily excited by what they did not know as by what they did, began to brandish their javelins, and draw their swords, and (as is usual at times of sudden tumult) to flock from every quarter in haste and disorder to the palace. The sentinels were alarmed at the uproar, as were the tribunes and the captain of the guard, and suspecting some treachery from the fickle soldiery, they fled, fearing sudden death to themselves.

When all before them seemed tranquil, the soldiers stood quietly awhile; and on being asked what was the cause of their sudden and precipitate movement, they at first hesitated, and then avowing their alarm for the safety of the emperor, declared they would not retire till they had been admitted into the council chamber and had seen him safe in his imperial robes. . . .

Julian, considering to what great internal divisions his conduct had given rise, and that nothing is so advantageous for the success of sudden enterprise as celerity of action, saw with his usual sagacity that if he openly avowed his revolt from the emperor, he should be safer; and feeling uncertain of the fidelity of the soldiers, having offered secret propitiatory sacrifices to Bellona, he summoned the army by sound of trumpet to an assembly, and standing on a tribune built of stone, with every appearance of confidence in his manner, he spoke thus: . . .

The emperor's speech was approved as though it had been the voice of an oracle, and the whole assembly was greatly

excited, and being eager for a change, they all with one consent raised a tremendous shout, and beat their shields with a violent crash, calling him a great and noble general, and, as had been proved, a fortunate conqueror and king.

And being all ordered solemnly to swear fidelity to him, they put their swords to their throats with terrible curses, and took the oath in the prescribed form, that for him they would undergo every kind of suffering, and even death itself, if necessity should require it; and their officers and all the friends of the prince gave a similar pledge with the same forms.

Nebridius the prefect alone, boldly and unshakenly refused, declaring that he could not possibly bind himself by an oath hostile to Constantius, from whom he had received many and great obligations.

When these words of his were heard, the soldiers who were nearest to him were greatly enraged, and wished to kill him; but he threw himself at the feet of Julian, who shielded him with his cloak. Presently, when he returned to the palace, Nebridius appeared before him, threw himself at his feet as a suppliant, and entreated him to relieve his fears by giving him his right hand. Julian replied, "Will there be any conspicuous favor reserved for my own friends if you are allowed to touch my hand? However, depart in peace as you will." On receiving this answer, Nebridius retired in safety to his own house in Tuscany.

By these preliminary measures, Julian having learnt, as the importance of the affair required, what great influence promptness and being beforehand has in a tumultuous state of affairs, gave the signal to march towards Pannonia, and advancing his standard and his camp, boldly committed himself to fickle fortune.

Death and Character of Constantius.

Constantius having hastened to Antioch, according to his wont, at the first movement of a civil war which he was eager to encounter, as soon as he had made all his preparations, was in amazing haste to march, though many of his court were so unwilling as even to proceed to murmurs. For no one dared openly to remonstrate or object to his plan.

He set forth towards the end of autumn; and when he reached the suburb called Hippocephalus, which is about three miles from the town, as soon as it was daylight he saw on his

right the corpse of a man who had been murdered, lying with his head torn off from the body, stretched out towards the west — and though alarmed at the omen, which seemed as if the Fates were preparing his end, he went on more resolutely, and came to Tarsus, where he caught a slight fever; and thinking that the motion of his journey would remove the distemper, he went on by bad roads; directing his course by Mopsucrenæ, the farthest station in Cilicia for those who travel from hence, at the foot of Mount Taurus.

But when he attempted to proceed the next day he was prevented by the increasing violence of his disorder, and the fever began gradually to inflame his veins, so that his body felt like a little fire, and could scarcely be touched; and as all remedies failed, he began in the last extremity to bewail his death; and while his mental faculties were still entire, he is said to have indicated Julian as the successor to his power. Presently the last struggle of death came on, and he lost the power of speech. And after long and painful agony he died on the fifth of October, having lived and reigned forty years and a few months.

In accurately distinguishing the virtues and vices of Constantius, it will be well to take the virtues first. Always preserving the dignity of the imperial authority, he proudly and magnanimously disdained popularity. In conferring the higher dignities he was very sparing, and allowed very few changes to be made in the administration of the finances. Nor did he ever encourage the arrogance of the soldiers.

Nor under him was any general promoted to the title of most illustrious. For there was also, as we have already mentioned, the title of most perfect. Nor had the governor of a province occasion to court a commander of cavalry; as Constantius never allowed those officers to meddle with civil affairs. But all officers, both military and civil, were, according to the respectful usages of old, inferior to that of the prefect of the prætorium, which was the most honorable of all.

In taking care of the soldiers he was very cautious, an examiner into their merits, sometimes over scrupulous, giving dignities about the palace as if with scales. Under him no one who was not well known to him, or who was favored merely by some sudden impulse, ever received any high appointment in the palace. But only such as had served ten years in some capacity or other could look for such appointments as master

of the ceremonies or treasurer. The successful candidates could always be known beforehand; and it very seldom happened that any military officer was transferred to a civil office; while on the other hand none but veteran soldiers were appointed to command troops.

He was a diligent cultivator of learning, but, as his blunted talent was not suited to rhetoric, he devoted himself to versification; in which, however, he did nothing worth speaking of.

In his way of life he was economical and temperate, and by moderation in eating and drinking he preserved such robust health that he was rarely ill, though when ill dangerously so. For repeated experience and proof has shown that this is the case with persons who avoid licentiousness and luxury.

He was contented with very little sleep, which he took when time and season allowed; and throughout his long life he was so extremely chaste that no suspicion was ever cast on him in this respect, though it is a charge which, even when it can find no ground, malignity is apt to fasten on princes.

In riding and throwing the javelin, in shooting with the bow, and in all the accomplishments of military exercises, he was admirably skillful. That he never blew his nose in public, never spat, never was seen to change countenance, and that he never in all his life ate any fruit I pass over, as what has been often related before.

Having now briefly enumerated his good qualities with which we have been able to become acquainted, let us now proceed to speak of his vices. In other respects he was equal to average princes, but if he had the slightest reason (even if founded on wholly false information) for suspecting any one of aiming at supreme power, he would at once institute the most rigorous inquiry, trampling down right and wrong alike, and outdo the cruelty of Caligula, Domitian, or Commodus, whose barbarity he rivaled at the very beginning of his reign, when he shamefully put to death his own connections and relations.

And his cruelty and morose suspicions, which were directed against everything of the kind, were a cruel addition to the sufferings of the unhappy persons who were accused of sedition or treason.

And if anything of the kind got wind, he instituted investigations of a more terrible nature than the law sanctioned, ap-

pointing men of known cruelty as judges in such cases; and in punishing offenders he endeavored to protract their deaths as long as nature would allow, being in such cases more savage than even Gallienus. For he, though assailed by incessant and real plots of rebels, such as Aureolus, Posthumus, Ingenuus, and Valens who was surnamed the Thessalonian, and many others, often mitigated the penalty of crimes liable to sentence of death; while Constantius caused facts which were really unquestionable to be looked upon as doubtful by the excessive inhumanity of his tortures.

In such cases he had a mortal hatred of justice, even though his great object was to be accounted just and merciful: and as sparks flying from a dry wood, by a mere breath of wind are sometimes carried on with unrestrained course to the danger of the country villages around, so he also from the most trivial causes kindled heaps of evils, being very unlike that wise emperor Marcus Aurelius, who, when Cassius in Syria aspired to the supreme power, and when a bundle of letters which he had written to his accomplices was taken with their bearer, and brought to him, ordered them at once to be burned, while he was still in Illyricum, in order that he might not know who had plotted against him, and so against his will be obliged to consider some persons as his enemies.

And, as some right thinking people are of opinion, it was rather an indication of great virtue in Constantius to have quelled the empire without shedding more blood, than to have revenged himself with such cruelty.

As Cicero also teaches us, when in one of his letters to Nepos he accuses Cæsar of cruelty, "For," says he, "felicity is nothing else but success in what is honorable; or to define it in another way, Felicity is fortune assisting good counsels, and he who is not guided by such cannot be happy. Therefore in wicked and impious designs such as those of Cæsar there could be no felicity; and in my judgment Camillus when in exile was happier than Manlius at the same time, even if Manlius had been able to make himself king, as he wished."

The same is the language of Heraclitus of Ephesus, when he remarks that men of eminent capacity and virtue, through the caprice of fortune, have often been overcome by men destitute of either talent or energy. But that glory is the best when power, existing with high rank, forces, as it were, its inclinations to be angry and cruel and oppressive under the yoke.

and so erects a glorious trophy in the citadel of its victorious mind.

But as in his foreign wars this emperor was unsuccessful and unfortunate, on the other hand in his civil contests he was successful; and in all those domestic calamities he covered himself with the horrid blood of the enemies of the republic and of himself; and yielding to his elation at these triumphs in a way neither right nor usual, he erected at a vast expense triumphal arches in Gaul and the two Pannonias, to record his triumphs over his own provinces; engraving on them the titles of his exploits . . . as long as they should last, to those who read the inscriptions.

He was preposterously addicted to listening to his wives, and to the thin voices of his eunuchs, and some of his courtiers, who applauded all his words, and watched everything he said, whether in approval or disapproval, in order to agree with it.

The misery of these times was further increased by the insatiable covetousness of his tax-collectors, who brought him more odium than money; and to many persons this seemed the more intolerable, because he never listened to any excuse, never took any measures for relief of the provinces when oppressed by the multiplicity of taxes and imposts; and in addition to all this he was very apt to take back any exemptions which he had granted.

He confused the Christian religion, which is plain and simple, with old women's superstitions; in investigating which he preferred perplexing himself to settling its questions with dignity, so that he excited much dissension; which he further encouraged by diffuse wordy explanations: he ruined the establishment of public conveyances by devoting them to the service of crowds of priests, who went to and fro to different synods, as they call the meetings at which they endeavor to settle everything according to their own fancy.

As to his personal appearance and stature, he was of a dark complexion with prominent eyes; of keen sight, soft hair, with his cheeks carefully shaved, and bright looking. From his waist to his neck he was rather long, his legs were very short and crooked, which made him a good leaper and runner.

THE CÆSARS.

By THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

[Flavius Claudius Julianus, Roman emperor, nephew of Constantine the Great, was born A.D. 331. He and his half-brother Gallus were the only survivors of the family massacre wrought by his cousin Constantius II., son of Constantine, who had him educated as a Christian; but that faith being repugnant to his intellect, and detestable as being that of the assassin, he only accepted it from compulsion and repudiated it as soon as he had the power. The schools of philosophy at Athens taught him a symbolism in mythology which enchanted him, and determined him to reintroduce the old worship which Constantine had abandoned. In 355 Constantius made him Cæsar, married him to his own daughter Helena, and gave him the government of Gaul, Spain, and Britain, with headquarters at Paris; he was very successful against the barbarians, and the troops, who hated the gloomy tyrant Constantius, revolted, and gave him the choice of empire or death. He marched on Constantinople; Constantius died while advancing to meet him, and he was left emperor without dispute, A.D. 361. He at once proclaimed his renunciation of Christianity, and an edict of universal toleration. In 363 he began a campaign against Persia to revive the glories of Trajan, and was killed while conducting a retreat.]

Julian — It is the season of the Saturnalia; the god, therefore, allows us to be merry; but as I have no talent for the ludicrous, I am inclined, my friend, to blend wisdom with mirth.

Friend — Can any one, Cæsar, be so absurd as to joke seriously? I always thought that this was intended only for relaxation, and to alleviate care.

Julian — You are in the right; but that is by no means my disposition; as I have never been addicted to scoffs, satire, or ridicule. In order, however, to comply with the ordinance of the god, shall I, by way of amusement, repeat to you a fable, which you will not, perhaps, be displeased to hear?

Friend — You will oblige me. For I am so far from despising fables, that I value those which have a moral tendency, being of the same opinion with you and your (or rather our) Plato, who has discussed many serious subjects in fictions.

Julian — True.

Friend — But what and whose shall it be?

Julian — Not an ancient one, like those of Æsop, but a fiction from Mercury. This I will repeat to you as I received it from that god; and whether it contain truth, or falsehood blended with truth, I will leave you to judge when you have heard it.

Friend — Enough, and more than enough, of preface. One would think that you were going to deliver an oration rather than a fable. Now then, proceed to the discourse itself.

Julian — Attend.

Romulus, sacrificing at the Saturnalia, invited all the gods, and Cæsars also, to a banquet. Couches were prepared for the reception of the gods on the summit of heaven, on Olympus, the firm mansion of the Immortals.

Thither, it is said, like Hercules, Quirinus ascended. For thus, in compliance with the rumor of his divinity, we must style Romulus. Below the moon, in the highest region of the air, a repast was given to the Cæsars. Thither they were wafted, and there they were buoyed up, by the lightness of the bodies with which they were invested, and the revolution of the moon. Four couches, of exquisite workmanship, were spread for the superior deities. That of Saturn was formed of polished ebony, which reflected such a divine luster as was insupportable. For, on viewing this ebony, the eye was as much dazzled by the excess of light, as it is by gazing steadfastly on the sun. That of Jupiter was more splendid than silver, and too white to be gold; but whether this should be called electrum, or what other name should be given it, Mercury, though he had inquired of the metallists, could not precisely inform me.

On each side of them, sat on golden thrones the mother and the daughter, Juno near Jupiter, Rhea near Saturn. On the beauty of the gods, Mercury did not descant; as that, he said, transcended my faculties, and was impossible for them to express. For no terms level to my comprehension, however eloquent, could sufficiently extol or do justice to the inimitable beauty of the gods.

Thrones or couches were prepared for all the other deities, according to their seniority. As to this, there was no disagreement; for, as Homer — instructed, no doubt, by the Muses themselves — observes, "each god has his own throne assigned him, where he is firmly and immovably fixed."

When, therefore, they rise at the entrance of their father, they never confound or change their seats, or infringe on those of others. Every one knows his proper station.

Thus, all the gods being seated in a circle, Silenus fondly placed himself near young and beautiful Bacchus (who was close to his father Jupiter), as his foster-father and governor;

diverting the god, who is a lover of mirth and laughter, with his facetious and sarcastic sayings.

As soon as the table was spread for the Cæsars, the first who appeared was Julius Cæsar. Such was his passion for glory, that he seemed willing to contend for dominion with Jupiter himself. Silenus, observing him, said: "Behold, Jupiter, one who has ambition enough to endeavor to dethrone you. He is, you see, strong and handsome, and if he resembles me in nothing else, his head, at least, is certainly the fellow of mine."

Amidst these jokes of Silenus, to which the gods paid little attention, Octavianus entered. He assumed, like a chameleon, various colors, at first appearing pale, then black, dark, and cloudy, and at last exhibiting the charms of Venus and the Graces. In the luster of his eyes he seemed willing to rival the sun; nor could any one encounter his looks. "Strange!" cried Silenus; "what a changeable creature is this! what mischief will he do us?"

"Cease trifling," said Apollo: "after I have consigned him to Zeno, I will exhibit him to you pure as gold. Hark ye," added he to that philosopher. "Zeno, undertake the care of my pupil." He, in obedience, suggesting to him a very few precepts, as if he had muttered the incantations of Zamolxis, soon rendered him wise and virtuous.

The third who approached was Tiberius, with a grave but fierce aspect, appearing at once both wise and martial. As he turned to sit down, his back displayed several scars, some cauteries and sores, severe stripes and bruises, scabs and tumors, imprinted by lust and intemperance. Silenus then saying: —

"Far different now thou seemest than before,"

in a much more serious tone, "Why so grave, my dear?" said Bacchus. "That old satyr," replied he, "has terrified me, and made me inadvertently quote a line of Homer." "Take care that he does not also pull your ears," said Bacchus; "for thus, it is said, he treated a certain grammarian." "He had better," returned Silenus, "bemoan himself in his solitary island [Capreæ], and tear the face of some miserable fisherman."

While they were thus joking, a dreadful monster [Caligula] appeared. The gods averting their eyes, Nemesis delivered him to the avenging Furies, who immediately threw him into

Tartarus, without allowing Silenus to accost him. But on the approach of Claudius, Silenus began to sing the beginning of the part of Demosthenes in the Knights of Aristophanes, cajoling Claudius. Then turning to Quirinus, "You are unjust," said he, "to invite your descendant without his freedmen, Narcissus and Pallas. But besides them, you should also send for his wife Messalina; for without them he appears like guards in a tragedy, mute and inanimate."

While Silenus was speaking, Nero entered, playing on his harp and crowned with laurel. Silenus then turned to Apollo and said, "This man makes you his model." "I shall soon uncrown him," replied Apollo: "he did not imitate me in everything, and when he did, he was a bad imitator." Cocytus, therefore, instantly swept him away, divested of his crown.

After him, seeing many come crowding together, — Vindex, Otho, Galba, Vitellius, — Silenus exclaimed: "Where, ye gods, have you found such a multitude of monarchs? We are suffocated with smoke; for beasts of this kind spare not even the temples of the gods." Jupiter then looked at his brother Serapis, and said, pointing to Vespasian: "Send this miser, as soon as possible, out of Egypt, to extinguish these flames. Bid his eldest son [Titus] solace himself with a prostitute, but chain his younger son [Domitian] near the Sicilian tiger."

Then came an old man [Nerva], of a beautiful aspect (for even old age is sometimes beautiful), in his manners most gentle, and in his administration mild. With him Silenus was so delighted that he remained silent. "What!" said Mercury, "have you nothing to say of this man?" "Yes, by Jupiter," he replied; "for I charge you all with partiality, in suffering that bloodthirsty monster [Domitian] to reign fifteen years, but this man scarce a whole year." "Do not complain," answered Jupiter: "many good princes shall succeed him."

Trajan immediately entered, bearing on his shoulders the Getic and Parthian trophies. Silenus, observing him, said in a low voice, but loud enough to be heard, "Our lord Jupiter must now be careful, or he will not be able to keep Ganymede to himself." After him advanced a venerable sage [Hadrian], with a long beard, an adept in music, gazing frequently on the heavens, and curiously investigating the abstrusest subjects. "What," said Silenus, "think you of this Sophist? Is he looking for Antinous? If so, one of you may tell him that the youth is not here, and thus check his madness and folly." To these

succeeded a man of moderation, not in amorous but political pursuits [Antoninus Pius]. Silenus, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Strange! how important is he in trifles! This old man seems to me one of those who would harangue about a pin's point."

At the entrance of two brothers, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, Silenus contracted his brow, as he could by no means jeer or deride them. Marcus, in particular, though he strictly scrutinized his conduct with regard to his son and his wife; as to her, in his immoderate grief for her death, though she little deserved it; as to him, in hazarding the ruin of the empire by preferring him to a discreet son-in-law, who would have made a better prince, and studied the advantage of his son more than he did himself.

Notwithstanding these failings, Silenus could not but admire his exalted virtue. Thinking his son [Commodus] unworthy of any stroke of wit, he silently dismissed him. And he, not being able to support himself or associate with the heroes, fell down to the earth.

Pertinax then approached, still lamenting the mortal wound that he received at a banquet. This excited the compassion of Nemesis, who said: "The authors of this deed shall not long exult; but, Pertinax, you were culpable in being privy to the conspiracy that destroyed the son of Marcus." He was succeeded by Severus, a prince inexorable in punishing. "Of him," said Silenus, "I have nothing to say; for I am terrified by his stern and implacable looks." His sons would have accompanied him, but Minos prevented them, and kept them at a distance. With a prudent distinction, however, he dismissed the youngest [Geta], and ordered the eldest [Caracalla] to be punished for his crimes.

That crafty murderer, Macrinus, and the youth of Emesa [Elagabalus] were driven from the sacred inclosure. But Alexander the Syrian, being placed in the hinder ranks, bewailed his misfortune. Silenus added, "O thou fool and madman! highly exalted as thou wert, thou didst not govern for thyself, but gavest thy wealth to thy mother, and couldst not be persuaded that it was much better to bestow it on thy friends than to hoard it."

"All, however," said Nemesis, "who were accessory to his death I will deliver to the tormentors." And thus the youth was dismissed.

Gallienus then entered with his father [Valerian], the latter

dragging the chain of his captivity, the other effeminate both in his dress and behavior. Silenus thus ridiculed the father: —

"—— By those snowy plumes distinguished,
Before the ranks who marches in the van."

And to the son he said: —

"Him gold adorns, all dainty as a bride."

Jupiter ordered them both to depart from the banquet.

They were succeeded by Claudius, on whom all the gods fixed their eyes, admiring his magnanimity, and granted the empire to his descendants, thinking it just that the posterity of such a lover of his country should enjoy the sovereignty as long as possible.

After him entered Aurelian, as if to escape those who were accusing him before Minos; for many charges of murder, which he could not palliate or excuse, were brought against him. But my lord the Sun, who had patronized him on other occasions, assisted him also on this, by informing the gods that the Delphic oracle —

That he who evil does, should evil suffer, is righteous judgment,

had been fulfilled.

The next was Probus, who, in less than seven years rebuilt seventy cities, and also enacted many wise laws. Having suffered unjustly, he was honored by the gods, and his death was revenged by the punishment of his murderers. Silenus, nevertheless, endeavored in like manner to ridicule him; and many of the gods urging him to be silent: "Let those who shall follow," said he, "grow wiser by his example. Dost thou not know, O Probus, that physicians make bitter potions palatable, by infusing them in mead? But thou, who wert always so severe and cruel that none could equal thee, hast suffered, however unjustly, in like manner. For no one can govern brutes, much less men, but by sometimes gratifying and indulging them; as physicians humor their patients in trifles, that they may insure their compliance in things essential." "What! dear father," said Bacchus; "do you now play the philosopher upon us?" "Why not?" replied Silenus. "Were not you too, my son, instructed by me in philosophy? Know you not

that Socrates also held, like me, the first rank in philosophy among his contemporaries, if you credit the oracle of Delphi? Allow me, therefore, to speak not always jocosely, but sometimes seriously."

While they were thus talking, Carus with his sons [Carinus and Numerian] would have entered, had not Nemesis repulsed them. Diocletian, accompanied by the two Maximians and my grandfather Constantius, then approached, magnificently dressed. These, though they held each other by the hand, did not walk on a line with Diocletian. Three others also surrounded him in the manner of a chorus; but when, like harbingers, they would have preceded him, he forbade them, not thinking himself entitled to any distinction. Transferring only to them a burthen which he had borne on his own shoulders, he walked with much greater ease. Admiring their union, the gods assigned them a seat superior to any. But Maximian behaving with imprudence and haughtiness, Silenus, though he did not think him worthy of ridicule, would not admit him into the society of the emperors. And, besides, he was not only addicted to all kinds of lasciviousness, but by his impertinent officiousness and perfidy often interrupted the harmonious concert. Nemesis, therefore, soon banished him, and whither he went I know not, as I forgot to ask Mercury.

To this most melodious tetrachord, a harsh, disagreeable, and discordant sound succeeded. Two of the candidates Nemesis would not suffer to approach even the door of the assembly. Licinius came thus far, but having been guilty of many crimes, he was repulsed by Minos. Constantine entered, and sat some time; and near him sat his sons. As for Magnentius, he was refused admittance, because he had never done anything laudable, though many of his actions might appear brilliant. But the gods, perceiving that they did not flow from a good principle, dismissed him much afflicted.

In this manner was the banquet prepared. At the table of the gods nothing was wanting, for all things are theirs. But that of the heroes Mercury thought imperfect, and Jupiter was of the same opinion. Quirinus had long requested to introduce another of his descendants. But Hercules said: "I will not suffer it, Quirinus. For why have you not invited my Alexander also to the feast? If, therefore, Jupiter, you intend to enroll any of the heroes among us, send, I entreat you, for Alexander. When we are canvassing the merits of men, why

should the bravest be omitted?" What the son of Alcmena proposed was approved by Jupiter. Alexander, therefore, entered the assembly of heroes; but neither Cæsar nor any one else rose up to him; so that he was obliged to take the seat which the eldest son of Severus had left vacant, he, for his fratricide, having been expelled. Silenus, then scoffing at Quirinus, said, "Take care, or this one Greek will excel all your Romans." "By Jove," replied Quirinus, "I think that many of them are, in every respect, his equals. My posterity indeed have so much admired him that of foreign generals they style and think him only great; not that they deem him superior to their countrymen, or are void of national prejudice. But that we shall soon determine when we have brought their merits to the test!"

Saying this, Quirinus blushed, and seemed evidently anxious for his descendants.

After this, Jupiter asked the gods whether all should enter the lists, or whether they should adopt the practice observed in wrestling, where whoever conquers him who has gained the most victories is deemed the only victor, even of those who have been vanquished by his antagonist, though they have not been his competitors? This was generally approved, as a just determination. Mercury then proclaimed that Cæsar should advance first, Octavianus next, and Trajan third, those being the greatest warriors. Silence being commanded, Saturn, turning to Jupiter, expressed his surprise at seeing martial emperors summoned to this contest, but no philosophers. "These," he said, "are equally dear to me. Call, therefore, and introduce Marcus [Aurelius]." He being summoned, advanced with a serious aspect, occasioned by the labors of his mind. His eyes were hollow, his brow was contracted, and his whole form displayed unstudied beauty; for his hair was uncombed, his beard was long, his dress simple and economical, and by scanty nourishment his body was transparent and shining, like the purest light. When he was admitted within the sacred inclosure, Bacchus said, "King Saturn and Father Jupiter, can anything imperfect be allowed among the gods?" No answer being returned, "Let us send, then," proceeded he, "for some lover of pleasure." "But," replied Jupiter, "it is not lawful for any one to be admitted here who does not worship us." "Let judgment, therefore," said Bacchus, "be pronounced on him in the vestibule. We will call, with your leave, a prince,

not indeed unwarlike, but softened by pleasure and enjoyment. Let Constantine come as far as the vestibule."

This being allowed (the mode of their contention having been previously settled), Mercury advised that every one should severally speak for himself, and that the gods should then give their votes. But of this Apollo disapproved, insisting that the truth only, and not eloquence or the charms of oratory, ought to be discussed and examined by the gods. Jupiter, wishing to oblige all, and at the same time desirous to prolong the assembly, replied, "There can be no inconvenience in directing each of them to speak by a certain measure of water, and afterwards we may interrogate them and scrutinize their thoughts." Silenus jocosely added, "Take care, Neptune, or Trajan and Alexander, mistaking the water for nectar, will swallow it all, and so leave none for the rest."

Neptune answered: "They were much more fond of your draughts, Silenus, than of mine. It behooves you, therefore, to be rather afraid of your own vines than of my springs." Silenus was chagrined, and made no reply, but afterwards attended solely to the disputants. Mercury then proclaimed: —

"The arbiter of prizes due
To signal merit now begins.
Delay no longer, Time exhorts,
But lend your ears to what the voice
Of herald Mercury proclaims.
Ye kings, to whose superior sway
Of old submissive nations bowed,
Who launched in fight the hostile spear,
Advance, contend, with prudent minds
Oppose your rivals, and await
The just, the impartial will of Heaven!
Wisdom these think the end of life,
Those, vengeance on their foes to wreak,
And serve their friends: of life, of toil,
Pleasure some make the single view,
Feasts, nuptials, all that feeds their eyes:
From dainty ornaments of dress,
Or rings, with precious gems adorned,
Others superior bliss derive.
Jove will the victory decree."

Mercury having made this proclamation, the combatants drew lots: and the lot happened to concur with the love of

preëminence habitual to Cæsar. This augmented his pride and arrogance; so that Alexander would have declined the contest, had he not been encouraged and persuaded by Hercules. Alexander obtained the next turn of speaking after Cæsar. When all the rest had had their proper turns assigned them, Cæsar thus began: —

"It was my good fortune, O Jupiter and ye gods, to be born, after many heroes, in that illustrious city which has extended her dominion farther than any other; so that they all may be satisfied if they obtain the second place. For what other city, deducing its origin from three thousand men, has in less than six hundred years carried its conquests to the utmost extremities of the earth? What other nation has produced so many distinguished warriors and legislators, or such devout worshipers of the gods? Born in a city so renowned, I surpassed, by my actions, not only my contemporaries, but all the heroes that ever lived. Of my own countrymen I know not one that will deny me the superiority. But as this Grecian is so presumptuous, which of his actions will he pretend to put in competition with mine? His Persian trophies perhaps, as if he knew not how many I won from Pompey. And who was the most experienced general, Pompey or Darius? Which of them commanded the bravest troops? Instead of the refuse of mankind, Pompey had in his army more warlike nations than were ever subject to Darius; of Europeans, those who had often routed the hostile Asiatics, and of them the most valiant: Italians, Illyrians, and Gauls. Having mentioned the Gauls, can the Getic exploits of Alexander be compared with my conquest of Gaul! He passed the Danube once; I twice passed the Rhine; and of my German victories no one can dispute the glory. I fought with Ariovistus. I was the first Roman who dared to cross the German Ocean. Though it was a wonderful achievement, however it may be admired, more glorious was my intrepidity in being the first who leaped on shore. Of the Helvetic and Hibernian nations I say nothing; nor have I mentioned my actions in Gaul, where I took above three hundred towns and defeated two millions of men. Great as these actions were, that which followed was greater and more illustrious. Being obliged to wage war with my fellow-citizens, I vanquished the unconquered and invincible Romans. If we should be judged by the number of our battles, I fought

thrice as many as are ascribed to Alexander by his greatest panegyrists; if by the number of towns taken, not in Asia only, but also in Europe, I reduced more. Alexander saw and revered Egypt; I, while I feasted there, subdued it. Will you also compare the clemency of each of us, when victorious? I pardoned my enemies, and received from them such a return as Nemesis has revenged. He never spared his enemies nor even his friends. In particular, as you dispute the pre-eminence, and will not immediately yield to me, like the rest, you compel me to mention your cruel behavior to the Thebans. On the contrary, how great was my humanity to the Helvetii! The cities of the former were burnt by you; the cities of the latter, burnt by their own inhabitants, were rebuilt by me. Which, in short, was most illustrious; your defeating ten thousand Greeks, or my repulsing the attacks of a hundred and fifty thousand Romans? Much more could I add, both of Alexander and myself; but as I never had leisure to study the art of oratory, you must excuse me, and, forming a just and impartial judgment both from what I have said and what I have omitted, will, I doubt not, give me the superiority."

Cæsar thus concluded; but seeming desirous of saying still more. Alexander, who before had with difficulty restrained himself, could refrain no longer, but with much anxiety and emotion, thus began: —

"How long, O Jupiter and ye gods, shall I silently bear the insolence of this boaster! He sets no bounds, you see, to his praise of himself or to his abuse of me. Much better would it have become him to have abstained equally from both, as both are alike intolerable, but chiefly that of depreciating my conduct, which he made the example of his own. Such is his assurance that he has dared to ridicule his own model. You should have recollected, Cæsar, the tears which you shed on hearing of the memorials that were raised in honor of my deeds. But you afterwards owed your elevation to Pompey, who, though he was really insignificant, was idolized by his countrymen. As to his African triumph, no great exploit, his fame was owing to the weakness and inactivity of the consuls. The Servile War was not waged with men, but with the most abandoned slaves, and it was conducted by Crassus and Lucius, though Pompey had the name and the

reputation. Armenia and the neighboring provinces were conquered by Lucullus; yet for these also Pompey triumphed. He was then flattered by his fellow-citizens, and named the Great. But than whom of his predecessors was he greater? Which of his actions is comparable to those of Marius, or of the two Scipios? or of Camillus, who was almost as much the founder of Rome as this Quirinus, having rebuilt his city when it was almost falling? For they did not arrogate to themselves the works of others, as is usual in buildings founded and finished at the public expense, where the magistrate who has only plastered the walls, on completing the edifice inscribes the foundation stone. But these heroes, as public artificers and architects, have justly immortalized their own names. It is no wonder, therefore, that you vanquished Pompey, scratching his head and more resembling a fox than a lion. When he was deserted by fortune, who had long favored him, you easily conquered him single. But that your success was owing to no superior abilities is evident; for being in want of provisions (which, you know, is no small fault of a general), you fought and were defeated. And if Pompey, by his imprudence or folly, or because he could not govern his army, when he should have protracted the war, gave battle, and did not pursue his victory, his failure was the consequence of his own misconduct, not of your military skill. The Persians, on the contrary, though in every respect well prepared and amply provided, submitted to my dominion. And as it becomes a good man and a wise prince to act not only with moderation, but with justice, I took arms to revenge the Greeks on the Persians and to free Greece from civil war. Nor was it ever my intention to ravage Greece, but those only who would have prevented my march against Persia I chastised. You, after subduing the Gauls and Germans, turned your arms against your own country. What can be worse, what more infamous?

"You have mentioned, with a sneer, 'my defeating ten thousand Greeks.' That you yourself sprang from the Greeks, and that the Greeks inhabited the greatest part of Italy, I well know; but on this I will not insist. With a small nation of them, the Ætolians, your neighbors, you thought it of great consequence to make an alliance; but after they had fought for you, why did you reduce them, and that not easily, to subjection? If then, in the old age, as it has been called, of Greece,

you could scarce reduce, not the whole, but one small nation, which was scarce known when Greece was in her vigor, what would have been the event if you had been obliged to contend with Greece when flourishing and united? How much you were alarmed by the invasion of Pyrrhus, you need not be reminded. As you think the conquest of Persia such a trifle, and depreciate an enterprise so glorious, tell me why, after a war of above two thousand years [*sic*], you have never subdued a small province beyond the Tigris, subject to the Parthians? Shall I inform you? The darts of the Persians prevented you. Antony, who served under your command, can give you an account of them. But in less than ten years I conquered both Persia and India. After this, do you dare to contend with me, who, trained to war from my childhood, performed such deeds that the remembrance of them, though they have not been sufficiently celebrated by historians, will live for ever, like those of the invincible Hercules, of whom I was the follower and imitator? I rivaled, in short, my ancestor Achilles; and, admiring Hercules, I trod in his steps as nearly as a mortal can follow a god. Thus much, O ye gods, it was necessary for me to say in my own defense against an opponent whom, perhaps, it might have been better to have silently despised. If I was guilty of any cruelties, the innocent were not the objects, but such as had frequently and notoriously offended, and had made no proper use of their opportunities. And my offenses even against them were followed by Repentance, a very wise goddess, and the preserver of those who have erred. As for my chastising the ambitious, who always hated and had often injured me, in that I thought myself excusable."

This military harangue being concluded, the attendant of Neptune gave the hourglass to Octavianus, measuring to him a very small quantity of water, and at the same time reminding him of his insolence to that deity. On which, having reflected with his usual sagacity, omitting to say anything of others, he thus began: —

"Instead of depreciating the actions of others, O Jupiter and ye gods, I will confine my whole speech to what concerns myself. In my youth I had the government of my native city, like this illustrious Alexander. The German wars, like my father Cæsar, I happily concluded. Involved in civil dissensions, I subdued Egypt at Actium in a sea-fight. I defeated

Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and I made the son of Pompey contribute to my glory. Such, however, was my attachment to philosophy, that instead of being disgusted at the freedom assumed by Athenodorus, I pleaded with it, and revered him as a preceptor, or rather as a parent. Areus also was my friend and confidant. And, upon the whole, I was never guilty of the least offense against philosophy. As Rome, I saw, had been frequently reduced to the last extremity by intestine divisions, I so rëestablished her affairs as to render them, by your assistance, O ye gods, firm and adamantine. Without indulging an insatiable ambition, I studiously endeavored to enlarge her dominions; but I concurred with nature in fixing the rivers Danube and Euphrates as their boundaries. After having subdued the Scythians and Thracians, I did not employ the long reign with which you indulged me in meditating war after war, but devoted my leisure to the correction of the evils which war had occasioned, and to legislation, in which, I apprehend, I did not consult the public welfare less than my predecessors; nay, if I must boldly speak the truth, I consulted it more than any who have governed such an empire. For some who have commanded armies, when they might at length have rested in peace, have made one war the pretense for another, as the litigious contrive lawsuits. Others, when forced into a war, have been immersed in pleasure, and have preferred the most infamous pursuits, not only to their glory, but even to their lives. Well weighing all these things, I do not think myself entitled to the lowest place. But it becomes me to acquiesce in whatever you, O ye gods, may please to determine."

Trajan was appointed to harangue next. Though he had a talent for speaking, such was his indolence, that he usually employed Sura to compose his orations. Bawling, rather than speaking, he displayed to the gods his Getic and Parthian trophies. He then lamented his old age, as if that had prevented him from extending his Parthian conquests. "You fool," said Silenus, "you reigned twenty years, and this Alexander only twelve. Why, then, do you not condemn your own indolence, instead of throwing the blame on want of time?" Provoked at this taunt, for he was not deficient in eloquence, though it was often blunted by intemperance, Trajan added: —

"O Jupiter and ye gods, when I assumed the reins of government, I found the empire in a torpid and divided state,

occasioned partly by the tyranny which had long prevailed at home, and partly by the insults of the Getes abroad. I did not hesitate, however, singly to attack the nations beyond the Danube. That of the Getes I subdued and extirpated; of all the most warlike, not only by their bodily strength, but by the courage with which they are inspired by the doctrine of their renowned Zamolxis. For the firm persuasion that they shall not perish, but only change their place of abode, makes them always prepared as for a journey. This enterprise I completed in less than five years. Of all the emperors who preceded me, not one was so mild to his subjects, nor can that be contested with me even with this Cæsar, before unrivaled in clemency, nor by any other. The Parthians, till they insulted me, I thought it unjust to attack; but after they had insulted me, neither my age nor the laws which allowed me to quit the service prevented my invading them. Thus circumstanced, am not I, who was eminently mild to my subjects and formidable to my enemies, and who revered my divine daughter, Philosophy, justly entitled to superior honors, and even to the first rank?"

Trajan having concluded, it was allowed that he excelled all in clemency, a virtue particularly pleasing to the gods.

Marcus Aurelius then beginning to speak, Silenus said, in a low voice to Bacchus, "Let us hear which of his wonderful paradoxes and aphorisms this Stoic will produce." But he, fixing his eyes on Jupiter and the other gods, thus addressed them: —

"I have no occasion, O Jupiter and ye gods, to harangue or dispute. If you were ignorant of my actions, it would be proper for me to acquaint you with them, but as you are privy to them, and nothing is concealed from you, you will honor me as I deserve."

Thus Marcus, as in everything else, seemed worthy of admiration for his extraordinary prudence in the knowing when to speak and when to be silent.

Constantine was then summoned to speak. He entered the lists with confidence; but when he reflected on the actions of his competitors, his own seemed trivial and inconsiderable. He defeated, it is true, two tyrants; one of them unwarlike and pusillanimous, the other unfortunate and advanced in years, and both of them odious to gods and men. As for his exploits

against the barbarians, they were ridiculous. For he, in a manner, paid them tribute, to indulge his love of pleasure. He stood, therefore, at a distance from the gods, near the entrance of the moon, of whom he was enamored, and gazing only on her, was regardless of victory.

However, as it was necessary for him to speak: "In these particulars," said he, "I am superior to my opponents; to the Macedonian, in having fought against the Romans, Germans, and Scythians, instead of Asiatic barbarians; to Cæsar and Octavianus, in not having vanquished, like them, good and virtuous citizens, but the most cruel and wicked tyrants. To Trajan, also, for my strenuous exertions against tyrants, I deserve no less to be preferred. To recover the province which he conquered seems to me equally meritorious; perhaps to regain is more laudable than to gain. As to this Marcus, he, by saying nothing for himself, yields us all the precedency."

"But, Constantine," said Silenus, "why do you not mention, among your great works, the gardens of Adonis?" "What mean you," replied Constantine, "by the gardens of Adonis?" "Pots," answered Silenus, "filled with earth, in which women sow herbs in honor of that lover of Venus. They flourish for a short time, but soon fade." At this Constantine blushed, knowing it to be intended as a sarcasm on his own actions.

Silence being proclaimed, it was expected that the gods would immediately have determined the preëminence by their votes. But they thought it proper first to examine the intentions of the candidates, and not merely to collect them from their actions, in which Fortune had the greatest share; and that goddess being present, loudly reproached them all, Octavianus alone excepted, who, she said, had always been grateful to her. Of this the gods apprised Mercury, and commanded him to begin with asking Alexander "what he thought the highest excellence, and what was his principal view in all the great actions and labors of his life?" He replied, "Universal conquest." "And in this," said Mercury, "did you think you succeeded?" "Certainly," answered Alexander. Silenus added, with a sneering laugh, "You forgot that you were often conquered by my daughters," meaning vines; and ridiculing Alexander for his intemperance. Alexander, well versed in Peripatetic aphorisms, replied, "Things inanimate cannot conquer. There can be no contention with them, but only with men or animals."

At this, Silenus ironically expressing his admiration, exclaimed: "Alas! how great are the subterfuges of logicians! But in what class will you rank yourself, — among things inanimate, or among the animate and living?" Alexander, with some displeasure, replied: "Be less severe: such was my magnanimity that I was convinced that I should be, nay, that I was, a god." "You allow, then," said Silenus, "that you were often conquered by yourself, when anger, grief, or some other passion debased and debilitated your mind." "But," answered Alexander, "for any one to conquer himself, and to be conquered by himself, are synonymous. I am talking of my victories over others." "Fie upon your logic!" returned Silenus, "how it detects my sophistry! But when you were wounded in India, and Peucestes lay near you, and you, almost breathless, were carried out of the city, were you conquered by him who wounded you, or did you conquer him?" "I not only conquered him," replied Alexander, "but I also destroyed the city." "Not you, indeed, you immortal," said Silenus; "you lay like Homer's Hector, languid, and almost expiring; others fought and conquered." "True," answered Alexander, "but under my command." "How could they obey you," said Silenus, "who were carried out almost dead?"

He then sung these verses of Euripides: —

> "Unjust the Grecian reckoning: the troops
> The battle gain, their chiefs the victory."

"Say no more, my dear father," said Bacchus, "lest he should treat you as he treated Clitus." At this Alexander blushed, wept, and was silent.

This discourse ended, Mercury thus interrogated Cæsar, "What, Cæsar, was the principal view of your life?" "To excel my contemporaries," he replied, "and neither to be, or to be thought, second to any." "This," said Mercury, "is not quite clear. In what did you particularly wish to excel, — in wisdom or eloquence, in military skill or political abilities?" "In everything," answered Cæsar. "I was desirous of being the first of men; but as that was impossible, I endeavored to be the most powerful of my fellow-citizens." "And had you much power among them?" said Silenus. "Certainly," replied Cæsar, "for I became their governor." "That," returned Silenus, "you

might be; but you could never gain their love, though for that purpose you dissembled much humanity, acting a part like a player, and meanly flattering all men." "What!" said Cæsar: "was I not loved by the people who persecuted Brutus and Cassius?" "That," replied Silenus, "was not because they had murdered you; for on that account the people made them consuls: but for the sake of your money, and finding that no small reward was given to those who should be their enemies."

This discourse also being concluded, Mercury thus accosted Octavianus: "Will you also tell us what was your principal view?" He replied, "To reign well." "What means that?" said Silenus. "Explain, Augustus, as this is pretended even by the wicked. Even Dionysius thought that he reigned well; and so did the still more abandoned Agathocles." "You know then," replied Octavianus, "ye gods, that when I parted with my grandson, I prayed you to give him the courage of Cæsar, the conduct of Pompey, and my good fortune." "Many statues of gods," said Silenus, "most curiously carved, of gods of great merit, have been sent us by this statuary." "Why," answered Octavianus, "do you give me that ridiculous appellation?" "As nymphs are carved," he replied, "have not you formed gods, one of whom, and the principal, is this Cæsar?" Octavianus blushed and said no more.

Mercury then, addressing himself to Trajan, asked what end his actions had in view. "The same," he replied, "as those of Alexander, but with more moderation." "So you were conquered," said Silenus, "by more ignoble passions. He was frequently subdued by anger, you by the vilest and most disgraceful pleasures." "Plague on you!" said Bacchus; "your sarcasms prevent them speaking for themselves. A truce with your jokes, and consider now what you can find reprehensible in Marcus; for he seems to me, in the sense of Simonides, perfect and faultless." Then Mercury, turning toward Marcus, said, "And what, O sage, did you think the greatest happiness?" With a low voice and with great diffidence, he replied, "To imitate the gods." This answer was immediately deemed highly noble and praiseworthy. Nor would Mercury question him any further, convinced that Marcus would always answer with equal propriety. In this opinion all the other gods concurred. Silenus only exclaimed: "By Bacchus, I will not spare this sophist. Why did you formerly eat bread and drink wine, and not nectar and ambrosia, like us?" "Not in

order to imitate the gods," replied he, "but to nourish my body; from a persuasion, whether true or false, that your bodies also require being nourished by the fumes of sacrifices. I did not, however, think that you were to be imitated in this, but in your minds." Silenus, as much stunned at this as if he had been struck by a skillful boxer, replied: "This is somewhat plausible; but tell me now, in what did you formerly think that the imitation of the gods consisted?" Marcus answered, "In having as few wants and doing as much good as possible." "What! had you no wants?" said Silenus. "As to myself," replied Marcus, "I had none; but my body, perhaps, had a few." Marcus seeming in this also to have answered wisely, Silenus at last insisted on what he thought improper and unjust in the conduct of Marcus toward his wife and son, his enrolling her among the goddesses, and intrusting the empire to him. "In this also," said Marcus, "I imitated the gods, for I practiced that maxim of Homer: —

> 'The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
> Sure every wise and worthy man will love,'

And as to my son, I am justified in my behavior by that of Jupiter himself. I should long ago," said he to Mars, "have transfixed thee with a thunderbolt, if I had not loved thee because thou art my son. Besides, I never imagined that Commodus would have proved so profligate. And though his youth, assailed on all sides by strong temptations, was hurried away by the worst, I intrusted the government to one not yet corrupted. Afterwards, indeed, he became wicked. My tenderness, therefore, to my wife was copied from the example of the divine Achilles, and that to my son was in imitation of the supreme Jupiter; and, besides, in both these I was guilty of no innovation. It is the general custom for sons to succeed to the inheritance of their fathers, and this is also the wish of all. Nor was I the first who decreed divine honors to a wife, there being many precedents. To have introduced it might, perhaps, have been unreasonable; but to prevent the nearest relations from following the custom established by others, would be unjust. But I forget myself, and have been prolix in my apology to you, O Jupiter and ye gods, who know all things. Pardon me this indiscretion."

When Marcus had finished his speech, Mercury interrogated Constantine, and asked him what good end he had in view.

"Having amassed great riches," he replied, "to disburse them liberally in the gratification of my own desires, and those of my friends." At this, Silenus burst into a fit of long laughter, and said: "You now wish to pass for a banker; but how can you forget your living like a cook or a hairdresser? This your hair and looks formerly proved, but now your words demonstrate." Thus severely sarcastic was Silenus.

Silence being proclaimed, the gods gave their votes privately. Most were in favor of Marcus, but Jupiter, after discoursing apart with his father, ordered Mercury to make the following proclamation: "All you who have engaged in this contest, know that, by our laws and decrees, the victor is allowed to rejoice, but not to insult the vanquished. Depart, then, wherever you please, under the patronage of the gods, and, for the future, residing here, let every one choose some guardian and protector."

Alexander immediately hastened to Hercules, and Octavianus to Apollo; but Marcus attached himself closely both to Jupiter and Saturn. Cæsar wandered about, and ran here and there, till Mars and Venus, moved with compassion, called him to them. Trajan joined Alexander, as if he would seat himself in the same place. But Constantine, not finding among the gods the model of his actions, and perceiving the Goddess of Pleasure, repaired to her. She received him very courteously: embraced him, and then dressing him in a woman's variegated gown, and nicely curling his hair, led him away to Luxury. With her he found one of his sons, who loudly proclaimed: "Let all, whether they be libertines, or murderers, or whatever be their crimes, boldly advance, for by sprinkling them with water, I will immediately make them pure. And if they should relapse, they need only smite their breast, and beat their heads, and they will again be purified."

To this goddess Constantine gladly devoted himself, and with her conducted his sons out of the assembly of the gods. But the deities who punish atheism and bloodshed avenged on him and them the murder of their relations, till Jupiter, in favor of Claudius and Constantius, gave them some respite.

"As for you," said Mercury, addressing himself to me, "I have introduced you to the knowledge of your father the Sun; obey then his dictates, making him your guide and secure refuge, while you live; and when you leave the world, adopt him, with good hopes, for your tutelar god."

HOW DAPHNIS AND CHLOE FELL IN LOVE.

By LONGUS.

[Longus is supposed to have lived in the latter part of the fourth century A.D., under Theodosius the Great.]

In the island of Lesbos there is an extensive city called Mitylene, the appearance of which is beautiful; the sea intersects it by various canals, and it is adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine you beheld an island rather than a city.

About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, were the possessions of a rich man, which formed a very fine estate. The mountains abounded with game, the fields produced corn, the hills were thick with vines, the pastures with herds, and the sea-washed shore consisted of an extent of smooth sand.

As Lamon, a goatherd, was tending his herds upon the estate, he found a child suckled by a she-goat. The place where it was lying was an oak coppice and tangled thicket, with ivy winding about it, and soft grass beneath; thither the goat continually ran and disappeared from sight, leaving her own kid in order to remain near the child. Lamon watched her movements, being grieved to see the kid neglected, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he follows her steps and sees her standing over the infant with the utmost caution, lest her hoofs might injure it, while the child sucked copious draughts of her milk as if from its mother's breast. Struck with natural astonishment, he advances close to the spot and discovers a lusty and handsome male child, with far richer swathing clothes than suited its fortune in being thus exposed; for its little mantle was of fine purple, and fastened by a golden clasp, and it had a little sword with a hilt of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and to carry off only the tokens; but feeling afterwards ashamed at the reflection that, in doing so, he should be inferior in humanity even to a goat, he waited for the approach of night, and then carried home the infant with the tokens, and the she-goat herself, to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale was astonished, and thought it strange if goats could produce children, upon which her husband recounts

every particular; how he found the infant exposed; how it was suckled; and how ashamed he felt at the idea of leaving it to perish. She shared his feelings, so they agreed to conceal the tokens, and adopt the child as their own, committing the rearing of it to the goat; and that the name also might be a pastoral one they determined to call it Daphnis.

Two years had now elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, tending his flock, found an infant under similar circumstances.

There was a grotto sacred to the Nymphs; it was a spacious rock, concave within, convex without. The statues of the Nymphs themselves were carved in stone. Their feet were bare, their arms naked to the shoulder, their hair falling disheveled upon their shoulders, their vests girt about the waist, a smile sat upon their brow; their whole semblance was that of a troop of dancers. The dome of the grotto rose over the middle of the rock. Water, springing from a fountain, formed a running stream, and a trim meadow stretched its soft and abundant herbage before the entrance, fed by the perpetual moisture. Within, milk pails, transverse flutes, flageolets, and pastoral pipes were suspended — the offerings of many an aged shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock which had lately lambed had frequently resorted to this grotto, and raised apprehensions of her being lost. The shepherd, wishing to cure her of this habit, and to bring her back to her former way of grazing, twisted some green osiers into the form of a slipknot, and approached the rock with the view of seizing her. Upon arriving there, however, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe affectionately offering from her udder copious draughts of milk to an infant, which, without any wailing, eagerly turned from one teat to the other its clean and glossy face, the animal licking it as soon as it had had its fill.

This child was a female: and had beside its swathing garments, by way of tokens, a headdress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas, imagining that this foundling was a gift from the Deity, and instructed by his sheep to pity and love the infant, raised her in his arms, placed the tokens in his scrip, and prayed the Nymphs that their favor might attend upon him in bringing up their suppliant; and when the time was come for

driving his cattle from their pasture, he returns to his cottage, relates what he has seen to his wife, exhibits what he had found, urges her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) immediately became a mother to the infant, and felt affection towards it, fearing perhaps to be outdone in tenderness by the ewe, and, to make appearances more probable, gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children grew rapidly, and their personal appearance exceeded that of ordinary rustics. Daphnis was now fifteen and Chloe was his junior by two years, when on the same night, Lamon and Dryas had the following dream. They thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the Grotto, in which the fountain was and where Dryas found the infant, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a very saucy looking and handsome boy, who had wings upon his shoulders, and a little bow and arrows in his hand. He lightly touched them both with one of his shafts, and commanded them henceforth to follow a pastoral life. The boy was to tend goats, the girl was to have the charge of sheep.

The shepherd and goatherd, having had this dream, were grieved to think that these, their adopted children, were like themselves to have the care of flocks. Their dress had given promise of a better fortune, in consequence of which their fare had been more delicate, and their education and accomplishments superior to those of a country life.

It appeared to them, however, that in the case of children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; so each having communicated to the other his dream, they offered a sacrifice to the "WINGED BOY, THE COMPANION OF THE NYMPHS" (for they were unacquainted with his name), and sent forth the young people to their pastoral employments, having first instructed them in their duties; how to pasture their herds before the noonday heat, and when it was abated; at what time to lead them to the stream, and afterwards to drive them home to the fold; which of their sheep and goats required the crook, and to which only the voice was necessary.

They, on their part, received the charge as if it had been some powerful sovereignty, and felt an affection for their sheep and goats beyond what is usual with shepherds: Chloe refer-

ring her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembering that a she-goat had suckled him when he was exposed.

It was the beginning of spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzings of the bee, the warblings of the songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, they, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep which had strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management both of goats and sheep, while the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe.

While thus engaged in their amusements Love contrived an interruption of a serious nature. A she-wolf from the neighborhood had often carried off lambs from other shepherds' flocks, as she required a plentiful supply of food for her whelps. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug pits in the earth, six feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The greater part of the loose earth, dug out of these pits, they carried to a distance and scattered about, spreading the remainder over some long dry sticks laid over the mouth of the pits, so as to resemble the natural surface of the ground. The sticks were weaker than straws, so that if even a hare ran over them

they would break and prove that instead of substance there was but a show of solid earth. The villagers dug many of these pits in the mountains and in the plains, but they could not succeed in capturing the wolf, which discovered the contrivance of the snare. They however caused the destruction of many of their own goats and sheep, and very nearly, as we shall see, that of Daphnis.

Two angry he-goats engaged in fight. The contest waxed more and more violent, until one of them having his horn broken ran away bellowing with pain. The victor followed in hot and close pursuit. Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken, and that the conqueror persevered in his vengeance, seized his club and crook, and pursued the pursuer. In consequence of the former hurrying on in wrath, and the latter flying in trepidation, neither of them observed what lay in their path, and both fell into a pit, the goat first, Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving his life, the goat serving as a support in his descent. Poor Daphnis remained at the bottom lamenting his sad mishap with tears, and anxiously hoping that some one might pass by, and pull him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that he was still alive, summoned a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. He obeyed the call, but upon seeking for a rope long enough to draw Daphnis out, no rope was to be found: upon which Chloe, undoing her headband, gave it to the cowherd to let down; they then placed themselves at the brink of the pit, and held one end, while Daphnis grasped the other with both hands, and so got out.

They then extricated the unhappy goat, who had both his horns broken by the fall, and thus suffered a just punishment for his revenge towards his defeated fellow-combatant. They gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance, and if the family at home inquired after him, were prepared to say that he had been destroyed by a wolf. After this they returned to see whether their flocks were safe, and finding both goats and sheep feeding quietly and orderly, they sat down on the trunk of a tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any wound. No hurt or blood was to be seen, but his hair and all the rest of his person were covered with mud and dirt. Daphnis thought it would be best to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale should find out what had

happened to him; proceeding with Chloe to the Grotto of the Nymphs, he gave her his tunic and scrip in charge.

He then approached the fountain, and washed his hair and his whole person. His hair was long and black, and his body sunburnt; one might have imagined that its hue was derived from the overshadowing of his locks. Chloe thought him beautiful, and because she had never done so before, attributed his beauty to the effects of the bath. As she was washing his back and shoulders his tender flesh yielded to her hand, so that, unobserved, she frequently touched her own skin, in order to ascertain which of the two was softer. The sun was now setting, so they drove home their flocks, the only wish in Chloe's mind being to see Daphnis bathe again.

The following day, upon returning to the accustomed pasture, Daphnis sat as usual under an oak, playing upon his pipe and surveying his goats lying down and apparently listening to his strains. Chloe, on her part, sitting near him, looked at her sheep, but more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis; again he appeared to her beautiful as he was playing upon his pipe, and she attributed his beauty to the melody, so that taking the pipe she played upon it, in order, if possible, to appear beautiful herself. She persuaded him to bathe again, she looked at him when in the bath, and while looking at him, touched his skin: after which, as she returned home, she mentally admired him, and this admiration was the beginning of love. She knew not the meaning of her feelings, young as she was, and brought up in the country, and never having heard from any one so much as the name of love. She felt an oppression at her heart, she could not restrain her eyes from gazing upon him, nor her mouth from often pronouncing his name. She took no food, she lay awake at night, she neglected her flock, she laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze, then suddenly start up; at one moment her face became pale, in another moment it burnt with blushes. Such irritation is not felt even by the breeze-stung heifer.

Upon one occasion, when alone, she thus reasoned with herself: "I am no doubt ill, but what my malady is I know not; I am in pain, and yet I have no wound; I feel grief, and yet I have lost none of my flock; I burn, and yet am sitting in the shade; how often have brambles torn my skin, without my shedding a single tear! how often have the bees stung me, yet I could still enjoy my meals! Whatever it is which now

wounds my heart must be sharper than either of these. Daphnis is beautiful, so are the flowers; his pipe breathes sweetly, so does the nightingale; yet I take no account either of birds or flowers. Would that I could become a pipe, that he might play upon me! or a goat, that I might pasture under his care! O cruel fountain, thou madest Daphnis alone beautiful; my bathing has been all in vain! Dear Nymphs, ye see me perishing, yet neither do ye endeavor to save the maiden brought up among you! Who will crown you with flowers when I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will attend to my chirping locust, which I caught with so much trouble, that its song might lull me to rest in the grotto; but now I am sleepless, because of Daphnis, and my locust chirps in vain!"

Such were the feelings, and such the words of Chloe, while as yet ignorant of the name of love. But Dorco the cowherd (the same who had drawn Daphnis and the goat out of the pit), a young fellow who already boasted of some beard upon his chin, and who knew not merely the name but the realities of love, had become enamored of Chloe, from the first time of meeting her. Feeling his passion increase day by day, and despising Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere boy, he determined to effect his purpose either by gifts or by dint of force. At first he made presents to them both; he gave Daphnis a shepherd's pipe, having its nine reeds connected with metal in lieu of wax. He presented Chloe with a fawnskin, spotted all over, such as is worn by the Bacchantes.

Having thus insinuated himself into their friendship, he by degrees neglected Daphnis, but every day brought something to Chloe, — either a delicate cheese, or a chaplet of flowers, or a ripe apple. On one occasion he brought her a mountain calf, a gilt drinking cup, and the nestlings of a wild bird. She, ignorant as she was of love's artifices, received his gifts with pleasure; chiefly pleased, however, at having something to give Daphnis. One day it happened that Dorco and he (for he likewise was destined to experience the pains and penalties of love) had an argument on the subject of their respective share of beauty. Chloe was to be umpire, and the victor's reward was to be a kiss from her. Dorco thus began: —

"Maiden," said he, "I am taller than Daphnis, I am also a cowherd, he, a goatherd, I therefore excel him as far as oxen are superior to goats; I am fair as milk, and my hair brown as

the ripe harvest field; moreover, I had a mother to bring me up, not a goat. He, on the other hand, is short, beardless as a woman, and has a skin as tawny as a wolf; while, from tending he-goats, he has contracted a goatish smell; he is also so poor, that he cannot afford to keep even a dog; and if it be true that a nanny gave him suck, he is no better than a nanny's son."

Such was Dorco's speech. It was next the turn of Daphnis: —

"It is true," said he, "that a she-goat suckled me, and so did a she-goat suckle Jove; I tend he-goats and will bring them into better condition than his oxen, but I smell of them no more than Pan does, who has in him more of a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, coarse bread, and white wine, the food suitable for country folk. I am beardless, so is Bacchus; I am dark complexioned, so is the hyacinth; yet Bacchus is preferred before the satyr and the hyacinth before the lily. Now look at him: he is as sandy haired as a fox, bearded as a goat, and smock-faced as any city wench. If you have to bestow a kiss, it will be given to my mouth, whereas it will be thrown away upon his bristles. Remember also, maiden, that you owe *your* nurture to a sheep, and yet this has not marred your beauty."

Chloe could restrain herself no longer, but partly from pleasure at his praising her, partly from a desire of kissing him, she sprang forward and bestowed upon him the prize; an artless and unsophisticated kiss, but one well calculated to set his heart on fire. Upon this, Dorco, in great disgust, took himself off, determined to seek some other way of wooing. Daphnis, as though he had been stung instead of kissed, became suddenly grave, felt a shivering all over, and could not control the beating of his heart. He wished to gaze upon Chloe, but at the first glance his face was suffused with blushes. For the first time he admired her hair, because it was auburn; and her eyes, because they were large and brilliant; her countenance, because it was fairer than even the milk of his own she-goats. One might have supposed that he had just received the faculty of sight, having had till then "no speculation" in his eyes.

From this moment, he took no food beyond the merest morsel, no drink beyond what would just moisten his lips. Formerly more chattering than the locusts, he became mute; he was now dull and listless, whereas he had been more nimble

than the goats. His flock was neglected, his pipe was thrown aside; his face became paler than the summer-parched herbage. Chloe alone could rouse his powers of speech; whenever he was absent from her, he would thus fondly soliloquize: —

"What will be the result of this kiss of Chloe? her lips are softer than rosebuds, and her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, but this kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee! — I have frequently kissed the kids, and the young puppies, and the calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss of Chloe is something quite new and wonderful! My breath is gone, my heart pants, my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I wish to kiss again! My victory has been the source of sorrow and of a new disease, which I know not how to name. Could Chloe have tasted poison before she permitted me to kiss her? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the nightingales sing, while my pipe is mute! How gayly the kids skip and play, while I sit listlessly by! The flowers are in full beauty, yet I weave no garlands! The violets and the hyacinths are blooming, while Daphnis droops and fades away. Alas! shall Dorco ever appear more beautiful in Chloe's eyes, than I do!"

Such were the sensations of the worthy Daphnis, and thus he vented his feelings. He now first felt the power, and now first uttered the language, of LOVE. . . .

When they met, they rejoiced; when they parted they were sad. They pined with grief. They wished for a something, but they knew not what. This only they were aware of, that the one had lost peace of mind by a kiss, the other by a bath.

The season, moreover, added fuel to their fire; it was now the end of spring; the summer had begun, and all things were in the height of their beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers; sweet was the smell of the fruit; and the bleating of the flocks was delightful. You might fancy the rivers to be singing as they gently flowed along, the winds to be piping as they breathed through the pines; and the apples to be falling to the ground, sick of love; and that the sun, fond of gazing upon natural beauty, was forcing every one to throw off their garments. Daphnis felt all the warmth of the season, and plunged into the rivers; sometimes he only bathed himself; sometimes he amused himself with pursuing the fish,

which darted in circles around him; and sometimes he drank of the stream, as if to extinguish the flame which he felt within. Chloe, when she had milked the goats and the sheep, had great difficulty in setting her cream, for the flies were very troublesome, and if driven away, they would bite her; after her work was done, she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine leaves, put on her girdle of fawnskin, and filled a pail with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis. As midday heat came on, the eyes of both were fascinated; she, beholding the naked and faultless figure of Daphnis, was ready to melt with love; Daphnis, on the other hand, beholding Chloe in her fawnskin girdle and with a garland of pine leaves on her head, holding out the milk pail to him, fancied he beheld one of the Nymphs of the Grot, and taking the garland from her head he placed it on his own, first covering it with kisses; while she, after often kissing it, put on his dress, which he had stripped off in order to bathe. Sometimes they began in sport to pelt each other with apples, and amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, carefully dividing it. She compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples, because the white was suffused with red. He then taught her to play on the pipe; — when she began to breathe into it, he snatched it from her, ran over the reeds with his own lips, and under pretense of correcting her mistakes, he in fact kissed her through the medium of his pipe.

While he was thus playing in the heat of the noonday, and their flocks around them were reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis laid down his pipe, and while gazing upon her whole person with insatiable eyes, there being no one to inspire him with shame; he thus murmured, directing his words to her: "What eyes are those, which are now closed in sleep! what a mouth is that, which breathes so sweetly! no apples, no thickets, exhale so delicious a scent! Ah! but I fear to kiss her! a kiss consumes me, and like new honey, maddens me! besides, a kiss would wake her! A plague upon those chirping grasshoppers, their shrill notes will disturb my Chloe! those vexatious goats, too, are clashing their horns together; surely the wolves are grow more cowardly than foxes, that they do not come and seize them!"

As he was thus soliloquizing, he was interrupted by a grasshopper, which in springing from a swallow which pursued it,

fell into Chloe's bosom. The swallow was unable to take its prey, but hovered over Chloe's cheek and touched it with its wings. The maiden screamed and started; but seeing the swallow still fluttering near her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished, and she rubbed her eyes, which were still disposed to sleep. The grasshopper chirped from her bosom, as if in gratitude for his deliverance. At the sound Chloe screamed again; at which Daphnis laughed, and availing himself of the opportunity, put his hand into her bosom and drew the happy chirper from its place, which did not cease its note even when in his hand; Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, kissed it, and replaced it, still singing, in her bosom. . . .

Such were the delights of summer. Autumn was now advanced, and the black grapes were ripening; when some pirates of Tyre, in a light Carian bark, that they might not appear to be foreigners, touched at that coast and came on shore, armed with coats of mail and swords, and plundered everything which fell in their way. They carried off fragrant wine, corn in great plenty, honey in the comb. They also drove off some of Dorco's oxen, and seized Daphnis, who was musing in a melancholy mood, and rambling alone by the sea-shore. For Chloe, being but young, was afraid of the insults of some of the saucy shepherds, and therefore had not led out her flock so early from the fold of Dryas. When the pirates saw this stout and handsome youth, who, they knew, would be a prize of greater value than the plunder of the fields, they took no more trouble about the goats, nor did they proceed farther, but carried off the unlucky Daphnis to their vessel, weeping as he was hurried along, at a loss what to do, and calling loudly upon Chloe. When they had put him on board, they slipped their cable, and rowed from the shore. Chloe, in the meantime, who was still driving her flock, and carrying in her hand a new pipe as a present for Daphnis, when she saw the goats running about in confusion, and heard Daphnis calling out to her every moment in a louder voice, quitted her sheep, threw down the pipe, and ran to Dorco, beseeching him to assist her. He had been severely wounded by the pirates, and was lying upon the ground still breathing, the blood flowing from him in streams. At the sight of Chloe, reviving a little owing to the force of his former love, he exclaimed, "I shall shortly be no more, dear Chloe; I fought in defense of

my oxen, and some of the rascally pirates have beaten me as they would have done an ox. Save your beloved Daphnis, revenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of this pipe, and to obey its melody, even if they be feeding at the greatest distance. Take this pipe; breathe in it those notes in which I once instructed Daphnis, and in which Daphnis instructed you. Do this, and leave the issue to the pipe and the cows. Moreover, I make you a present of the pipe; with it I have obtained the prize from many a shepherd and many a herdsman. In return give me but one kiss while I yet live; and when I am dead, shed a tear over me: and when you see another tending my flocks, remember Dorco."

Here he ceased, gave her a last kiss, and with the kiss resigned his breath. Chloe put the pipe to her lips, and blew with all her might. The cows began to low at hearing the well-known note, and leaped all at once into the sea. As they all plunged from the same side, and caused a mighty chasm in the waters, the vessel lurched, the waves closed over it, and it sank. The crew and Daphnis fell into the sea, but they had not equal chances for preservation. The pirates were incumbered with their swords, scaled breastplates, and greaves reaching to midleg; whereas Daphnis, who had been feeding his flocks in the plains, had not even his sandals on; and, the weather being still very warm, he was half naked. All swam for a little time, but their armor soon sunk the foreigners to the bottom. Daphnis easily threw off the garments which remained to incumber him, but, accustomed to swim only in rivers, buoyed himself up with great difficulty: at length, taught by necessity, he struck forward between two of the cows, grasped a horn of each of them, and was carried along as securely and as easily as if he had been riding in his own wain. Oxen, be it observed, are better swimmers than men, or indeed than any animals, except aquatic birds and fish, nor are they in any danger of drowning unless their hoofs become softened by the water. The fact of many places being still called *Ox-fords* will bear out the truth of my assertion.

Thus was Daphnis delivered from two perils — from the pirates and from shipwreck, and in a manner beyond all expectation. When he reached the shore, he found Chloe smiling through her tears: he fell on her bosom, and inquired what had led her to play that particular tune. She related every-

thing which had occurred - - her running to Dorco — the habit of his cows — his ordering her to pipe that tune, and finally his death, but through a feeling of shame she said nothing of the kiss.

They now determined to pay the last honors to their benefactor; accordingly they came with the neighbors and relatives of the deceased and buried him. They then threw up over his grave a large pile of earth, and planted about it various trees, and suspended over it the emblems of their calling, in addition to which they poured libations of milk and of juice expressed from the grapes, and broke many pastoral pipes. Mournful lowings of the cattle were heard, accompanied with unwonted and disorderly movements, which the shepherds believed to be lamentations and tokens of sorrow on the part of the herd for their departed herdsman.

After the funeral of Dorco, Chloe led Daphnis to the Grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him; and then, for the first time in his presence, bathed her own person, fair and radiant with beauty, and needing no bath to set off its comeliness. Then, after gathering the flowers which the season afforded, they crowned the statues with garlands, and suspended Dorco's pipe as a votive offering to the Nymphs. Having done this, they returned to look for their flocks, which they found lying on the ground neither feeding nor bleating, but looking about, as if waiting in suspense for their reappearance. When they came in view of them, and called to them in their usual manner, and sounded their pipes, the sheep got up and began to feed, while the goats skipped about and bleated as if exulting at the safety of their herdsman. But Daphnis could not attune his soul to joy; after seeing Chloe unveiled, he felt an inward pain as though preyed upon by poison. His breath went and came as though he were flying from some pursuer; and then it failed, as though he were exhausted with running. Chloe had come from the bath with redoubled charms, and the bath was thus more fatal to Daphnis than the ocean. As for himself, he attributed his feelings to being, in fancy, still among the thieves, — rustic as he was, and as yet ignorant of the thievish tricks of love.

ARSACE'S LOVE AND CHARICLEA'S ESCAPE.

By HELIODORUS.

[Heliodorus was bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, about A.D. 400. A dubious authority says that he was deposed for writing this novel; also that he was a champion of clerical celibacy.]

Chariclea is the (not guiltily) white daughter of the black queen of Ethiopia; concealed and put in the wardship of others from fear of the king; she falls in with, loves, and goes off with Theagenes, from whom she is separated by various misadventures. He is just now one of a band (having been captured and forced into their service) besieging Memphis in Egypt to restore Thyamis, unjustly exiled.

The citizens of Memphis had just time to shut their gates, before the arrival of Thyamis and his robber band; a soldier from the army of Mithranes, who had escaped from the battle of Bessa having foreseen, and foretold, the attempt.

Thyamis having ordered his men to encamp under the walls, rested them after the fatigues of their march; and determined forthwith to besiege the city. They in the town who, surprised at first, expected the attack of a numerous army, when they saw from their walls the small number of their assailants, put themselves in motion, and collecting the few troops, archers, and cavalry, left for the defense of the place, and arming the citizens as best they could, were preparing to issue out of the gates, and attack their enemy in the field. But they were restrained by a man of some years and authority among them, who said, that although the Viceroy Oroöndates was absent in the Ethiopian war, it would be improper for them to take any step without the knowledge and direction of his wife, Arsace; and that the soldiers who were left would engage much more heartily in the cause, if fighting under her orders.

The multitude joined with him in opinion, and followed him to the palace which the viceroy inhabited in the absence of the sovereign. Arsace was beautiful, and tall; expert in business; haughty because of her birth, as being the sister of the Great King; extremely blamable, however, in her conduct, and given up to dissolute pleasure. She had, in a great measure, been the cause of the exile of Thyamis; for when Calasiris, on account of the oracle which he had received relative to his children, had withdrawn himself privately from Memphis, and on his disappearing, was thought to have perished, Thyamis, as his eldest son, was

called to the dignity of the priesthood, and performed his initiatory sacrifice in public. Arsace, as she entered the temple of Isis, encountered this blooming and graceful youth, dressed on the occasion with more than usual splendor. She cast wanton glances at him, and by her gestures gave plain intimation of her passion. He, naturally modest, and virtuously brought up, did not notice this, and had no suspicion of her meaning, nay, intent on the duties of his office, probably attributed her conduct to some quite different cause. But his brother Petosiris, who had viewed with jealous eyes his exaltation to the priesthood, and had observed the behavior of Arsace towards him, considered how he might make use of her irregular desires as a means of laying a snare for him whom he envied.

He went privately to Oroöndates, discovered to him his wife's inclinations, and basely and falsely affirmed that Thyamis complied with them. Oroöndates was easily persuaded of the truth of this intelligence, from his previous suspicions; but took no notice of it to her, being unable clearly to convict her; and dreading and respecting the royal race she sprang from, thought it best to conceal his real opinion. He did not, however, cease uttering threats of death against Thyamis, until he drove him into banishment; when Petosiris was appointed to the priesthood in his room.

These events happened some years before the time of which I am at present speaking. But now the multitude surrounded the palace of Arsace, informed her of the approach of an hostile army (of which however she was aware), and besought her to give orders to the soldiers to march out with them to attack the enemy.

She told them that she thought she ought not to comply with their request till she had made herself a little acquainted with the number of the enemy — who they were — from whence they came — and what was the cause of their expedition. That for that purpose she thought it would be proper for her first to ascend the walls, to take a survey from thence; and then having collected more troops, to determine, upon consideration, what was possible and expedient to be done.

The people acquiesced in what she said, and advanced at once towards the wall; where, by her command, they erected upon the ramparts a tent, adorned with purple and gold embroidered tapestry; and she, royally attired, placed herself under it, on a lofty throne, having around her her guards in arms,

glittering with gold; and holding up a herald's wand, the symbol of peace, invited the chiefs of the enemy to a conference under the walls.

Thyamis and Theagenes advanced before the rest, and presented themselves under the ramparts, in complete armor, their heads only uncovered; and the herald made proclamation: —

"Arsace, wife of the chief viceroy, and sister of the Great King, desires to know who you are — what are your demands — and why you presume to make incursions into the territory of Memphis?" They replied, that their followers were men of Bessa — Thyamis, moreover, explained who he was; how, being unjustly deprived of the priesthood of Memphis by the suspicions of Oroöndates and the arts of his brother Petosiris, he was come to claim it again at the head of these bands — that if they would restore him to his office, he asked no more; and his followers would withdraw in peace, without injuring any one; but if they refused this just demand, he must endeavor to do himself justice by force and arms — that it became Arsace to revenge herself upon Petosiris for his wicked calumnies against her; by which he had infused into the mind of her husband suspicions against her honor; and had driven him, his brother, into exile.

These words made a great impression upon the citizens: they well recollected Thyamis again; and now knowing the cause of his unexpected flight, of which they were ignorant before, they were very much disposed to believe that what he now alleged was truth. But Arsace was more disturbed than any one, and distracted by a tempest of different cares and thoughts. She was inflamed with anger against Petosiris, and calling to mind the past, resolved how she might best revenge herself upon him. She looked sometimes at Thyamis, and then again at Theagenes; and was alternately drawn by her desires towards both. Her old inclination to the former revived; towards the latter a new and stronger flame hurried her away; so that her emotion was very visible to all the bystanders. After some struggle, however, recovering herself, as if from convulsive seizure, she said, "What madness has engaged the inhabitants of Bessa in this expedition? and you, beautiful and graceful youths of noble birth, why should you expose yourselves to manifest destruction for a band of marauders, who, if they were to come to a battle, would not be able to sustain the first shock? for the troops of the Great King are not so

reduced as not to have left a sufficient force in the city to surround and overwhelm all of you, although the viceroy be absent in a foreign war. But since the pretext of this expedition is of a private nature, why should the people at large be sufferers in a quarrel in which they have no concern? Rather let the parties determine their dispute between themselves, and commit their cause to the justice and judgment of the gods. Let, then, the inhabitants both of Memphis and the men of Bessa remain at peace; nor causelessly wage war against each other. Let those who contend for the priesthood engage in single combat, and be the holy dignity the prize of the conqueror."

Arsace was heard by the inhabitants of Memphis with pleasure, and her proposal was received with their unanimous applause. They suspected the wickedness and treachery of Petosiris, and were pleased with the prospect of transferring to his single person the sudden danger which threatened the whole community. But the bands of Bessa did not so readily agree; they were at first very averse to expose their leader to peril in their behalf, until Thyamis at length persuaded them to consent; representing to them the weakness and unskillfulness of Petosiris, whereas he should engage in the combat with every possible advantage on his side. This reflection probably influenced Arsace in proposing the single combat. She hoped to obtain by it her real aim, revenge upon Petosiris, exposing him to fight with one so much his superior in skill and courage.

The preparations for the encounter were now made with all celerity; Thyamis, with the utmost alacrity, hastening to put on what still he wanted to complete his armor. Theagenes, encouraging him, securely buckled on his arms, and placed, lastly, a helmet on his head, flashing with gold, and with a lofty crest. . . .

"Have you any commands for me?" said Theagenes. "The combat I am going to engage in," said Thyamis, "is a mere trifle, fit to be despised; but since Fortune sometimes sports with mortals, and strange accidents happen, I will just say, that if I prove victor, you shall accompany me into the city, live with me, and partake equally with myself, of everything which my fortune and station can afford. But if, contrary to my expectation, I should be vanquished, you shall command the bands of Bessa, with whom you are in great favor, and shall lead for a time the life of a freebooter, till the Deity shall place you in more prosperous circumstances." Having said this, they

embraced each other with great affection; and Theagenes sat down to observe the issue of the fight.

In this situation he unconsciously afforded Arsace an opportunity of feeding herself upon his presence, as she surveyed his person, and gratified at least her eyes. . . .

Arsace at length departed, unwillingly, and often turning back, under pretense of greater respect to the goddess; at last, however, she did depart, casting back her eyes as long as possible upon Theagenes.

As soon as she arrived at her palace, she hurried to her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, in the habit she had on, lay there a long time speechless. She was a woman ever inclined to passion; and was now inflamed above measure by the beauties and grace of Theagenes, which excelled any she had ever beheld. She continued restless and agitated all night, turning from one side to the other, fetching deep and frequent sighs; now rising up, and again falling back on her couch; now tearing off her clothes, and then again throwing herself upon her bed; calling in her maids without cause, and dismissing them without orders. In short, her unrestrained love would certainly have driven her into frenzy, had not an old crone, Cybele by name, her bedchamber woman, well acquainted with her secrets, and who had ministered to her amours, hurried into the chamber.

Nothing had escaped her notice, and she now came to add fuel to the flame; thus addressing her: "What ails you, my dear mistress? What new passion tortures you? Whose countenance has raised such a flame in my nursling's soul? Is there any one foolish or insolent enough to overlook or contemn advances from you? Can any mortal see your charms unmoved, and not esteem your favors as a most supreme felicity? Conceal nothing from me, my sweet child. He must be made of adamant, indeed, whom my arts cannot soften. Only tell me your wishes, and I will answer for the success of them. You have more than once made trial of my skill and fidelity." With these and such like insinuating persuasions, and falling at the feet of Arsace, she entreated her to disclose the cause of her sufferings and agitations. The princess at last, composing herself a little, said: —

"Good nurse! I have received a deeper wound than I have ever yet felt; and though I have frequently, on similar occasions, successfully experienced your abilities, I doubt whether they can avail me now. The war which threatened our walls

yesterday has ended without bloodshed, and has settled into peace; but it has been the cause of raising a more cruel war within my bosom, and of inflicting a deep wound, not on any part of my body, but on my very soul, by offering to my view, in a luckless hour, that foreign youth who ran near Thyamis during the single combat. You must know whom I mean, for his beauty shone so transcendently among them all, as to be conspicuous to the rudest and most insensible to love, much more to one of your matured experience. Wherefore, my dearest nurse, now that you know my wound, employ all your skill to heal it; call up every art, work with every spell and will which years have taught you, if you would have your mistress survive; for it is in vain for me to think of living, if I do not enjoy this young man."

"I believe I know the youth of whom you speak," replied the old woman; "his chest and shoulders were broad; his neck, straight and noble; his stature, raised above his fellows; and he outshone, in short, every one around him, — his eyes sparkling with animation, yet their fire tempered with sweetness; his beautiful locks clustered on his shoulders; and the first down of youth appeared upon his cheek. An outlandish wench, not without beauty, but of uncommon impudence, ran suddenly up to him, embraced him, and hung upon his neck. Is not this the man you mean?"

"It is indeed," replied Arsace; "I well remember the last circumstance you mention; and that strolling hussy, whose homespun made-up charms have nothing more in them than common, but are, alas! much more fortunate than mine, since they have obtained for her such a lover."

The old woman smiled at this, and said: "Be of good cheer, my child; the stranger just now, perhaps, thinks his present mistress handsome; but if I can make him possessor of your beauties he will find himself to have exchanged brass for gold, and will look with disdain upon that conceited and saucy strumpet." "Only do this, my dearest Cybele, and you will cure, at once, two dreadful distempers — love and jealousy; you will free me from one, and satisfy the other." "Be it my care," replied the nurse, "to bring this about; do you, in the meantime, compose yourself; take a little rest; do not despair before the trial, but cherish soothing hope." Having said this, she took up the lamp, and, shutting the door of the chamber, went away. . . .

Arsace was urgent with Cybele to lose no time, but to bring about, as soon as possible, what she had so much at heart; for her passion was now too strong for her endurance. Cybele, accordingly, was to relax none of her endeavors, but was to circumvent Theagenes with all her arts. She did not openly explain the wishes of her mistress, but gave him to guess at them by hints and circumlocutions. She magnified her good will towards him — took every occasion to extol the beauties of her person, as well those which appeared to every beholder as those which her attire kept concealed; she commended her graceful manners and amiable disposition, and assured him that a brave and handsome youth was certain of finding favor with her. All this while she endeavored in what she said to sound his temper, whether it were amorous and easily inflamed.

Theagenes thanked her for her good inclinations towards the Greeks, and professed himself obliged by the peculiar kindness and benevolence with which she had treated him. But all her innuendoes relating to other matters he passed over, and appeared as though he did not understand them. This was a vast annoyance to the old beldam, and her heart began almost to fail her; for she had penetration enough to see that Theagenes understood very well the end she aimed at, but was averse to, and determined to repel, all her overtures. She knew that Arsace could not brook a much longer delay. She had already experienced the violence of her temper, which was now inflamed by the ardor of her present passion. She was daily demanding the fulfillment of her promise, which Cybele put off on various pretenses; sometimes saying, that the youth's inclinations towards her were chilled by his timidity — at others, feigning that some indisposition had attacked him. At length, when nearly a week had ineffectually elapsed, and the princess had admitted Charicleа to more than one interview, when, out of regard to her pretended brother, she had treated her with the greatest kindness and respect, Cybele was at length obliged to speak out more plainly to Theagenes, and make an unvarnished declaration of her mistress's love to him.

She blamed his backwardness, and promised that his compliance should be followed by the most splendid rewards. "Why," said she, "are you so averse to love? Is it not strange that one of your age should overlook the advances of a woman like Arsace — young, and beautiful as yourself — and should not esteem her favors as so much treasure-trove, espe-

cially when you may indulge your inclinations without the smallest apprehension of danger — her husband being at a distance, and her nurse the confidant of her secrets, and entirely devoted to her service, being here, ready to manage and conceal your interviews? There are no obstacles in your way. You have neither a wife nor a betrothed; although in such circumstances, even these relations have been overlooked by many men of sense, who have considered that they should not really hurt their families, but should gain wealth and pleasure to themselves." She began to hint at last that there might be danger in his refusal. "Women," says she, "tender-hearted and ardent in their desires, are enraged at a repulse, and seldom fail to revenge themselves upon those who overlook their advances. Reflect, moreover, that my mistress is a Persian, of the royal family, and has ample means in her hands of rewarding those whom she favors, and punishing those whom she thinks have injured her. You are a stranger, destitute, and with no one to defend you. Spare yourself danger, and spare Arsace a disappointment; she is worthy of some regard from you, who has shown and feels such intensity of passion for you: beware of a loving woman's anger, and dread that revenge which follows neglected love. I have known more than one repent of his coldness. These gray hairs have had longer experience in love affairs than you, yet have I never seen any one so unimpressible and harsh as you are."

Addressing herself then to Chariclea (for, urged by necessity, she ventured to hold this discourse before her), "Do you, my child," says she, "join your exhortations to mine; endeavor to bend this brother of yours, to whom I know not what name to give. If you succeed, you shall find the advantage great to yourself; you will not lose his love and you will gain more honor; riches will shower down upon you, and a splendid match will await you. These are enviable circumstances to any the chiefest of the natives; how much more to foreigners who are in poverty!" Chariclea, with a bitter smile, replied: —

"It were to be wished that the breast of the most excellent lady, Arsace, had felt no such passion; or that, having felt it, she had had fortitude sufficient to bear and to repress it. But if the weakness of her nature has sunk under the force of love, I would counsel my brother no longer to refuse responding to it, if it may be done with any degree of security — if it may be possible to avoid the dangers which I see impending from the

viceroy's wrath, should he become acquainted with the dishonorable affair which is going on."

At these words Cybele sprang forward, and, embracing and kissing Chariclea, "How I love you, my dear child," she exclaimed, "for the compassion you show for the sufferings of one of your own sex, and your solicitude for the safety of your brother. But here you may be perfectly at ease — the very sun shall know nothing of what passes."

"Cease for the present," replied Theagenes, seriously, "and give me time for consideration."

Cybele upon this went out, and — "O Theagenes!" said Chariclea, "the evil genius who persecutes us has given us a specious appearance of good fortune, with which there is really intermixed more of evil; but since things have so turned out, it is a great part of wisdom to draw some good, if possible, from each untoward accident. Whether you are determined to comply with the proposal which has been made to you, it is not for me to say. Perhaps, if our preservation depended upon your compliance, I might reconcile myself to it; but if your spirit revolts at the complaisance which is expected from you, feign at least that you consent, and feed with promises the barbaric woman's passion. By these means you will prevent her from immediately determining anything harshly against us: lead her on by hope, which will soften her mind, and hinder her anger from breaking out; thus we shall gain time, and in the interval some happy accident, or some propitious deity, may deliver us from the perplexities with which we are surrounded. But beware, my dear Theagenes, that by dwelling in thought upon the matter you do not fall into the sin in deed."

Theagenes, smiling, replied, "No misfortunes, I see, no embarrassments, can cure a woman of the innate disease of jealousy; but be comforted, I am incapable of even feigning what you advise. In my mind, it is alike unbecoming to do or to say an unworthy thing; and there will be one advantage in driving Arsace to despair — that she will give us no farther trouble on this subject; and whatever else I am destined to suffer, my bent of mind and my bitter experience have but too well prepared me to bear." Chariclea having said, "I fear you are bringing ruin upon our heads," held her peace.

While this conversation employed the lovers, Cybele went to Arsace, and encouraged her to hope for a favorable issue to her desires, for that Theagenes had intimated as much.

She returned to her own apartments. She said no more that evening; but having in the night earnestly besought Chariclea, who shared her bed, to coöperate with her, in the morning she again attacked Theagenes, and inquired what he had resolved upon; when he uttered a plain downright refusal and absolutely forbade her expecting any complaisance from him of the sort she wished. She returned disappointed and sorrowful to her mistress; who, as soon as she was made acquainted with the stern refusal of Theagenes, ordering the old woman to be ejected headlong out of the palace, entered into her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, began to tear her hair and beat her breast. . . .

When Cybele approached her, she thus began: "What shall I do, nurse? How can I ease the torments which oppress me. My love is as intense as ever; nay, I think it burns more violently; but this youth, so far from being softened by kindness and favors, becomes more stubborn and intractable? Some time ago he could bring himself to soothe me by fallacious promises, but now he seems openly and manifestly averse to my desires; I fear he suspects, as I do, the cause of Achæmenes' absence, and that this has made him more timorous. It is *his* disappearance, indeed, which gives me most uneasiness; I cannot help thinking that he is gone to Oroöndates, and perhaps will wholly or in part succeed in persuading him of the truth of what he says. Could I but see Oroöndates, he would not withstand one tear or caress of mine; a woman's well-known features exert a mighty magic over men. It will be a grievous thing, before I have enjoyed Theagenes, to be informed against, nay, perhaps put to death, should his mind be poisoned before I have the means of seeing and conversing with him; wherefore, my dear Cybele, leave no stone unturned, strain every engine; you see how pressing and critical the business now becomes; and you may well believe, if I myself am driven to despair, I shall not easily spare others. You will be the first to rue the machinations of your son; and how you can be ignorant of them I cannot conceive."

"The event," replied Cybele, "will prove the injustice of your suspicions, both with regard to my son and me; but when you are yourself so supine in the prosecution of your love, why do you lay the fault on others? You are flattering this youth like a slave, when you should command him as a mistress. This indulgent mildness might be proper at first, for fear of

alarming his tender and inexperienced mind; but when kindness is ineffectual, assume a tone of more severity; let punishments, and even stripes, force from him that compliance which favors have failed in doing. It is inborn in youth to despise those who court, to yield to those who curb them; try this method, and you will find him give to force that which he refused to mildness."

"Perhaps you may be right," replied Arsace; "but how can I bear to see that delicate body, which I dote on to distraction, torn with whips, and suffering under tortures?"

"Again you are relapsing into your unreasonable tenderness," said Cybele; "a few turns of the rack will bring about all you desire, and for a little uneasiness which you may feel, you will soon obtain the full accomplishment of your wishes. You may spare your eyes the pain of seeing his sufferings — deliver him to the chief eunuch, Euphrates; order him to correct him, for some fault which you may feign he has committed — our ears are duller, you know, in admitting pity, than are our eyes. On the first symptoms of compliance, you may free him from his restraint."

Arsace suffered herself to be persuaded; for love, rejected and despairing, pities not even its object, and disappointment seeks revenge. She sent for the chief eunuch, and gave him directions for the purpose which had been suggested to her. He received them with a savage joy, rankling with the envy natural to his race, and, from what he saw and suspected, particularly angry with Theagenes. He put him immediately in chains, cast him into a deep dungeon, and punished him with hunger and stripes: keeping all the while a sullen silence; answering none of the miserable youth's inquiries, who pretended (though he well knew the cause) to be ignorant of the reason why he was thus hardly treated. He increased his sufferings every day, far beyond what Arsace knew of or commanded, permitting no one but Cybele to see him; for such, indeed, were his orders.

She visited him every day, under pretence of comforting, of bringing him nourishment; and of pitying him, because of their former acquaintance; in reality, to observe and report what effect his punishment had upon him, and whether it had mollified his stubborn heart; but his spirit was still unconquered, and seemed to acquire fresh force from the duration of his trials. His body, indeed, was torn with tortures, but his soul was exalted by the consciousness of having preserved its purity and

honor. He gloried that while fortune was thus persecuting him, she was conferring a boon upon his nobler part — the soul. Rejoicing in this opportunity of showing his fidelity to Chariclea, and hoping only she would one day become acquainted with his sufferings for her sake, he was perpetually calling upon her name, and styling her his light! his life! his soul!

Cybele (who had urged Euphrates to increase the severity of his treatment, contrary to the intentions of Arsace, whose object was by moderate chastisement to bend but not to kill him) saw it was all to no purpose, and began to perceive the peril in which she stood. She feared punishment from Oroöndates if Achæmenes should incautiously discover too much of the share she had in the business; she feared lest her mistress should lay violent hands upon herself, either stung by the disappointment or dreading the discovery of her amour. She determined, therefore, to make a bold attempt to avoid the danger which awaited her, by bringing about what Arsace desired, or to remove all concerned in and privy to the matter, by involving them in one common destruction.

Going, therefore, to the princess — "We are losing our labor," she said. "This stubborn youth, instead of being softened, grows every day more self-willed; he has Chariclea continually in his mouth, and by calling upon her alone, consoles himself in his misfortunes. Let us then, as a last experiment, cut the cable, as the proverb says, and rid ourselves of this impediment to our wishes. Perhaps when he shall hear that she is no more, he may despair of obtaining her, and surrender himself to your desires."

Arsace eagerly seized upon this idea: her rage and jealousy had but too well prepared her for embracing the cruel expedient. "You advise well," she replied; "I will take care to have this wretch removed out of your way."

"But who will you get to put your design into execution?" said Cybele; "for though your power here is great, the laws forbid you to put any one to death without the sentence of the judges. You must undergo, therefore, some trouble and delay in framing a fictitious charge against this maiden; and there will, besides, be some difficulty in proving it. To save you the pain and hazard of this proceeding, I am ready to dare and suffer anything. I will, if you think fit, do the deed with poison, and by means of a medicated cup remove our adversary."

Arsace approved, and bade her execute her purpose. She lost no time, but went to the unhappy Chariclea, whom she found in tears and revolving how she could escape from life, of which she was now weary, suspecting as she did the sufferings and imprisonment of Theagenes, though Cybele had endeavored to conceal them from her, and had invented various excuses for his unusual absence.

The beldam thus addressed her: "Why will you consume yourself in continual, and now causeless, lamentations? Theagenes is free, and will be with you here this evening. His mistress, angry at some fault which he had committed in her service, ordered him into a slight confinement; but has this day given directions for his release, in honor of a feast which she is preparing to celebrate, and in compliance with my entreaties. Arise, therefore, compose yourself, and refresh your spirits with a slight refection."

"How shall I believe you?" replied the afflicted maiden. "You have deceived me so often that I know not how to credit what you say."

"I swear to you by all the gods," said Cybele, "all your troubles shall have an end this day; all your anxiety shall be removed, only do not first kill yourself by abstaining obstinately, as you do, from food. Taste, then, the repast which I have provided."

Chariclea was with difficulty persuaded, though she very naturally entertained suspicions; the protestations of the old woman, however, and the pleasing hopes suggested, prevailed at length (for what the mind desires it believes), and they sat down to the repast.

Cybele motioned to Abra, the slave who waited upon them, to give the cup, after she had mixed the wine, first to Chariclea; she then took another herself and drank. She had not swallowed all that was presented to her, when she appeared seized with dizziness; and throwing what remained in the cup upon the ground, and casting a fierce look upon the attendant, her body was attacked with violent spasms and convulsions. Chariclea, and all who were in the room, were struck with horror, and attempted to raise and assist her; but the poison, potent enough to destroy a young and vigorous person, wrought more quickly than can be expressed upon her old and wornout body. It seized the vitals; she was consumed by inward fire; her limbs, which were at first convulsed, became at length stiff

and motionless, and a black color spread itself over her skin. But the malice of her soul was more malignant even than the poison, and Cybele, even in death, did not give over her wicked arts; but by signs and broken accents, gave the assistants to understand that she was poisoned by the contrivance of Chariclea. No sooner did she expire than the innocent maiden was bound, and carried before Arsace.

When the princess asked her if she had prepared the fatal draught, and threatened her, if she would not confess the whole truth, that torments should force it from her, her behavior astonished all the beholders. She did not cast down her eyes; she betrayed no fear; she even smiled and treated the affair with scorn, disregarding, in conscious innocence, the incredible accusation, and rejoicing in the imputation of the guilt, if through the agency of others it should bring her to a death which Theagenes had already undergone. "If Theagenes be alive," said she, "I am totally guiltless of this crime; but if he has fallen a victim to your most virtuous practices, it needs no tortures to extract a confession from me: then am I the poisoner of your incomparable nurse; treat me as if I were guilty, and by taking my life, gratify him who loathed your unhallowed wishes."

Arsace was stung into fury by this; she ordered her to be smitten on the face, and then said: "Take this wretch, bound as she is, and show her her precious lover suffering as he has well deserved; then load every limb with fetters and deliver her to Euphrates; bid him confine her in a dungeon till to-morrow, when she will receive from the Persian magistrates the sentence of death."

While they were leading her away, the girl who had poured out the wine at the fatal repast, who was an Ionian by nation, and the same who was sent at first by Arsace to wait upon her Grecian guests (whether out of compassion for Chariclea, whom nobody could attend and not love, or moved by a sudden impulse from heaven), burst into tears, and cried out, "O most unhappy and guiltless maiden!" The bystanders wondering at this exclamation and pressing her to explain its meaning, she confessed that it was she who had given the poison to Cybele, from whom she had received it, in order that it might be administered to Chariclea. She declared that, either overcome by trepidation at the enormity of the action, or confused at the signs made by Cybele, to present the goblet

first to the young stranger, she had, in her hurry, changed the cups, and given that containing the poison to the old woman.

She was immediately taken before Arsace, every one heartily wishing that Chariclea might be found innocent; for beauty and nobleness of demeanor can move compassion even in the minds of barbarians.

The slave repeated before her mistress all she had said before, but it was of no avail towards clearing the innocent maiden, and served only to involve herself in the same punishment; for Arsace, saying she was an accomplice, commanded her to be bound, thrown into prison, and reserved with the other for trial; and she sent directly to the magistrates, who formed the Supreme Council, and to whom it belonged to try criminals and to pronounce their sentence, ordering them to assemble on the morrow.

At the appointed time, when the court was met, Arsace stated the case, and accused Chariclea of the poisoning; lamenting, with many tears, the loss she had sustained in a faithful and affectionate old servant, whom no treasures could replace; calling the judges themselves to witness the ingratitude with which she had been treated, in that, after she had received and entertained the strangers with the greatest kindness and humanity, she had met with such a base return: in short, her tone was throughout bitter and malignant.

Chariclea made no defense, but confessed the crime, admitting that she had administered the poison, and declaring that, had she not been prevented, she would have given another potion to Arsace; whom she attacked in good set terms; provoking, in short, by every means in her power, the sentence of the judges.

This behavior was the consequence of a plan concerted between her and Theagenes the night before, in the prison, where they had agreed that she should voluntarily meet the doom with which she was threatened, and quit a wandering and wretched life, now become intolerable by the implacable pursuits of adverse fortune. After which they took a last melancholy embrace; and she bound about her body the jewels which had been exposed with her, which she always carried about her, concealing them under her garments to serve as attendants upon her obsequies; and she now undauntedly avowed every crime which was laid to her charge, and added others which her accusers had not thought of; so that the

judges, without any hesitation, were very near awarding her the most cruel punishment, usual in such cases among the Persians. At last, however, moved perhaps by her youth, her beauty, and noble air, they condemned her to be burnt alive.

She was dragged directly out of the court, and led by the executioners without the walls, the crier proclaiming that a prisoner was going to suffer for the crime of poisoning; and a vast multitude flocking together, and following her, poured out of the city.

Among the spectators upon the walls Arsace had the cruelty to present herself, that she might satiate her revenge, and obtain a savage consolation for her disappointment, in viewing the sufferings of her to whom she imputed it. The ministers of justice now made ready and lighted an immense pile; and were preparing to place the innocent victim upon it, when she begged a delay of a few moments, promising that she would herself voluntarily ascend it — and now turning towards the rising sun, and lifting up her eyes and hands to heaven, she exclaimed: "O sun! O earth! O celestial and infernal deities who view and punish the actions of the wicked! I call upon you to witness how innocent I am of the crime of which I am accused. Receive me propitiously, who am now preparing to undergo a voluntary death, unable to support any longer the cruel and unrelenting attacks of adverse fortune; — but may your speedy vengeance overtake that worker of evil, the accursed and adulterous Arsace; the disappointment of whose profligate designs upon Theagenes has urged her thus to wreak her fury upon me." This appeal, and these protestations, caused a murmur in the assembly. Some said the matter ought to undergo a further examination; some wished to hinder, others advanced to prevent her mounting the pile: but she put them all aside, and ascended it intrepidly.

She placed herself in the midst of it, and remained for a considerable time unhurt, the flames playing harmlessly around her, rather than approaching her, not injuring her in the least, but receding whithersoever she turned herself; so that their only effect seemed to be to give light and splendor to her charms, as she lay like a bride upon a fiery nuptial couch.

She shifted herself from one side of the pile to another, marveling as much as any one else at what happened, and seeking for destruction, but still without effect; for the fire ever retreated, and seemed to shun her approach. The execu-

tioners on their part were not idle, but threw on more fuel (Arsace by signs inciting them), dry wood, and reeds, and everything that was likely to raise and feed the flame; yet all was to no purpose; and now a murmur growing into a tumult began to run through the assembly: they cried out, "This is a divine interposition!—the maiden is unjustly accused!—she is surely innocent!" and advancing towards the pile, they drove away the ministers of justice, Thyamis, whom the uproar had roused from his retirement, now appearing at their head, and calling on the people for assistance. They were eager to deliver Chariclea, but durst not approach too near. They earnestly desired her, therefore, to come down herself from the pile; for there could be no danger in passing through the flames to one who appeared even to be untouched by them. Chariclea seeing and hearing this, and believing too that some divinity was really interposing to preserve her, deemed that she ought not to appear ungrateful, or reject the mercy, and leapt lightly from the pile; at which sight the whole city raised a sudden shout of wonder, joy, and thanksgiving to the gods.

Arsace, too, beheld this prodigy with astonishment, but with very different sensations. She could not contain her rage. She left the ramparts, hurried through a postern gate, attended by her guards and the Persian nobles, and herself laid violent hands on Chariclea. Casting a furious glance at the people —"Are ye not ashamed," she cried, "to assist in withdrawing from punishment a wretched creature detected in the very fact of poisoning, and confessing it? Do ye not consider, that while showing a blamable compassion to this wicked woman, ye are putting yourselves in opposition to the laws of the Persians—to the judges, the peers, the viceroys, and to the Great King himself? The fact of her not burning has perhaps moved you, and ye attribute it to the interposition of the gods, not considering that this yet more fully proves her guilt. Such is her knowledge of charms and witchcraft, that she is enabled to resist even the force of fire. Come all of you to-morrow to the examination which shall be held in public, and you shall not only hear her confess her crimes herself, but shall find her convicted also by her accomplices whom I have in custody."

She then commanded Chariclea to be led away, still keeping her hold upon her neck, and ordering her guards to disperse the crowd, who were with difficulty prevented from interfering for her rescue.

CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE.

By ACHILLES TATIUS.

[Nothing whatever is known of the author; the work is believed to be slightly posterior to the two romances foregoing.]

Clitopho has eloped with Leucippe; she is carried off by pirates and sold to Sosthenes, bailiff of the rich Ephesian merchant and landowner Thersander, who meantime is reported lost at sea, and his widow Melitta meets, loves, and marries Clitopho; but he refuses to consummate the marriage, first out of mourning for Leucippe, then, finding her alive, claims a release altogether. Next Thersander turns up alive, prosecutes Clitopho for adultery, and has him imprisoned meantime; and his bailiff having shown him the new slave (Leucippe), falls violently in love with her and attempts to gain her.

The sight of Leucippe inflamed his mind; she appeared more charming than ever, and her presence acted as fuel to the fire of love which had been burning in his breast all night. He with difficulty restrained himself from at once folding her in his arms, and sitting down beside her began to talk of various unconnected trifles, as lovers are wont to do when in company of their mistresses. At such times the soul is centered upon the object of its love, reason no longer guides their speech, and the tongue mechanically utters words. In the course of his address, he put his arm round her neck with the view of kissing her, and she aware of his intention hung down her head upon her bosom; he used all his endeavors to raise her face, and she with equal perseverance continued to conceal it the more and more; when this mutual struggle had continued for some time, Thersander, under the influence of amorous obstinacy, slipped his left hand under her chin, and seizing her hair with his right, compelled her to raise her head. When at length he gave over, either from succeeding in his object, or failing, or from being weary of the sport, Leucippe said to him indignantly, "Your conduct is unfitting and ungentlemanly, though fit enough for the slave Sosthenes; the master and his man are worthy of each other; but spare yourself any farther trouble, you will never succeed unless you become a second Clitopho."

Distracted between anger and desire, Thersander was at a loss what to do. These passions are like two fires in the soul;

they differ in nature, but resemble each other in intensity; the former urges to hatred, the latter to love; the sources also of their respective flames are near to one another, anger having its seat in the heart, the liver being the abode of love. When, therefore, a person is attacked by these two passions, his soul becomes the scales in which the intensity of either flame is weighed. Each tries to depress its respective scale, and love, when it obtains its object, is generally successful; but should it be slighted, then it summons its neighbor, anger, to its aid, and both of them combine their flame. When once anger has gained the mastery, and has driven love from its seat, being implacable by nature, instead of assisting it to gain its end, it rules like a tyrant, and will not allow it (however anxious) to become reconciled with its beloved. Pressed down by the weight of anger, love is no longer free, and vainly endeavors to recover its dominion, and so is compelled to hate what once it doted upon. But, again, when the tempest of anger has reached its height, and its fury has frothed away, it becomes weary from satiety, and its efforts cease; then love, armed by desire, revives, comes to the rescue, and attacks anger sleeping on his post; and calling to mind the injuries done to the beloved during its frenzy, it grieves and sues for pardon, and invites to reconciliation, and promises to make amends in future. If after this it meets with full success, then it continues to be all smiles and gentleness; but if again repulsed and scorned, then its old neighbor, anger, is once more called in, who revives his slumbering fires, and regains his former power. Thersander, so long as he was buoyed up with hopes of succeeding in his suit, had been Leucippe's humble servant; but when he found all his expectations dashed to the ground, love gave way to wrath, and he smote her upon the face. "Wretched slave!" he exclaimed, "I have heard your love-sick lamentations, and know all; instead of taking it as a compliment that I should speak to you, and regarding a kiss from your master as an honor, you must, forsooth, coquet and give yourself airs; for my part, I believe you to be a strumpet, for an adulterer is your love! However, since you refuse to accept me as a lover, you shall feel my power as a master."

Leucippe meekly replied, "Use me as harshly as you please; I will submit to everything except the loss of chastity;" and turning to Sosthenes, "you can bear witness to my powers of endurance; for I have received at your hands harder measure

even than this!" Ashamed at having his conduct brought to light, "This wench," said he, "deserves to be flayed with the scourge and to be put upon the rack, in order to teach her better manners towards her master."

"By all means follow his advice!" resumed Leucippe to Thersander, "he gives good counsel; do the worst which your malice can suggest; extend my hands upon the wheel; bare my back to the scourge; burn my body in the fire; smite off my head with the sword; it will be a novel sight to see one weak woman contend against all your tortures, victorious against all! You brand Clitopho as an adulterer, and yet you yourself would commit adultery! Have you no reverence for your tutelary goddess Diana? Would you ravish a virgin in the very city sacred to a virgin? O goddess, why do not thy shafts avenge the insult?"

"You a virgin, forsooth!" replied Thersander, contemptuously; "you who passed whole days and nights among the pirates! Prythee were they eunuchs, or given only to platonic love, or were they blind?"

"Ask Sosthenes," said she, "whether or not I preserved my chastity against his attempts; none of the freebooters behaved to me so brutally as you have done; it is you who deserve the name of pirate, since you feel no shame in perpetrating deeds which they abstained from doing. You little think how your unblushing cruelty will redound hereafter to my praise; you may kill me in your fury, and my encomium will be this: 'Leucippe preserved her chastity despite of buccaneers, despite of Chæreas, despite of Sosthenes, and crown of all (for this would be but trifling commendation), she remained chaste despite even of Thersander, more lascivious than the most lustful pirate; and he who could not despoil her of her honor, robbed her of her life.' Again, therefore, I say, bring into action all your engines and implements of torture, and employ the aid of Sosthenes, your right trusty counselor. I stand before you a feeble woman, naked and alone, having but one weapon of defense, my free spirit, which is proof against sword and fire and scourge. Burn me, if you will; you shall find that there be things over which even the fire is powerless!"

The scornful reproaches of Leucippe stirred up a tumult of conflicting passions in Thersander's mind; he was incensed by her taunts, vexed at his ill success, and perplexed how to secure the accomplishment of his desires. Without saying

another word he rushed out of the house to give vent to the storm and tempest of his soul. Shortly after, having conferred with Sosthenes, he went to the jailer, and endeavored to persuade him to administer a dose of poison to me; this, however, the jailer refused to do, his predecessor having suffered death for taking off a prisoner in this manner. Failing in this, he obtained his consent to introduce a man (who was to pass for a criminal) into my cell, under pretense of wishing to extract some secrets out of me through him. The man had been previously tutored by Thersander, and was casually to introduce Leucippe's name, and to say that she had been murdered by the contrivance of Melitta. Thersander's object in persuading me of her death was to hinder me (in case I obtained a verdict of acquittal) from instituting any further search for her recovery; and Melitta's name was introduced in order that after learning Leucippe's death I might not entertain any thoughts of marrying her, and so by settling at Ephesus interrupt Thersander in the prosecution of his schemes, but on the contrary might be induced to quit the city without delay, from hatred to Melitta for having contrived the death of my beloved.

As soon as this fellow came near me, he began to play his appointed part, and with a knavish groan exclaimed "Alackaday! what a miserable thing is life! There is no keeping out of trouble! It stands a man in no stead to be honest! Some cross accident is sure to overtake him! Would I could have guessed the character of my fellow-traveler, and what work he had been engaged in!" This, and much more of the same sort, he said speaking to himself, craftily endeavoring to attract my attention, and to make me inquire what it was that ailed him. He did not succeed, however, for I was sufficiently taken up with my own troubles, and he went on with his groans and ejaculations. At length — for the unfortunate take pleasure in listening to another's griefs, finding in it a kind of medicine for their sorrows — one of the prisoners asked, "What trick has the jade Fortune been playing you? I suspect that, like myself, she has laid you up in limbo without deserving it." He then proceeded to tell his own story, giving an account of what had brought him into prison; and having finished, requested the other to favor him with the particulars of his own misfortune. He of course readily complied.

"I left the city yesterday," said he, "to go towards Smyrna, and had proceeded about half a mile, when I was joined by a

young man out of the country. He saluted me, and after walking with me for a few minutes, inquired whither I was going. I told him, and he said that luckily his road lay in the same direction, so that we proceeded in company, and entered into conversation. Stopping at an inn, we ordered dinner, and presently four men came in and did the same. Instead of eating, however, they continued watching us, and making signs to one another. I plainly enough saw that we were the objects of their notice, but was wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of their gestures. My companion gradually turned very pale, left off eating, and at last began to tremble all over. Instantly they sprang up, seized, and bound us; one of them also dealt him a violent blow upon the face; upon which, as if he had been already on the rack, and even without a question being asked him he cried out, 'I admit having killed the girl! Melitta, Thersander's wife, hired me to do the deed, and gave me a hundred gold pieces for my trouble; here they are every one —take them for yourselves; and for heaven's sake let me off!"

'Upon hearing these names I started as if stung, and turning to him, "Who is Melitta?" I asked. "She is a lady of the first rank in this city," was his reply. "She took a fancy to a young man, said to be a native of Tyre; he found a favorite wench of his (whom he had given up for lost), among the number of Melitta's slaves, and she, moved by jealousy, had the girl seized by the fellow whom ill luck made my fellow-traveler, and he, in obedience to Melitta's orders, has made away with her. But to return to my own story. I, who had never seen the man before, nor had dealings with him of any kind, was dragged along with him, bound, as an accomplice in his crime; but what is harder than all, they had not gone far, before, for the sake of his hundred pieces, they let him go, but kept me in custody and carried me before the judge."

Upon hearing this chapter of accidents, I neither uttered a sound nor shed a tear, for both voice and tears refused their office, but a general trembling seized me, my heart sunk within me, and I felt as at the point of death. After a time, recovering in some degree from the stupor which his words had caused, "How did the ruffian dispatch her?" I asked, "and what has become of her body?" But having now performed the business for which he was employed, by stimulating my curiosity, he became obstinately silent, and I could extract nothing more from him. In answer to my repeated questions, "Do you

think," said he, at length, "that I had a hand in the murder? The man told me he had killed her; he said nothing of the place and manner of her death." Tears now came to my relief, and I gave full vent to my sorrow. It is with mental wounds as with bodily hurts; when one has been stricken in body some time elapses before the livid bruise, the result of the blow, is seen; and so also any one who has been pierced by the sharp tusk of a boar, looks for the wound, but without immediately discovering it, owing to its being deeply seated; but presently a white line is perceived, the precursor of the blood, which speedily begins to flow; in like manner, no sooner have bitter tidings been announced, than they pierce the soul, but the suddenness of the stroke prevents the wound from being visible at once, and the tooth of sorrow must for some space have gnawed the heart ere a vent is found for tears, which are to the mind what blood is to the body. . . .

While thus plunged in grief, Clinias came to visit me. I related every particular to him, and declared my determination of putting an end to my existence. He did all in his power to console me. "Consider," he said, "how often she has died and come to life again; who knows but what she may do the same on this occasion also? Why be in such haste to kill yourself? You will have abundant leisure when the tidings of her death have been positively confirmed."

"This is mere trifling," I replied; "there is small need of confirmation; my resolve is fixed, and I have decided upon a manner of death which will not permit even the hated Melitta to escape unscathed. Listen to my plan: In case of being summoned into court it was my intention to plead not guilty. I have now changed my determination, and shall plead guilty, confessing the intrigue between Melitta and myself, and saying that we mutually planned Leucippe's death; by this means she will suffer the punishment which is her due, and I shall quit this life which I so much detest." "Talk not thus," replied he; "can you endure to die under the base imputation of being a murderer, and, what is more, the murderer of Leucippe?" "Nothing is base," replied I, "by which we can wreak vengeance upon our enemies." While we were engaged in argument, the fellow who had communicated the tidings of the fictitious murder was removed, upon pretense of being taken before the magistrate to undergo an examination. Clinias and Satyrus exerted themselves, but ineffectually, in order to per-

suade me to alter my resolution; and on the same day they removed into lodgings, so as to be no longer under the roof of Melitta's foster brother. The following day the case came on; Thersander had a great muster of friends and partisans, and had engaged ten advocates; and Melitta had been equally on the alert in preparing for her defense. When the council on either side had finished speaking, I asked leave to address the court, and said, "All those who have been exerting their eloquence, either for Thersander or for Melitta, have been giving utterance to sheer nonsense; I will reveal the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I was once passionately in love with a female of Byzantium named Leucippe; she was carried off by pirates, and I had reason to believe that she was dead. Meeting with Melitta in Egypt, we formed a connection, and after some time we traveled together to this city, and Leucippe, whom I just now mentioned, was found working as a slave on Thersander's estate, under his bailiff, Sosthenes. By what means he obtained possession of a freeborn female, and what were his dealings with the pirates, I leave it to you to guess.

"Melitta, finding that I had recovered my former mistress, became apprehensive of her regaining her influence over my affections, and contrived a plan for putting her to death. I entered into her schemes, — for what avails it to conceal the truth? — having received a promise that she would settle all her property upon me; a man was found, who, for the reward of a hundred gold pieces, undertook the business. When the deed was done, he fled, and is now somewhere in concealment.

"As for myself, Love was not long in taking vengeance upon my cruelty. No sooner did I hear of the murder being perpetrated, than I bitterly repented of what had taken place, and all my former fondness revived. For this reason I have determined to turn evidence against myself, in order that you may send me whither she is gone to whom I am still so deeply attached. Life is intolerable to one who, in addition to being a murderer, loves her of whose death he has been the cause."

Every one in court was utterly astounded at the unexpected tenor of my speech, especially Melitta. The advocates of Thersander already claimed a triumph, while those engaged in Melitta's behalf anxiously questioned her as to the truth of what I had said. She was in great confusion; denied some points, virtually admitted others, confessed to having known Leucippe, and indeed confirmed most of what I had said, with

the exception of the murder. This general agreement, on her part, with the facts advanced by me, created a suspicion against her, even in the minds of her own counsel, and they were at a loss what line of defense to adopt on her behalf. At this critical juncture, while the court was being a scene of great clamor, Clinias came forward and requested to be heard, for "Remember," said he, "a man's life is now in jeopardy." Obtaining permission to speak: —

"Men of Ephesus!" he began (his eyes filling with tears), "do not precipitately condemn to die one who eagerly longs for death, the natural refuge of the unfortunate. He has been calumniating himself, and has taken upon him the guilt of others. Let me briefly acquaint you with what has befallen him. What he has said respecting his mistress, her being carried off by pirates, about Sosthenes, and other circumstances which happened before the pretended murder, are strictly true. The young woman has undoubtedly disappeared; but whether she is still alive, or has been made away with, it is impossible to say; one thing is certain, that Sosthenes conceived a passion for her, that he used her cruelly for not consenting to his desires, and that he was leagued with pirates. My friend, believing her to be murdered, is disgusted with life, and has, therefore, invented this charge against himself; he has already confessed with his own mouth that he is anxious to die owing to grief at the loss which he has sustained. Consider, I pray you, whether it is likely that one who is really a murderer would be so desirous of dying with his victim, and would feel life so insupportable. When do we ever find murderers so tender-hearted, and hatred so compassionate? In the name of the gods, therefore, do not believe his words; do not condemn to death a man who is much more deserving of commiseration than of punishment. If, as he says, he really planned this murder, let him bring forward the hired assassin; let him declare what has become of the body. If neither the one nor the other can be produced, how can any belief be attached to such a murder? 'I was in love with Melitta,' he says, 'and therefore I caused Leucippe to be killed!' How comes he to implicate Melitta, the object of his affection, and to be so desirous of dying for Leucippe, whose death he compassed? Is it usual for persons to hate the object of their love, and to love the object of their hatred? Is it not much more probable that in such circumstances he would have denied the crime (even had it been

brought home to him) in order to save his mistress, instead of throwing away his own life afterwards, owing to a vain regret for her loss? What can possibly, therefore, be his motive for charging Melitta with a crime of which she is not guilty? I will tell you, and in so doing do not suppose that I have any desire of inculpating this lady, — my sole wish is to make you acquainted with the real truth.

"Before this seafaring husband of hers came to life again so suddenly, Melitta took a violent fancy to this young man, and proposed marriage to him; he on his part was not at all disposed to comply with her wishes, and his repugnance became yet greater when he discovered that his mistress, whom he had imagined dead, was in slavery, under the power of Sosthenes. Until aware who she was, Melitta, taking pity upon her, had caused her to be set at liberty, had received her into her own house, and treated her with the consideration due to a gentlewoman in distress; but after becoming acquainted with her story, she was sent back into the country, and she has not been heard of since. The truth of what I say can be attested by Melitta herself and the two maids in whose company she was sent away. This was one thing which excited suspicions in my friend's mind that Leucippe had been foully dealt with through her rival's jealousy; a circumstance which took place after he was in prison confirmed these suspicions, and has had the effect of exasperating him not only against Melitta, but against himself. One of the prisoners, in the course of lamenting his own troubles, mentioned that he had unwittingly fallen into the company of a man who had committed murder for the sake of gold; the victim was named Leucippe, and the crime, he said, had been committed at the instigation of Melitta. Of course I cannot say whether this be true or not; it is for you to institute inquiries. You can produce the prisoner who made mention of the hired assassin; Sosthenes, who can declare from whom he purchased Leucippe, and the maids, who can explain her disappearance. Before you have thoroughly investigated each of these particulars, it is contrary to all law, whether human or divine, to pass sentence upon this unfortunate young man on the bare evidence of his frenzied words, for there can be no doubt that the violence of his grief has affected his intellect."

The arguments of Clinias appeared just and reasonable to many of those present, but Thersander's counsel, together with

his friends, called out that sentence of death ought to be pronounced without delay upon the murderer who, by the providence of the gods, had been made his own accuser. Melitta brought forward her maids, and required Thersander to produce Sosthenes, who might probably turn out to be the murderer. This was the challenge mainly insisted upon by her counsel. Thersander, in great alarm, secretly dispatched one of his dependants into the country, with orders to Sosthenes to get out of the way at once, before the arrival of those who were about to be sent after him.

Mounting a horse without delay, the messenger rode full speed to inform the bailiff of the danger he ran of being put to the torture, if taken. Sosthenes was at that moment with Leucippe, doing his best to soothe her irritated feelings. Hearing himself summoned in a loud voice, he came out of the cottage; and, upon learning the state of matters, overcome with fear, and thinking the officers were already at his heels, he got upon the horse, and rode off towards Smyrna; after which the messenger returned to his master. It is a true saying that fear drives away the power of recollection, for Sosthenes in his alarm for his own safety was so forgetful of everything else that he neglected to secure the door of Leucippe's cottage. Indeed slaves, generally speaking, when frightened, run into the very excess of cowardice. Melitta's advocates having given the above-mentioned challenge, Thersander came forward and said, "We have now surely had quite enough of this man's silly stories; and I cannot but feel surprised at your want of sense, who, after convicting a murderer upon the strongest possible evidence, his own admission of his guilt, do not at once pass sentence of death upon him; whereas, instead of doing this, you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by his plausible words and tears. For my part I believe him actuated by personal fears, and to be an accomplice in the murder; nor can I see what possible need there can be for having recourse to the rack in a matter so clear already. Nay, more, I fully believe him to have had a hand in another murder; for three days have now elapsed since I saw Sosthenes, the man whom they call upon me to bring forward; it is not at all improbable that this is owing to their contrivance, since it was he who informed me of the act of adultery which has taken place, and having put him to death, they now craftily call upon me to produce the man, knowing it to be out of my power to do so. But

even supposing he were alive and present, what difference could it make? What questions would he put to him? 'Did he ever purchase a certain female?' 'Yes.' 'Was this female in the power of Melitta?' 'Yes.' Here would be an end of the examination, and Sosthenes would be dismissed. Let me now, however, address myself to Clitopho and Melitta.

"What have you done, I ask, with my slave?—for a slave of mine she assuredly was, having been purchased by Sosthenes, and were she still alive, instead of having been murdered by them, my slave she would still be." Thersander said this from mingled malice and cunning, in order that if Leucippe should turn out to be still alive, he might detain her in a state of servitude. He then continued: "Clitopho confessed that he killed her, he has therefore pronounced judgment upon himself. Melitta, on the other hand, denies the crime—her maids may be brought forward and tortured in order to refute what she says. If it should appear that they received the young woman from her, but have not brought her back again, the question will arise, What has become of her? Why was she sent away? And to whom was she sent? Is it not self-evident that some persons had been hired to commit the murder, and that the maids were kept in ignorance of this, lest a number of witnesses might render discovery more probable? No doubt they left her at some spot where a gang of ruffians were lying in concealment, so that it was out of their power to witness what took place. He has also trumped up some story about a prisoner who made mention of the murder. I should like to know who this prisoner is, who has not said a word on the subject to the chief magistrate, but has communicated, it seems, every particular to him, except the name of his informer. Again, I ask, will you not make an end of listening to such foolery, and taking any interest in such transparent absurdities? Can you imagine that he would have turned a self-accuser without the intervention of the deity?" Thersander, after speaking to this effect, concluded by solemnly swearing that he was ignorant what had become of Sosthenes.

The presiding judge, who was of royal extraction, and who took cognizance of cases of blood, had, in accordance with the law, a certain number of assessors, men of mature age, whose province it was to assist him in judicial investigations. After conferring with them, he determined to pronounce sentence of death upon me, agreeably to a law which awarded capital pun-

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ishment to any one standing convicted upon his own accusation. Melitta was to have a second trial, and her maids were to be examined by torture; Thersander was to register his oath, declaratory of his ignorance as to Sosthenes. I, as already condemned to death, was to be tortured in order to make me confess whether Melitta was privy to the murder. Already was I bound, stripped, and suspended aloft by ropes, while some were bringing scourges, others the fire and the wheel, and Clinias was lamenting loudly, and calling upon the gods, when lo! the priest of Diana, crowned with laurel, was beheld approaching: the sign of a sacred embassy coming to offer sacrifices to the goddess. In such cases there is suspension of all judicial punishments during the days occupied in the performance of the sacrifice, and in consequence of this I was released. The chief of the sacred embassy was no other than Leucippe's father. Diana had appeared to the Byzantians, and had secured them victory in the war against the Thracians, in consequence of which they felt bound to send her a sacrifice in token of their gratitude. In addition to this, the goddess had appeared to Sostratus himself at night, signifying to him that he would find his daughter and his nephew at Ephesus. Just about this time, Leucippe perceived the door of the cottage to be left open; and as, after a careful examination, Sosthenes was nowhere to be seen, her usual presence of mind and sanguine hopes returned. She remembered how often, contrary to all expectation, she had been preserved, and the thought of this gave her increased boldness. Fortune moreover favored her, since the temple of Diana was near the spot. Accordingly, hurrying thither, she sought refuge within its precincts. The temple afforded sanctuary to men and virgins, — any other woman incurred death by entering it, unless she happened to be a slave who had some cause of complaint against her master; in which case she was permitted to take refuge there, and the matter was submitted to the decision of the magistrates; supposing the master was acquitted, he took back his slave, being bound by oath to bear her no ill will on account of her having run away; but if, on the contrary, the slave was proved to have justice on her side, she remained in the temple, and was employed in the service of the goddess. Leucippe arrived at the temple just at the time when Sostratus was conducting the priest to the scene of the trial, in order to suspend the proceedings, and was very near encountering her father.

When I was set free, the court broke up, and I was surrounded by a concourse of people, some pitying me, some calling upon the gods in my behalf, others questioning me. Sostratus, coming by at the time, no sooner saw than he recognized me; for, as I before mentioned, he had formerly been at Tyre upon the occasion of a festival of Hercules, and had passed a considerable time there before the period of our flight. He at once knew me, and the more readily because his dream had led him to expect that he should find me and his daughter there. Coming up to me, therefore, "Do I see Clitopho?" said he; "and where is Leucippe?" Instantly recognizing him, I cast my eyes to the ground and remained silent, while the bystanders related to him every particular relative to my self-accusation. He no sooner heard what they had to say than, with an ejaculation of bitter grief, and smiting his head, he made a rush at me, and was very near pulling out my eyes, for I remained altogether passive and offered no resistance to his violence. At length Clinias, coming forward, checked his fury, and endeavored to pacify him. "What are you about?" said he; "why are you venting your wrath against him; he loves Leucippe more dearly than you do, for he has courted death from belief that she was no longer in existence;" and he added a great deal more in order to calm his irritation. He, on the other hand, continued to vent his grief, and to call upon Diana. "Is it for this that thou hast summoned me hither, O goddess? Is this the fulfilment of my vision? I gave credence to the dreams which thou didst send, and flattered myself that I should find my daughter! In lieu of which thou offerest me, forsooth, a welcome present, — my daughter's murderer!" Hearing of the vision sent by Diana, Clinias was overjoyed. "Take courage, sir," he said; "the goddess will not belie herself! Rest assured your daughter is alive; believe me, I am prophesying truth; do you not remark how wonderfully she has rescued your nephew from the clutches of his torturers?"

While this was going on, one of the ministers of the goddess came hurriedly to the priest, and announced that a foreign maiden had taken refuge in the temple. This intelligence, given in my hearing, inspired me with new life; my hopes revived, and I summoned courage to look up. "My prediction is being fulfilled, sir," said Clinias, addressing Sostratus; and then turning to the messenger he inquired, "Is the maiden

handsome?" "She is second in beauty only to Diana herself," was the reply.

At these words I leaped for joy, and exclaimed, "It must be Leucippe!" "You are right in your conjecture," said he; "this was the very name she gave; saying likewise that she was the daughter of one Sostratus, and a native of Byzantium." Clinias now clapped his hands and shouted with delight, while Sostratus, overcome by his emotions, was ready to sink upon the ground. For my part, in spite of my fetters, I made a bound into the air, and then shot away towards the temple, like an arrow from a bow. The keepers pursued me, supposing that I was trying to escape, and bawled out to every one, "Stop him! stop him!" At that moment, however, I seemed to have wings upon my heels, and it was with much difficulty that some persons at length caught hold of me in my mad career. The keepers upon coming up were disposed to use violence, to which, however, I was no longer inclined to submit; nevertheless they persisted in dragging me towards the prison. By this time Clinias and Sostratus had arrived at the spot; and the former called out, "Whither are you taking this man?—he is not guilty of the murder for which he has been condemned!" Sostratus spoke to the same effect, and added that he was father to the maiden supposed to have been murdered. The bystanders, learning the circumstances which had taken place, were loud in their praises of Diana, and surrounding me would not permit me to be taken to prison; on the other hand, the keepers declared that they had no authority to set a prisoner at liberty who had been condemned to death. In the end, the priest, at the urgent entreaty of Sostratus, agreed to become bail, and to produce me in court whenever it should be required. Then at length freed from my fetters, I hurried on towards the temple, followed by Sostratus, whose feelings of joy could hardly, I think, equal my own.

Rumor, who outstrips the swiftest of men, had already reached Leucippe, and informed her of all particulars respecting me and Sostratus. Upon catching sight of us she darted out of the temple, and threw her arms around her father, but at the same time her looks were turned on me; the presence of Sostratus restrained me from embracing her, though I gazed intently upon her face; and thus our greetings were confined to eyes.

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

By MENCIUS.

[MANG-TSZE, Latinized MENCIUS, the greatest of the Chinese teachers following Confucius, flourished from about B.C. 380 to 289. Of an old feudal house, deeply learned, and an enthusiastic follower of Confucius, he became the head of an influential school, and determined to raise China from the sink of anarchy, misery, and leveling doctrines into which it had fallen — there were seven warring kingdoms — by becoming the chief adviser of a good king, whom he should find or make. He persevered in the effort for many years, treated well and listened to with respect, but his advice not followed; finally he desisted, and went into retirement. His writings, full of deep moral truths, sagacious advice, and charm of style, have inspired every generation of Chinese since his time.]

KING HWUY of Leang said: "Small as my virtue is, in the government of my kingdom I do indeed exert my mind to the utmost. If the year be bad on the inside of the river, I remove as many of the people as I can to the east of the river, and convey grain to the country in the inside; when the year is bad on the east of the river, I act on the same plan. On examining the government of the neighboring kingdoms, I do not find that there is any prince who employs his mind as I do. And yet the people of the neighboring kingdoms do not decrease, nor do my people increase. How is this?"

Mencius replied, "Your Majesty is fond of war. Let me take an illustration from war. The soldiers move forward to the sound of the drums; and after their weapons have been crossed, on one side they throw away their coats of mail, trail their arms behind them, and run. Some run a hundred paces and stop; some run fifty paces and stop. What would you think if those who run fifty paces were to laugh at those who run a hundred paces?"

The king said, "They may not do so. They only did not run a hundred paces; but they also ran away."

"Since your Majesty knows this," replied Mencius, "you need not hope that your people will become more numerous than those of the neighboring kingdoms.

"If the seasons of husbandry be not interfered with, the grain will be more than can be eaten. If close nets are not allowed to enter the pools and ponds, the fishes and turtles will be more than can be consumed. If the axes and bills enter the hills and forests only at the proper time, the wood will be

more than can be used. When the grain and fish and turtles are more than can be eaten, and there is more wood than can be used, this enables the people to nourish their living and bury their dead, without any feeling against any. This condition, in which the people nourish their living and bury their dead without any feeling against any, is the first step of royal government.

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five mow, and persons of fifty years may be clothed with silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, dogs, and swine, let not their times of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years may eat flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the farm with its hundred mow, and the family of several mouths that is supported by it shall not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to education in schools, inculcating in it especially the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It never has been that the ruler of a state where such results were seen — persons of seventy wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold — did not attain to the imperial dignity.

"Your dogs and swine eat the food of men, and you do not know to make any restrictive arrangements. There are people dying from hunger on the roads, and you do not know to issue the stores of your granaries for them. When people die you say, 'It is not owing to me; it is owing to the year.' In what does this differ from stabbing a man and killing him, and then saying, 'It was not I; it was the weapon?' Let your Majesty cease to lay the blame on the year, and instantly from all the empire the people will come to you."

King Hwuy of Leang said: "There was not in the empire a stronger state than Tsin, as you, venerable Sir, know. But since it descended to me, on the east we have been defeated by Ts'e, and then my eldest son perished; on the west we have lost seven hundred li of territory to Ts'in; and on the south we have sustained disgrace at the hands of Ts'oo. I have brought shame on my departed predecessors, and wish on their account to wipe it away, once for all. What course is to be pursued to accomplish this?"

Mencius replied, "With a territory which is only a hundred li square, it is possible to attain the imperial dignity.

"If your Majesty will indeed dispense a benevolent government to the people, being sparing in the use of punishments and fines, and making the taxes and levies light, so causing that the field shall be plowed deep, and the weeding of them be carefully attended to, and that the strong-bodied, during their days of leisure, shall cultivate their filial piety, fraternal respectfulness, sincerity, and truthfulness, serving thereby, at home, their fathers and elder brothers, and abroad, their elders and superiors, you will then have a people who can be employed, with sticks which they have prepared, to oppose the strong mail and sharp weapons of the troops of Ts'in and Ts'oo.

"The rulers of those states rob their people of their time, so that they cannot plow and weed their fields in order to support their parents. Their parents suffer from cold and hunger. Brothers, wives, and children are separated and scattered abroad.

"Those rulers, as it were, drive their people into pitfalls or drown them. Your Majesty will go to punish them. In such a case, who will oppose your Majesty?

"In accordance with this is the saying, 'The benevolent has no enemy.' I beg your Majesty not to doubt what I say."

Mencius went to see the King Seang of Leang.

On coming out from the interview, he said to some persons: "When I looked at him from a distance, he did not appear like a sovereign; when I drew near to him, I saw nothing venerable about him. Abruptly he asked me, 'How can the empire be settled?' I replied, 'It will be settled by being united under one sway.'

"'Who can so unite it?'

"I replied, 'He who has no pleasure in killing men can so unite it.'

"'Who can give it to him?'

"I replied: 'All the people of the empire will unanimously give it to him. Does your Majesty understand the way of the growing grain? During the seventh and eighth months, when drought prevails, the plants become dry. Then the clouds collect densely in the heavens, they send down torrents of rain, and the grain erects itself, as if by a shoot. When it does so, who can keep it back? Now among the shepherds of men throughout the empire, if there were one who did not find

pleasure in killing men, all the people in the empire would look towards him with outstretched necks. Such being, indeed, the case, the people would flock to him, as water flows downwards with a rush, which no one can repress.'"

The King Seuen of Ts'e asked, saying, "May I be informed by you of the transactions of Hwan of Ts'e and Wăn of Ts'in?"

Mencius replied: "There were none of the disciples of Chunque who spoke about the affairs of Hwan and Wăn, and therefore they have not been transmitted to these after ages, — your servant has not heard them. If you will have me speak, let it be about imperial government."

The king said, "What virtue must there be in order to the attainment of imperial sway?" Mencius answered, "The love and protection of the people; with this there is no power which can prevent a ruler from attaining it."

The king asked again, "Is such an one as I competent to love and protect the people?" Mencius said, "Yes." "From what do you know that I am competent to that?" "I heard the following incident from Hoo Heih: 'The king,' said he, 'was sitting aloft in the hall, when a man appeared, leading an ox past the lower part of it. The king saw him, and asked, Where is the ox going? The man replied, We are going to consecrate a bell with its blood. The king said, Let it go. I cannot bear its frightened appearance, as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death. The man answered, Shall we then omit the consecration of the bell? The king said, How can that be omitted? Change it for a sheep.' I do not know whether this incident really occurred."

The king replied, "It did," and then Mencius said, "The heart seen in this is sufficient to carry you to the imperial sway. The people all supposed that your Majesty grudged the animal, but your servant knows surely that it was your Majesty's not being able to bear the sight, which made you do as you did."

The king said, "You are right. And yet there really was an appearance of what the people condemned. But though Ts'e be a small and narrow state, how should I grudge one ox? Indeed it was because I could not bear its frightened appearance, as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death, that therefore I changed it for a sheep."

Mencius pursued, "Let not your Majesty deem it strange that the people should think you were grudging the animal. When you changed a large one for a small, how should they know the true reason? If you felt pained by its being led without guilt to the place of death, what was there to choose between an ox and a sheep?"

The king laughed and said, "What really was my mind in the matter? I did not grudge the expense of it, and changed it for a sheep! There was reason in the people's saying that I grudged it."

"There is no harm in their saying so," said Mencius. "Your conduct was an artifice of benevolence. You saw the ox, and had not seen the sheep. So is the superior man affected towards animals, that, having seen them alive, he cannot bear to see them die; having heard their dying cries he cannot bear to eat their flesh. Therefore, he keeps away from his cook-room."

The king was pleased, and said, "It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,' 'The minds of others, I am able by reflection to measure;' this is verified, my master, in your discovery of my motive. I indeed did the thing, but when I turned my thoughts inward, and examined into it, I could not discover my own mind, when you, Master, spoke those words, the movements of compassion began to work in my mind. How is it that this heart has in it what is equal to the imperial sway?"

Mencius replied, "Suppose a man were to make this statement to your Majesty: 'My strength is sufficient to lift three thousand catties, but it is not sufficient to lift one feather; my eyesight is sharp enough to examine the point of an autumn hair, but I do not see a wagonload of fagots;' would your Majesty allow what he said?" "No," was the answer, on which Mencius proceeded, "Now here is kindness sufficient to reach to animals, and no benefits are extended from it to the people. How is this? Is an exception to be made here? The truth is, the feather's not being lifted is because the strength is not used; the wagonload of firewood's not being seen is because the vision is not used; and the people's not being loved and protected is because the kindness is not employed. Therefore your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is because you do not do it, not because you are not able to do it."

The king asked, "How may the difference between the not doing a thing and the not being able to do it, be represented?" Mencius replied: "In such a thing as taking the T'ae Mountain under your arm, and leaping over the North Sea with it, if you say to your people, 'I am not able to do it,' that is a real case of not being able. In such a matter as breaking off a branch from a tree at the order of a superior, if you say to people, 'I am not able to do it,' that is a case of not doing it, it is not a case of not being able to do it. Therefore your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is not such a case as that of taking the T'ae Mountain under your arm, and leaping over the North Sea with it. Your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is a case like that of breaking off a branch from a tree.

"Treat with the reverence due to age the elders in your own family, so that the elders in the families of others shall be similarly treated; treat with the kindness due to youth the young in your own family, so that the young in the families of others shall be similarly treated; do this, and the empire may be made to go round in your palm. It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,' 'His example affected his wife. It reached to his brothers, and his family of the state was governed by it.' The language shows how King Wăn simply took this kindly heart, and exercised it towards those parties. Therefore, the carrying out his kindly heart by a prince will suffice for the love and protection of all within the four seas, and if he do not carry it out, he will not be able to protect his wife and children. The way in which the ancients came greatly to surpass other men was no other than this, — simply that they knew how to carry out, so as to affect others, what they themselves did. Now, your kindness is sufficient to reach to animals, and no benefits are extended from it to reach the people. How is this? Is an exception to be made here?

"By weighing, we know what things are light, and what heavy. By measuring we know what things are long, and what short. The relations of all things may be thus determined, and it is of the greatest importance to estimate the motions of the mind. I beg your Majesty to measure it.

"You collect your equipments of war, endanger your soldiers and officers, and excite the resentment of the other princes: do these things cause you pleasure in your mind?"

The king laughed, and did not speak. Mencius resumed:

"Are you led to desire it because you have not enough of rich and sweet food for your mouth? Or because you have not enough of light and warm clothing for your body? Or because you have not enow of beautifully colored objects to delight your eyes? Or because you have not voices and tones enow to please your ears? Or because you have not enow of attendants and favorites to stand before you and receive your orders? Your Majesty's various officers are sufficient to supply you with those things. How can your Majesty be led to entertain such a desire on account of them?" "No," said the king; "my desire is not on account of them." Mencius added, "Then, what your Majesty greatly desires may be known. You wish to enlarge your territories, to have Ts'in and Ts'oo wait at your court, to rule the Middle Kingdom, and to attract to you the barbarous tribes that surround it. But to do what you do to seek for what you desire is like climbing a tree to seek for fish."

The king said, "Is it so bad as that?" "It is even worse," was the reply. "If you climb a tree to seek for fish, although you do not get the fish, you will not suffer any subsequent calamity. But if you do what you do to seek for what you desire, doing it moreover with all your heart, you will assuredly afterwards meet with calamities." The king asked, "May I hear from you the proof of that?" Mencius said, "If the people of Tsow should fight with the people of Ts'oo, which of them does your Majesty think would conquer?" "The people of Ts'oo could conquer." "Yes;—and so it is certain that a small country cannot contend with a great, that few cannot contend with many, that the weak cannot contend with the strong. The territory within the four seas embraces nine divisions, each of a thousand li square. All Ts'e together is but one of them. If with one part you try to subdue the other eight, what is the difference between that and Tsow's contending with Ts'oo? For, with the desire which you have, you must likewise turn back to the radical course for its attainment.

"Now, if your Majesty will institute a government whose action shall all be benevolent, this will cause all the officers in the empire to wish to stand in your Majesty's court, and the farmers all to wish to plow in your Majesty's fields, and the merchants, both traveling and stationary, all to wish to store their goods in your Majesty's market places, and traveling

strangers all to wish to make their tours on your Majesty's roads, and all throughout the empire who feel aggrieved by their rulers to wish to come and complain to your Majesty. And when they are so bent, who will be able to keep them back?"

The king said, "I am stupid, and not able to advance to this. I wish you, my master, to assist my intentions. Teach me clearly; although I am deficient in intelligence and vigor, I will essay and try to carry your instructions into effect."

Mencius replied, "They are only men of education, who, without a certain livelihood, are able to maintain a fixed heart. As to the people, if they have not a certain livelihood, it follows that they will not have a fixed heart. And if they have not a fixed heart, there is nothing which they will not do, in the way of self-abandonment, of moral deflection, of depravity, and of wild license. When they thus have been involved in crime, to follow them up and punish them, — this is to entrap the people. How can such a thing as entrapping the people be done under the rule of a benevolent man?

"Therefore an intelligent ruler will regulate the livelihood of the people, so as to make sure that, above, they shall have sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and, below, sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children; that in good years they shall always be abundantly satisfied, and that in bad years they shall escape the danger of perishing. After this he may urge them, and they will proceed to what is good, for in this case the people will follow after that with ease.

"Now, the livelihood of the people is so regulated that, above, they have not sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and below, they have not sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children. Notwithstanding good years, their lives are continually embittered, and, in bad years, they do not escape perishing. In such circumstances they only try to save themselves from death, and are afraid they will not succeed. What leisure have they to cultivate propriety and righteousness?

"If your Majesty wishes to effect this regulation of the livelihood of the people, why not turn to that which is the essential step to it?

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five mow, and persons of fifty years may be clothed with silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, and swine, let not their times of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years may eat

flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the farm with its hundred mow, and the family of eight mouths that is supported by it shall not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to education in schools, — the inculcation in it especially of the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It never has been that the ruler of a state where such results were seen, — the old wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold, — did not attain to the imperial dignity."

THE CLAY CART.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS.

[SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS: A leading Anglo-Indian lexicographer and Orientalist; born at Bombay, India, November 12, 1819; died 1889. From 1860 on he was professor of Sanskrit in Oxford. He published several Sanskrit dictionaries, a Sanskrit and a Hindustani grammar; "Indian Epic Poetry" (1863), "Indian Wisdom" (1875), "Hinduism" (1877), "Modern India and the Indians" (1878), "Buddhism," etc., 1889.]

[The earliest extant Sanskrit drama: attributed to King Sudraka, who is sometimes said to have reigned in the first or second century B.C.; but the play in fact is probably not much earlier than the fifth century A.D., and by some playwright who judiciously gave the king the honor.]

THE first scene represents a court in front of Caru-datta's house. His friend Maitreya — who, although a Brahman, acts the part of a sort of jovial companion, and displays a disposition of mixed shrewdness and simplicity — laments Caru-datta's fallen fortunes, caused by his too great liberality. Caru-datta replies thus: —

Caru-datta —

Think not, my friend, I mourn departed wealth:
One thing alone torments me, — that my guests
Desert my beggared house, like to the bees
That swarm around the elephant, when dews
Exhale from his broad front; but quickly leave
His dried-up temples when they yield no sweets.

Maitreya — The sons of slaves! These guests you speak of are always ready to make a morning meal off a man's property.

Caru-datta —

It is most true, but I bestow no thought
On my lost property, — as fate decrees
Wealth comes and goes; but this is torture to me, —
That friendships I thought firm hang all relaxed
And loose, when poverty sticks closest to me.
From poverty 'tis but a step to shame —
From shame to loss of manly self-respect;
Then comes disdainful scorn, then dark despair
O'erwhelms the mind with melancholy thoughts,
Then reason goes, and last of all comes ruin.
Oh! poverty is source of every ill.

Maitreya — Ah well, cheer up! Let's have no more of these woe-begone memories. What's lost can't be recovered.

Caru-datta —

Good! I will grieve no more. Go you, my friend,
And offer this oblation, just prepared,
Unto the gods, and mothers of us all.

Maitreya — Not I.

Caru-datta — And why not, pray?

Maitreya — Why, what's the use, when the gods you have worshiped have done nothing for you?

Caru-datta —

Friend, speak not thus, for worship is the duty
Of every family; the gods are honored
By offerings, and gratified by acts
Of penance and restraint in thought and word.
Therefore, delay not to present the oblation.

Maitreya — I don't intend to go; send some one else.

Caru-datta —

Stay quiet then for a little, till I have finished
My religious meditations and prayer.

They are supposed here to retire, and a voice is heard behind the scenes: —

Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop!

The heroine of the play now appears in front of Caru-datta's house, pursued by the king's worthless but wealthy brother-in-law, called Samsthanaka, who is an embodiment of everything vicious and mean, in exact contrast to Caru-datta.

Samsthanaka — Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop! Why do you run away? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to kill you. My poor



heart is on fire with love, like a piece of meat placed on a heap of burning coals.

Vasanta-sena — Noble sir, I am only a weak woman.

Samsthanaka — That is just why I don't intend murdering you.

Vasanta-sena — Why then do you pursue me? Do you seek my jewels?

Samsthanaka — No, I only seek to gain your affections.

At this point the frightened Vasanta-sena discovers that she is close to Caru-datta's house. He is not only loved by her, but greatly respected as a man of honor; and under cover of the evening darkness, now supposed to have supervened, she slips into the courtyard of his house by a side door, and hides herself. A companion who is with the king's brother now counsels him to desist from following her, by remarking: —

> An elephant is bound by a chain,
> A horse is curbed by a bridle and rein;
> But a woman is only held by her heart —
> If you can't hold that, you had better depart.

Samsthanaka, however, forces his way into Caru-datta's house; and there finding Caru-datta's friend and companion Maitreya, thus addresses him: —

Take this message to Caru-datta. — Vasanta-sena loves you, and has taken refuge in your house. If you will deliver her up, you shall be rewarded by my everlasting friendship; if not, I shall remain your enemy till death. Give this message, so that I may hear you from the neighboring terrace; refuse to say exactly what I have told you, and I will crush your head as I would a wood apple beneath a door.

He then leaves the stage.

Maitreya accordingly delivers the message. Soon afterwards the heroine Vasanta-sena ventures into the presence of Caru-datta, asks pardon for intruding into his house, requests him to take charge of a golden casket containing her ornaments as a deposit left in trust, and solicits his friend's escort back to her own house.

Maitreya is too much alarmed to accompany her, so Caru-datta himself escorts Vasanta-sena home.

So far is an epitome of the first act.

At the commencement of the second act a gambler is introduced running away from the keeper of a gaming house, named

Mathura, and another gambler to whom the first gambler has lost money, who are both pursuing him.

First Gambler — The master of the tables and the gamester are at my heels: how can I escape them? Here is an empty temple: I will enter it walking backwards, and pretend to be its idol.

Mathura — Ho there! stop, thief! A gambler has lost ten suvarnas, and is running off without paying. Stop him, stop him!

Second Gambler — He has run as far as this point; but here the track is lost.

Mathura — Ah! I see, — the footsteps are reversed: the rogue has walked backwards into this temple which has no image in it.

They enter and make signs to each other on discovering the object of their search, who pretends to be an idol fixed on a pedestal.

Second Gambler — Is this a wooden image, I wonder?

Mathura — No, no, it must be made of stone, I think. [*So saying, they shake and pinch him.*] Never mind, sit we down here, and play out our game. [*They commence playing.*]

First Gambler [*still acting the image, but looking on and with difficulty restraining his wish to join in the game. Aside*] — The rattling of dice is as tantalizing to a penniless man as the sound of drums to a dethroned monarch; verily it is sweet as the note of a nightingale.

Second Gambler — The throw is mine, the throw is mine!

Mathura — No, it is mine, I say.

First Gambler [*forgetting himself and jumping off his pedestal*] — No, I tell you it is mine.

Second Gambler — We've caught him!

Mathura — Yes, rascal, you're caught at last: hand over the suvarnas.

First Gambler — Worthy sir, I'll pay them in good time.

Mathura — Hand them over this very minute, I say. [*They beat him.*]

First Gambler [*aside to Second Gambler*] — I'll pay you half if you will forgive me the rest.

Second Gambler — Agreed.

First Gambler [*aside to Mathura*] — I'll give you security for half if you will let me off the other half.

Mathura — Agreed.

First Gambler — Then good morning to you, sirs; I'm off.

Mathura — Hullo! stop there, where are you going so fast? Hand over the money.

First Gambler — See here, my good sirs, one has taken security for half, and the other has let me off another half. Isn't it clear I have nothing to pay?

Mathura — No, no, my fine fellow: my name is Mathura, and I'm not such a fool as you take me for. Don't suppose I'm going to be cheated out of my ten suvarnas in this way. Hand them over, you scoundrel.

Upon that they set to work beating the unfortunate gambler, whose cries for help bring to his rescue another gamester who happens to be passing. A general scuffle now takes place, and in the midst of the confusion the first gambler escapes. In his flight he comes to the house of Vasanta-sena, and finding the door open, rushes in. Vasanta-sena inquires who he is and what he wants. He then recites his story, and makes known to her that having been once in the service of Caru-datta, and having been discharged by him on account of his reduced circumstances, he has been driven to seek a livelihood by gambling. The mention of Caru-datta at once secures Vasanta-sena's aid; and the pursuers having now tracked their fugitive to the door of her house, she sends them out a jeweled bracelet, which satisfies their demands, and they retire. The gambler expresses the deepest gratitude, hopes in return to be of use to Vasanta-sena at some future time, and announces his intention of abandoning his disreputable mode of life and becoming a Buddhist mendicant.

The third act opens with a scene inside Caru-datta's house. The time is supposed to be night. Caru-datta and Maitreya are absent at a concert. A servant is preparing their sleeping couches, and commences talking to himself thus: —

A good master who is kind to his servants, even though he be poor, is their delight; while a harsh fellow, who is always finding fault and has nothing but his money to be proud of, is a perpetual torment from morning to night. Well, well! one can't alter nature; an ox can't be kept out of a field of corn, and a man once addicted to gambling can't be induced to leave off. My good master has gone to a concert. I must await his return; so I may as well take a nap in the hall.

Meanwhile Caru-datta and Maitreya come back, and the servant delivers Vasanta-sena's golden casket, saying that it is his turn to take charge of it by night. They now lie down.

Maitreya — Are you sleepy?
Caru-datta —

Yes:
I feel inconstant sleep, with shadowy form
Viewless and wayward, creep across my brow
And weigh my eyelids down; her soft approach
Is like Decay's advance, which stronger grows
Till it has mastered all our faculties,
And life is lost in blank unconsciousness.

The whole household is soon buried in slumber, when a thief named Sarvilaka is seen to approach. His soliloquy, while he proceeds to accomplish his design of breaking into the house, is curious, as showing that an Indian burglar's mode of operation in ancient times differed very little from that now in fashion. Moreover, it appears that the whole practice of housebreaking was carried on by professional artists according to certain fixed rules and principles, which a master of the science, named Yogacarya, had embodied in a kind of "Thieves' Manual" for the better training of his disciples. It is evident, too, that the fraternity of thieves, burglars, and rogues had a special presiding Deity and Patron in India, much in the same way as in ancient Greece and Rome.

It may be noted also, as still more curious, that the particular burglar here introduced is represented as a Brahman, that he is made to speak the learned language, Sanskrit, and to display acquaintance with Sanskrit literature; while all the subordinate characters in Indian dramas, including women of rank, are represented as speaking one or other of the provincial dialects called Prakrit. Here is part of the burglar's soliloquy: —

I advance creeping stealthily along the ground, like a snake wiggling out of its worn-out skin, making a path for my operations by the sheer force of my scientific craft, and artfully constructing an opening just big enough to admit my body with ease.

This friendly night which covers all the stars
With a thick coat of darkness, acts the part
Of a kind mother, shrouding me, her son,
Whose valor is displayed in night assaults
Upon my neighbors, and whose only dread
Is to be pounced upon by royal watchmen.

Good! I have made a hole in the garden wall, and am now in the midst of the premises. Now for an attack on the four walls of the house itself.

Men call this occupation mean, which thrives
By triumphing o'er sleeping enemies.
This, they say, is not chivalry but burglary:
But better far reproach with independence,
Than cringing service without liberty;
And did not Aswatthaman long ago
O'erpower in night attack his slumbering foe?

Then follows a little of the burglar's plain prose: —

Where shall I make my breach? Ah! here's a rat hole — this is the very thing we disciples of the god Skanda hail as the best guide to our operations, and the best omen of success. Here then I must begin my excavation, that is clear; but how shall I proceed? The golden-speared god has taught four methods of making a breach: namely, — pulling out baked bricks, cutting through unbaked ones; soaking a mud wall with water, and boring through one made of wood. This wall is evidently of baked bricks, so they must be pulled out. Now for the shape of the hole. It must be carved according to some orthodox pattern: shall it be like a lotus blossom, the sun, a crescent, a lake, a triangle, or a jar? I must do it cleverly, so that to-morrow morning people may look at my handiwork with wonder, and say to each other, "None but a skilled artist could have done this!" The jar shape looks best in a wall of baked bricks. Be it so: now, then, to work! Reverence to the golden-speared god Karttikeya, the giver of all boons! Reverence to Yogacarya, whose chief disciple I am, and who was so pleased with his pupil that he gave me a magical pigment, which, when spread over my body, prevents any police officer from catching sight of me and any weapons from harming my limbs. Ah! what a pity! I have forgotten my measuring line. Never mind, I can use my Brahmanical cord, — a most serviceable implement to all Brahmans, especially to men of my profession. It serves to measure a wall, or to throw round ornaments which have to be drawn from their places, or to lift the latch of a door, or to bind up one's finger when bitten by insects or snakes. And now, to commence measuring. Good! the hole is exactly the right size; only one brick remains! Ah! botheration! I am bitten by a snake: I must bind up my finger and apply the antidote that's the only cure. Now I am all right again. Let me first peep in. What! A light gleams somewhere! Never mind! the breach being perfect, I must creep in. Reverence to Karttikeya! How now! two men asleep! Are they really asleep, or only shamming? If they are shamming, they won't bear the glimmer of this lamp when passed over their faces; — they are fast asleep, I believe, — their breathing is regular, their eyes are firmly closed, their joints are all relaxed, and their limbs

protrude beyond the bed. What have we here? Here are tabors, a lute, flutes, and books; why, I must have broken into the house of a dancing master; I took it for the mansion of a man of rank. I had better be off.

Maitreya here calls out in his sleep: —

Master, I am afraid some thief is breaking into the house; take you charge of the golden casket.

Sarvilaka — What! does he see me? Shall I have to kill him? No, no, it's all right, — he's only dreaming and talking in his sleep. But sure enough, he has hold of a casket of jewels wrapped up in an old bathing dress. Very good! I will relieve him of his burden; — but no, it's a shame to take the only thing the poor creature seems to possess; so I'll be off without more ado.

Maitreya — My good friend, if you won't take the casket, may you incur the curse of disappointing the wishes of a cow and of a Brahman.

Sarvilaka — The wishes of a cow and a Brahman! These are much too sacred to be opposed; so take the casket I must.

Accordingly he helps himself to the casket, and proceeds to make good his escape.

The noise he makes in going out rouses its inmates, and they discover that the house has been robbed. Caru-datta is greatly shocked at the loss of Vasanta-sena's casket, which had been deposited with him in trust. He has only one valuable thing left, — a necklace or string of jewels, forming part of the private property of his wife. This he sends by Maitreya to Vasanta-sena as a substitute for the casket.

The fourth act commences with a scene in Vasanta-sena's house. The burglar Sarvilaka is seen to approach, but this time with no burglarious designs. It appears that he is in love with Vasanta-sena's slave girl, and hopes to purchase her freedom by offering as a ransom the stolen casket of jewels, being of course ignorant that he is offering it to its owner.

As he advances towards the house, he thus soliloquizes: —

I have brought blame and censure on the night,
I've triumphed over slumber, and defied
The vigilance of royal watchmen; now
I imitate the moon, who, when the night
Is closing, quickly pales beneath the rays
Of the ascending sun, and hides himself.
I tremble, or I run, or stand aside,

Or seek deliverance by a hundred shifts,
If haply from behind some hurried step
Appears to track me, or a passer-by
Casts but a glance upon me; every one
Is viewed by me suspiciously, for thus
A guilty conscience makes a man a coward,
Affrighting him with his unrighteous deeds.

On reaching the house, he sees the object of his affections, the female slave of Vasanta-sena. He presents her with the casket, and begs her to take it to her mistress, and request in return freedom from further service. The servant girl, on seeing the casket, recognizes the ornaments as belonging to her mistress. She then reproaches her lover, who is forced to confess how they came into his possession, and to explain that they were stolen entirely out of love for her. The altercation which ensues leads him to make some very disparaging remarks on the female sex generally. Here is a specimen of his asperities, which are somewhat softened down in the translation: —

A woman will for money smile or weep
According to your will; she makes a man
Put trust in her, but trusts him not herself.
Women are as inconstant as the waves
Of ocean, their affection is as fugitive
As streak of sunset glow upon a cloud.
They cling with eager fondness to the man
Who yields them wealth, which they squeeze out like sap
Out of a juicy plant, and then they leave him.
Therefore are men thought foolish who confide
In women and in fortune, for their windings
Are like the coils of serpent nymphs, insidious.
Well is it said, you cannot alter nature;
The lotus grows not on the mountain top,
Asses refuse to bear a horse's burden,
He who sows barley reaps not fields of rice:
Do what you will, a woman will be a woman.

After other still more caustic aspersions, the thief Sarvilaka and his lover make up their differences, and it is agreed between them that the only way out of the difficulty is for him to take the casket to Vasanta-sena, as if he were a messenger from Caru-datta, sent to restore her property. This he does: and Vasanta-sena, who, unknown to the lovers, has overheard

their conversation, astonishes Sarvilaka by setting her slave girl free and permitting her to become his wife, thus affording a practical refutation of his charge against women of selfishness and want of generosity.

Soon after the departure of the lovers, an attendant announces the arrival of a Brahman from Caru-datta. This turns out to be Maitreya, who is honored by an introduction into the private garden attached to the inner apartments of Vasanta-sena's house. His passage through the courts of the mansion, no less than seven in number, is made an occasion for describing the interior of the splendid residence which a Hindu lady of wealth and fashion might be supposed, allowing for a little play of the imagination, to occupy.

The description affords a striking picture of Indian life and manners, which to this day are not greatly changed. The account of the courtyards will remind those who have seen Pompeii of some of the houses there, and will illustrate the now universally received opinion of the common origin of Hindus, Greeks, and Romans. Of course the object of Maitreya's visit to Vasanta-sena is to confess the loss of the casket, and to request her acceptance of the string of jewels from Caru-datta as a compensation. The good man in his simplicity expects that she will politely decline the costly present tendered by Caru-datta as a substitute for her far less valuable casket of ornaments; but to his surprise and disgust she eagerly accepts the proffered compensation, and dismisses him with a few complimentary words, — intending however, as it afterwards appears, to make the acceptance of Caru-datta's compensation an excuse for going in person to his house, that she may see him once again and restore to him with her own hand both the necklace and casket.

The fifth act opens with a scene in Caru-datta's garden. A heavy thunderstorm is supposed to be gathering, when Maitreya enters, salutes Caru-datta, and informs him of the particulars of his interview with Vasanta-sena. The rain now begins to descend in torrents, when a servant arrives to announce that Vasanta-sena is waiting outside. On hearing this, Maitreya says: —

What can she have come for? Oh! I know what she wants. She considers the casket worth more than the necklace of jewels, and so she wants to get the balance out of you.

Caru-datta — Then she shall go away satisfied.

Meanwhile some delay occurs in admitting Vasanta-sena, which is made an occasion for introducing a dialogue between her and her attendant, in the course of which they are made to describe very poetically the grandeur of the approaching storm: the sudden accumulation of dense masses of threatening clouds, the increasing gloom followed by portentous darkness, the terrific rolling of thunder, the blaze of blinding lightning, the sudden outburst of rain, as if the very clouds themselves were falling, and the effect of all this upon the animals, — some of which, such as the peacocks and storks, welcome the strife of elements with their shrillest cries. In her descriptions of the scene, Vasanta-sena speaks Sanskrit, which is quite an unusual circumstance, and an evidence of her superior education (no good sign, however, according to Eastern ideas), — the female characters in Indian dramas being supposed to be incapable of speaking anything but the ordinary provincial Prakrit. Vasanta-sena is ultimately admitted to the presence of Caru-datta, and before returning the necklace practices a little playful deception upon him as a set-off against that tried upon herself. She pretends that the string of pearls sent to her by Caru-datta has been accidentally lost by her; she therefore produces a casket which she begs him to accept in its place. This, of course, turns out to be the identical casket which the thief had carried off from Caru-datta's house. In the end the whole matter is explained, and both casket and necklace are given over to Caru-datta; and the storm, having now increased in violence, Vasanta-sena, to her great delight, is obliged to accept the shelter of his roof and is conducted to his private apartments. This brings five acts of the drama to a close.

At the commencement of the sixth act, Vasanta-sena is supposed to be at Caru-datta's house, waiting for a covered carriage which is to convey her away. While the vehicle is preparing, Caru-datta's child, a little boy, comes into the room with a toy cart made of clay. He appears to be crying, and an attendant explains that his tears are caused by certain childish troubles connected with his clay cart, which has ceased to please him since his happening to see one made of gold belonging to a neighbor's child. Upon this Vasanta-sena takes off her jeweled ornaments, places them in the clay cart, and tells the child to purchase a golden cart with the value of the jewels, as a present from herself. While this is going on, the carriage which is to convey her away is brought up to the door, but is

driven off again to fetch some cushions accidentally forgotten by the driver. Meanwhile an empty carriage belonging to Samsthanaka, — the worthless brother-in-law of the king, — which is on its way to meet him at an appointed place in a certain garden called Pushpa-karandaka, happens to stop for a moment, impeded by some obstruction in the road close to the door of Caru-datta's house. Vasanta-sena, having been told that Caru-datta's carriage is ready and waiting for her, goes suddenly out and jumps by mistake into the carriage of the man who is most hateful to her, and the very man who is represented as persecuting her by his attentions in the first act. The driver of the empty vehicle, quite unaware of the passenger he has suddenly received, and finding the road now clear before him, drives on to meet his master. Soon afterwards the empty carriage of Caru-datta is brought to the door, and in connection with this incident an important part of the underplot of the drama is then introduced.

The seventh act continues this underplot, which, although ingeniously interwoven with the main action of the drama, is not sufficiently interesting to be worth following out in this epitome.

The eighth act commences with a scene in the Pushpa-karandaka garden. Our old friend, the gambler of the second act, who has abjured his evil ways, and is now converted into a Sramana, or Buddhist mendicant, appears with a wet garment in his hand. He begins his soliloquy with some verses, of which the following is a slightly amplified translation: —

Hear me, ye foolish, I implore —
Make sanctity your only store;
Be satisfied with meager fare;
Of greed and gluttony beware;
Shun slumber, practice lucubration,
Sound the deep gong of meditation,
Restrain your appetite with zeal,
Let not these thieves your merit steal;
Be ever storing it anew,
And keep eternity in view.
Live ever thus, like me, austerely,
And be the home of Virtue merely.
Kill your five senses, murder then
Women and all immoral men:
Whoever has slain these evils seven

Has saved himself, and goes to heaven.
Nor think by shaven face and head
To prove your appetites are dead:
Who shears his head and not his heart
Is an ascetic but in part;
But he whose heart is closely lopped
Has also head and visage cropped.

He then proceeds with his soliloquy thus: —

My tattered garment is now properly dyed of a reddish-yellow color. I will just slip into this garden belonging to the king's brother-in-law, wash my clothes in the lake, and then make off as fast as I can.

A Voice behind — Hollo there! you wretch of a mendicant, stop, stop.

Mendicant — Woe's me! Here is the king's brother himself coming. A poor mendicant once offended him, so now whenever he sees another like me, he slits his nose and drags him away like an ox. Where shall I take refuge? None but the venerated Buddha can be my protector.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother-in-law, now enters the garden, and laying hold of the luckless mendicant, commences beating him. A companion of Samsthanaka, however, here interposes, and begs that the mendicant be released.

Samsthanaka then says: —

I will let him go on one condition, namely, that he removes all the mud from this pool without disturbing the water, or else collects all the clear water in a heap and then throws the mud away.

After some wrangling, and a good deal of nonsense of this sort, spoken by the king's brother, the mendicant is allowed to make off. Nevertheless, he still hangs about the precincts of the garden. In the mean time the carriage containing Vasantasena approaches.

Samsthanaka [*to his companion*] — What o'clock is it? That driver of mine, Sthavaraka, was ordered to be here sharp with the carriage, and has not yet arrived. I am dying with hunger; it is midday, and one cannot stir a step on foot; the sun is in mid sky, and can no more be looked at than an angry ape; the ground is as parched as the face of Gandhari when her hundred sons were slain; the birds seek shelter in the branches; men panting with heat hide themselves from the sun's rays as well as they can in the recesses of their houses. Shall I give you a song to while away the time? My

voice is in first-rate condition, for I keep it so with asafetida, cumin seed, cyperus, orris root, treacle, and ginger. [*Sings.*]

The driver Sthavaraka now enters with the carriage containing Vasanta-sena.

Samsthanaka — Oh! here is the carriage at last.

On seeing it, he is about to jump into the vehicle, but starts back in alarm, declaring that either a thief or a witch is inside. In the end he recognizes Vasanta-sena, and in his delight at having secured the object of his affection, kneels at her feet in the attitude of a lover. She is at first terrified at the mistake she has made; then in her anger and scorn, spurns him with her foot. This disdainful treatment so enrages the king's brother-in-law that he resolves to kill her on the spot. He tries first to induce his companion to put her to death, but he will not listen to so scandalous a proposal. Stopping his ears, he says: —

> What! kill a woman, innocent and young,
> Our city's ornament! Were I to perpetrate
> A deed so foul, who could transport my soul
> Across the stream that bounds the other world?

Samsthanaka — Never fear. I'll make you a raft to carry you across.

To this his companion replies, quoting with a little alteration from Manu: —

> The heavens and all the quarters of the sky,
> The moon, the light-creating sun, the winds,
> This earth, the spirits of the dead, the god
> Of Justice, and the inner soul itself,
> Witness man's actions, be they good or bad.

Samsthanaka — Conceal her under a cloth, then, and kill her under cover.

His associate remaining firm in his indignant refusal to have any hand in the crime, Samsthanaka next tries, first by bribes and then by threats, to force the driver Sthavaraka to do the deed for him.

Samsthanaka — Sthavaraka, my good fellow, I will give you golden bracelets; I will place you on a golden seat; you shall eat all the dainties from my table; you shall be chief of all my servants, — only do as I bid you.

Sthavaraka — What are your commands?

Samsthanaka — Kill Vasanta-sena.

Sthavaraka — Nay, sir; forgive her, sir: her coming hither was my fault; I brought her here in the carriage by mistake.

Samsthanaka — Do as I command you. Am I not your master?

Sthavaraka — You are master of my body, but not of my morality. Pardon me, sir, I dare not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka — Why? What are you afraid of?

Sthavaraka — Of futurity.

Samsthanaka — Futurity? Who is he?

Sthavaraka — The certain issue of our good and evil deeds.

Samsthanaka — Then you won't murder her? [*Begins beating him.*]

Sthavaraka — Beat me or kill me, I will not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka's companion now interferes and says: —

> Sthavaraka says well: he, now a slave,
> Is poor and lowly in condition, but
> Hopes for reward hereafter; not so those
> Who prosper in their wicked actions here, —
> Destruction waits them in another sphere.
> Unequal fortune makes you here the lord
> And him the slave, but there 't may be inverted,
> He to a lord and you to slave converted.

Samsthanaka — What a pair of cowards! One of them is afraid of Injustice and the other of Futurity. Well, I'm a king's brother-in-law, and fear no one. Be off out of my way, you son of a slave.

The slave Sthavaraka then retreats. The king's brother, by pretending that the proposal to kill Vasanta-sena was only a joke, and by putting on a show of great affection for her, rids himself next of his companion, who would otherwise have defended her. He then strangles Vasanta-sena. Soon afterwards his companion and the driver of the carriage, unable to repress their fears for her safety, return and find her apparently dead. The king's brother-in-law horrifies them by confessing that he has murdered her. After much angry altercation they leave him. He then covers up the body with some leaves, and resolves to go before a judge and accuse Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena for the sake of her costly ornaments. Meanwhile the Buddhist mendicant, having washed his garments, returns into the garden and finds the body under a heap of leaves. He sprinkles water on the face, and Vasanta-sena

revives. He is delighted to have the power of making some return to his benefactress, who formerly delivered him from the rapacity of the gaming-house keeper. He therefore does all he can to restore animation, and having at last succeeded, places her in a neighboring convent to recover.

The ninth act opens with a scene in a court of justice. The judge before taking his seat soliloquizes thus : —

> How difficult our task! to search the heart,
> To sift false charges, and elicit truth!
> A judge must be well read in books of law,
> Well skilled in tracking crime, able to speak
> With eloquence, not easily made angry,
> Holding the scales impartially between
> Friends, kindred, and opponents; a protector
> Of weak and feeble men, a punisher
> Of knaves; not covetous, having a heart
> Intent on truth and justice; not pronouncing
> Judgment in any case until the facts
> Are duly weighed, then shielding the condemned
> From the king's wrath, and loving clemency.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother, now enters in a sumptuous dress and makes his accusation against Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena. It is proved that Vasanta-sena was last seen at Caru-datta's house. It is also discovered that some portions of her hair and the marks of her feet remain in the Pushpa-karandaka garden, which leads to the conclusion that her body may have been carried off by beasts of prey. Caru-datta is therefore summoned, and as he enters the court says to himself : —

> The courthouse looks imposing; it is like
> A sea whose waters are the advocates
> Deep in sagacious thought, whose waves are messengers
> In constant movement hurrying to and fro,
> Whose fish and screaming birds are vile informers,
> Whose serpents are attorneys' clerks, whose banks
> Are worn by constant course of legal action.

The king's brother now repeats his accusation; but the judge is not inclined to believe in the guilt of Caru-datta, who indeed makes his innocence clear to the whole court. Unhappily, however, just at this moment his friend Maitreya, who by

Caru-datta's request is seeking for Vasanta-sena, that he may restore to her the jewels she had placed in his little son's clay cart, hears on his road of the accusation brought against his friend, hurries into the court of justice, and is so enraged with the king's brother for accusing his friend that he strikes him, and in the struggle which ensues lets fall Vasanta-sena's jewels. It is admitted that these ornaments are being brought from Caru-datta's house, and this is thought to be conclusive evidence of his guilt. As a Brahman he cannot legally be put to death; but the king is a tyrant, and although the judge recommends banishment as the proper punishment under the circumstances, the king pronounces his sentence thus: —

Let Vasanta-sena's ornaments be hung round Caru-datta's neck; let him be led by the beat of drums to the southern cemetery, bearing his own stake, and there let him be put to death [crucified].

The tenth act introduces the road leading to the place of execution. Caru-datta enters bearing the stake, and attended by two Candalas or low outcasts, who are sent to act as executioners.

One of the executioners calls out: —

Out of the way! out of the way! Make room for Caru-datta. Crowned with a garland of oleander flowers, and attended by executioners, he approaches his end like a lamp which has little oil left. Now then, halt! beat the drum! Hark ye, good people all! stop and listen to the proclamation of the sentence: "This is Caru-datta, son of Sagara-datta, who strangled Vasanta-sena in the Pushpa-karandaka garden for the sake of her ornaments, and was caught with the stolen property in his possession; we have orders to put him to death, that others may be deterred from committing a crime which both worlds forbid to be perpetrated."

Caru-data —

Alas! alas!
Even my friends and intimate compeers
Pass coldly by, their faces turned aside
Or hidden in their vestments; thus it is
That in prosperity our enemies
Appear like friends, but in adversity
Those we thought friends behave like very foes.

The proclamation is repeated at intervals on the road to the place of execution, and some delay is thus occasioned. Mean-

while an affecting scene takes place. Caru-datta's little son is brought by Maitreya to bid his father farewell, and the executioner permits him to approach. The boy can only say, "Father! Father!" [and after being embraced by Caru-datta, turns to the executioner, berates him, and asks to be killed instead of his father. The executioner says, "Rather for such a speech live long, my boy." Caru-datta bursts into tears and embraces him again, exclaiming over the wealth of having such a child.]

The child is of course removed, but another delay is caused by Sthavaraka, who drove Vasanta-sena to the garden, and who, as cognizant of the real facts, had been shut up by his guilty master, the king's brother-in-law. Sthavaraka, on hearing the noise of the procession on its way to the place of execution, contrives to escape from his prison, and, rushing towards the executioners, proclaims Caru-datta's innocence and his master's guilt. Unhappily, however, just at this juncture his master appears on the scene, and declares that his servant Sthavaraka, having been imprisoned for thieving, is unworthy of credit, and has made up this accusation out of spite and desire for revenge. Notwithstanding, therefore, the servant's repeated asseverations, his statements are disbelieved, and his efforts to save Caru-datta prove ineffectual. The procession and crowd now move on to the cemetery, and Caru-datta's condition seems altogether hopeless, when just as he is led to the stake, and the executioners are about to perform their office, the Buddhist mendicant is seen forcing his way through the crowd, leading a woman, who cries out, "Hold! hold! I am the miserable creature for whose sake you are putting him to death." This, to the astonishment of every one, proves to be Vasanta-sena herself, resuscitated and restored to health, through the instrumentality of the mendicant. The executioners immediately release Caru-datta; and as the king's brother-in-law, in utter confusion and terror, is observed to be making off, they attempt to seize him. He appears likely to be torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd; but here Caru-datta gives a crowning evidence of the generosity of his character, by protecting the villain who had come to feast his eyes on the dying agonies of his victim. He is actually, at Caru-datta's intercession, permitted to make his escape. The play ends in the elevation of Caru-datta to rank and honor, in the happiness of both hero and heroine, and in the promotion of the mendicant to the headship of all the Viharas or Buddhist monasteries.

THE LOST RING.

By KALIDASA.

(Translated by Sir William Jones.)

[KALIDASA, the greatest poet and playwright of India, is of uncertain date. He has been placed before Christ and at A.D. 150, but probably belongs in the sixth century. His chief works are "Sakuntala" (French form, adopted by Sir William Jones, "Sacontala"), "Meghaduta" (or "The Cloud Messenger"), and "Vikramurvasi."]

SCENE. — *A lawn before the cottage.*

Anusúyá — O my Priyamvadá, though our sweet friend has been happily married, according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Priyamvadá — What doubt, my Anusúyá?

Anusúyá — This morning the pious prince was dismissed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystic rites: he is now gone to his capital, Hastinápura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Priyamvadá — In that respect you may be quite easy. Men so well informed and well educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honor. We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anusúyá — If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Priyamvadá — Why do you think so?

Anusúyá — Because he could desire nothing better than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sacontalá by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart, that she might be suitably married; and, since heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he possibly be dissatisfied?

Priyamvadá — You reason well; but [*looking at her basket*], my friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anusúyá — Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sacontalá so much good fortune. [*They both gather more flowers.*

[*Behind the scenes*] — It is I — Hola!

Anusúyá [*listening*] — I hear the voice, as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Priyamvadá — Let us hasten thither. Sacontalá is now reposing; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anusúyá — Be it so; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers. [*They advance.*

[*Again behind the scenes*] — How! dost thou show no attention to a guest? Then hear my imprecations. "He on whom thou art meditating, on whom alone thy heart is now fixed, while thou neglectest a pure gem of devotion who demands hospitality, shall forget thee, when thou seest him next, as a man restored to sobriety forgets the words which he uttered in a state of intoxication."

[*Both damsels look at each other with affliction.*

Priyamvadá — Woe is me! Dreadful calamity! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked, by her neglect, some holy man who expected reverence.

Anusúyá [*looking*] — It must be so; for the choleric Durvásas is going hastily back.

Priyamvadá — Who else has power to consume, like raging fire, whatever offends him? Go, my Anusúyá; fall at his feet, and persuade him, if possible, to return: in the meantime I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anusúyá — I go with eagerness. [*She goes out.*

Priyamvadá [*advancing hastily, her foot slips*] — Ah! through my eager haste I have let the basket fall; and my religious duties must not be postponed.

[*She gathers fresh flowers.*

ANUSÚYÁ *reënters.*

Anusúyá — His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds. Who living could now appease him by the humblest prostrations or entreaties? yet at last he a little relented.

Priyamvadá — That little is a great deal for him. But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anusúyá — When he positively refused to come back, I threw myself at his feet, and thus addressed him: "Holy sage, forgive, I entreat, the offense of an amiable girl, who has the highest veneration for you, but was ignorant, through distraction of mind, how exalted a personage was calling to her."

Priyamvadá — What then? What said he?

Anusúyá — He answered thus: "My word must not be recalled; but the spell which it has raised shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see his ring." Saying this he disappeared.

Priyamvadá — We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed, he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sacontalá the ring, on which we saw the name Dushmanta engraved, and which we will instantly recognize. On him, therefore, alone will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anusúyá — Come, let us now proceed to the shrines of the goddesses, and implore their succor. [*Both advance.*

Priyamvadá [*looking*] — See! my Anusúyá, where our beloved friend sits, motionless as a picture, supporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind so intent on one object, she can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Anusúyá — Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvadá, remain a secret between us two; we must spare the feelings of our beloved, who is naturally susceptible of quick emotions.

Chamberlain [*advancing humbly*] — May our sovereign be victorious! Two religious men, with some women, are come from their abode in a forest near the Snowy Mountains, and bring a message from Canna. The king will command.

Dushmanta [*surprised*] — What! are pious hermits arrived in the company of women?

Chamberlain — It is even so.

Dushmanta — Order the priest Sómaratá, in my name, to show them due reverence in the form appointed by the Véda; and bid him attend me. I shall wait for my holy guests in a place fit for their reception.

Chamberlain — I obey. [*He goes out.*

Dushmanta — Warder, point the way to the hearth of the consecrated fire.

Warder — This, O king, this is the way. [*He walks before.*] Here is the entrance of the hallowed inclosure; and there stands the venerable cow to be milked for the sacrifice, looking bright from the recent sprinkling of mystic water. Let the king ascend.

[DUSHMANTA *is raised to the place of sacrifice on the shoulders of his* WARDERS.]

Dushmanta — What message can the pious Canna have sent me? Has the devotion of his pupils been impeded by evil spirits, or by what other calamity? Or has any harm, alas! befallen the poor herds who graze in the hallowed forest? Or have the sins of the king tainted the flowers and fruits of the creepers planted by female hermits? My mind is entangled in a labyrinth of confused apprehensions.

Warder — What our sovereign imagines, cannot possibly have happened; since the hermitage has been rendered secure from evil by the mere sound of his bowstring. The pious men, whom the king's benevolence has made happy, are come, I presume, to do him homage.

[*Enter* SÁRNGARAVA, SÁRADWATA, *and* GUATAMÍ, *leading* SACONTALÁ *by the hand; and before them the old* CHAMBERLAIN *and the* PRIEST.]

Chamberlain — This way, respectable strangers; come this way.

Sárngarava — My friend Sáradwata, there sits the king of men, who has felicity at command, yet shows equal respect to all: here no subject, even of the lowest class, is received with contempt. Nevertheless, my soul having ever been free from attachment to worldly things, I consider this hearth, although a crowd now surround it, as the station merely of consecrated fire.

Sáradwata — I was not less confounded than yourself on entering the populous city; but now I look on it, as a man just bathed in pure water, on a man smeared with oil and dust, as the pure on the impure, as the waking on the sleeping, as the free man on the captive, as the independent on the slave.

Priest — Thence it is, that men, like you two, are so elevated above other mortals.

Sacontalá [*perceiving a bad omen*] — Venerable mother, I feel my right eye throb. What means this involuntary motion?

Gautamí — Heaven avert the omen, my sweet child! May every delight attend thee! [*They all advance.*

Priest [*showing the king to them*] — There, holy men, is the protector of the people, who has taken his seat, and expects you.

Sárngarava — This is what we wished; yet we have no private interest in the business. It is ever thus; trees are bent by the abundance of their fruit; clouds are brought low, when they teem with salubrious rain; and the real benefactors of mankind are not elated by riches.

Warder — O king, the holy guests appear before you with placid looks, indicating their affection.

Dushmanta [*gazing at Sacontalá*] — Ah! what damsel is that whose mantle conceals the far greater part of her beautiful form? She looks, among the hermits, like a fresh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.

Warder — This, at least, O king, is apparent; that she has a form which deserves to be seen more distinctly.

Dushmanta — Let her still be covered, she seems pregnant; and the wife of another must not be seen even by me.

Sacontalá [*aside, with her hand to her bosom*] — O my heart, why dost thou palpitate? Remember the beginning of the lord's affection, and be tranquil.

Priest — May the king prosper! The respectable guests have been honored as the law ordains; and they have now a message to deliver from their spiritual guide: let the king deign to hear it.

Dushmanta [*with reverence*] — I am attentive.

Both Misras [*extending their hands*] — Victory attend thy banners!

Dushmanta — I respectfully greet you both.

Both — Blessings on our sovereign!

Dushmanta — Has your devotion been uninterrupted?

Sárngarava — How should our rites be disturbed, when thou art the preserver of all creatures? How, when the bright sun blazes, should darkness cover the world?

Dushmanta [*aside*] — The name of royalty produces, I suppose, all worldly advantages. [*Aloud.*] Does the holy Canna then prosper?

Sárngarava — O king, they who gather the fruits of devotion may command prosperity. He first inquires affectionately whether thy arms are successful, and then addresses thee in these words: —

Dushmanta — What are his orders?

Sárngarava — "The contract of marriage, reciprocally made between thee and this girl, my daughter, I confirm with tender regard; since thou art celebrated as the most honorable of men, and my Sacontalá is Virtue herself in a human form, no blasphemous complaint will henceforth be made against Brahmá for suffering discordant matches: he has now united a bride and bridegroom with qualities equally transcendant. Since, therefore, she is pregnant by thee, receive her in thy palace, that she may perform, in conjunction with thee, the duties prescribed by religion."

Gautamí — Great king, thou hast a mild aspect; and I wish to address thee in few words.

Dushmanta [*smiling*] — Speak, venerable matron.

Gautamí — She waited not the return of her spiritual father; nor were thy kindred consulted by thee. You two only were present, when your nuptials were solemnized; now, therefore, converse freely together in the absence of all others.

Sacontalá [*aside*] — What will my lord say?

Dushmanta [*aside, perplexed*] — How strange an adventure!

Sacontalá [*aside*] — Ah me, how disdainfully he seems to receive the message!

Sárngarava [*aside*] — What means that phrase which I overheard, "How strange an adventure"? [*Aloud.*] Monarch, thou knowest the hearts of men. Let a wife behave ever so discreetly, the world will think ill of her, if she live only with her paternal kinsmen; and a lawful wife now requests, as her kindred also humbly entreat, that whether she be loved or not, she may pass her days in the mansion of her husband.

Dushmanta — What sayest thou? Am I the lady's husband?

Sacontalá [*aside with anguish*] — O my heart, thy fears have proved just.

Sárngarava — Does it become a magnificent prince to depart from the rules of religion and honor, merely because he repents of his engagements?

Dushmanta — With what hope of success could this groundless fable have been invented?

Sárngarava [*angrily*] — The minds of those whom power intoxicates are perpetually changing.

Dushmanta — I am reproved with too great severity.

Gautamí [*to Sacontalá*] — Be not ashamed, my sweet child; let me take off thy mantle, that the king may recollect thee.

[*She unveils her.*]

Dushmanta [*aside, looking at Sacontalá*] — While I am doubtful whether this unblemished beauty which is displayed before me has not been possessed by another, I resemble a bee fluttering at the close of night over a blossom filled with dew; and in this state of mind I neither can enjoy nor forsake her.

Warder [*aside to Dushmanta*] — The king best knows his rights and his duties; but who would hesitate when a woman, bright as a gem, brings luster to the apartments of his palace?

Sárngarava — What, O king, does thy strange silence import?

Dushmanta — Holy man, I have been meditating again and again, but have no recollection of my marriage with this lady. How then can I lay aside all consideration of my military tribe, and admit into my palace a young woman who is pregnant by another husband?

Sacontalá [*aside*] — Ah! woe is me. Can there be a doubt even of our nuptials? The tree of my hope, which had risen so luxuriantly, is at once broken down.

Sárngarava — Beware, lest the godlike sage, who would have bestowed on thee, as a free gift, his inestimable treasure, which thou hadst taken, like a base robber, should now cease to think of thee, who art lawfully married to his daughter, and should confine all his thoughts to her whom thy perfidy disgraces.

Sáradwata — Rest a while, my Sárngarava; and thou, Sacontalá, take thy turn to speak; since thy lord has declared his forgetfulness.

Sacontalá [*aside*] — If his affection has ceased, of what use will it be to recall his remembrance of me. Yet, if my soul must endure torment, be it so; I will speak to him. [*Aloud to* DUSHMANTA.] O my husband! [*Pausing.*] Or (if the just application of that sacred word be still doubted by thee), O son of Puru, is it becoming that, having been once enamored of me in the consecrated forest, and having shown the excess of thy passion, thou shouldst this day deny me with bitter expressions?

Dushmanta [*covering his ears*] — Be the crime removed from my soul! Thou hast been instructed for some base purpose to vilify me, and make me fall from the dignity which I have hitherto supported: as a river which has burst its banks and altered its placid current overthrows the trees that had risen aloft on them.

Sacontalá — If thou sayest this merely from want of recollection, I will restore thy memory by producing thy own ring, with thy name engraved on it.

Dushmanta — A capital invention!

Sacontalá [*looking at her finger*] — Ah me! I have no ring. [*She fixes her eyes with anguish on* GAUTAMÍ.

Gautamí — The fatal ring must have dropped, my child, from thy hand, when thou tookest up water to pour on thy head in the pool of Sachítírt'ha, near the station of Sacrávatára.

Dushmanta [*smiling*] — So skillful are women in finding ready excuses!

Sacontalá — The power of Brahmá must prevail; I will yet mention one circumstance.

Dushmanta — I must submit to hear the tale.

Sacontalá — One day, in a grove of Vétasas, thou tookest water in thy hand from its natural vase of lotos leaves —

Dushmanta — What followed?

Sacontalá — At that instant a little fawn, which I had reared as my own child, approached thee; and thou saidst with benevolence, "Drink thou first, gentle fawn." He would not drink from the hand of a stranger, but received water eagerly from mine; when thou saidst, with increasing affection, "Thus every creature loves its companions; you are both foresters alike, and both alike amiable."

Dushmanta — By such interested and honeyed falsehoods are the souls of voluptuaries insnared.

Gautamí — Forbear, illustrious prince, to speak harshly. She was bred in a sacred grove where she learned no guile.

Dushmanta — Pious matron, the dexterity of females, even when they are untaught, appears in those of a species different from our own. What would it be if they were duly instructed! The female Cócilas, before they fly towards the firmament, leave their eggs to be hatched, and their young fed, by birds who have no relation to them.

Sacontalá [*with anger*] — Oh! void of honor, thou measurest all the world by thy own bad heart. What prince ever resembled or ever will resemble thee, who wearest the garb of religion and virtue, but in truth art a base deceiver; like a deep well whose mouth is covered with smiling plants!

Dushmanta [*aside*] — The rusticity of her education makes her speak thus angrily and inconsistently with female decorum. She looks indignant; her eye glows; and her speech, formed

of harsh terms, falters as she utters them. Her lip, ruddy as the Bimba fruit, quivers as if it were nipped with frost; and her eyebrows, naturally smooth and equal, are at once irregularly contracted. Thus having failed in circumventing me by the apparent luster of simplicity, she has recourse to wrath, and snaps in two the bow of Cáma, which, if she had not belonged to another, might have wounded me. [*Aloud.*] The heart of Dushmanta, young woman, is known to all; and thine is betrayed by thy present demeanor.

Sacontalá [*ironically*] — You kings are in all cases to be credited implicitly; you perfectly know the respect which is due to virtue and to mankind; while females, however modest, however virtuous, know nothing, and speak nothing truly. In a happy hour I came hither to seek the object of my affection: in a happy moment I received the hand of a prince descended from Puru; a prince who had won my confidence by the honey of his words, whilst his heart concealed the weapon that was to pierce mine. [*She hides her face and weeps.*

Sárngarava — This insufferable mutability of the king's temper kindles my wrath. Henceforth let all be circumspect before they form secret connections: a friendship hastily contracted, when both hearts are not perfectly known, must erelong become enmity.

Dushmanta — Wouldst thou force me then to commit an enormous crime, relying solely on her smooth speeches?

Sárngarava [*scornfully*] — Thou hast heard an answer. The words of an incomparable girl, who never learned what iniquity was, are here to receive no credit; while they, whose learning consists in accusing others, and inquiring into crimes, are the only persons who speak truth!

Dushmanta — O man of unimpeached veracity, I certainly am what thou describest; but what would be gained by accusing thy female associate?

Sárngarava — Eternal misery.

Dushmanta — No; misery will never be the portion of Puru's descendants.

Sárngarava — What avails our altercation? O king, we have obeyed the commands of our preceptor, and now return. Sacontalá is thy wife by law, whether thou desert or acknowledge her; and the dominion of a husband is absolute. Go before us, Gautamí.

[*The two* MISRAS *and* GAUTAMÍ *returning.*

Sacontalá — I have been deceived by this perfidious man; but will you, my friends, will you also forsake me?

[*Following them.*

Gautamí [*looking back*] — My son, Sacontalá follows us with affectionate supplications. What can she do here with a faithless husband — she who is all tenderness?

Sárngarava [*angrily to Sacontalá*] — O wife, who seest the faults of thy lord, dost thou desire independence?

[SACONTALÁ *stops, and trembles.*

Sáradwata — Let the queen hear. If thou beest what the king proclaims thee, what right hast thou to complain? But if thou knowest the purity of thy own soul, it will become thee to wait as a handmaid in the mansion of thy lord. Stay, then, where thou art; we must return to Canna.

Dushmanta — Deceive her not, holy men, with vain expectations. The moon opens the night flower, and the sun makes the water lily blossom; each is confined to its own object; and thus a virtuous man abstains from any connection with the wife of another.

Sárngarava — Yet thou, O king, who fearest to offend religion and virtue, art not afraid to desert thy wedded wife, pretending that the variety of thy public affairs has made thee forget thy private contract.

Dushmanta [*to his priest*] — I really have no remembrance of any such engagement; and I ask thee, my spiritual counselor, whether of the two offenses be the greater, to forsake my own wife, or to have an intercourse with the wife of another?

Priest [*after some deliberation*] — We may adopt an expedient between both.

Dushmanta — Let my venerable guide command.

Priest — The young woman may dwell till her delivery in my house.

Dushmanta — For what purpose?

Priest — Wise astrologers have assured the king that he will be the father of an illustrious prince, whose dominion will be bounded by the western and eastern seas; now, if the holy man's daughter shall bring forth a son whose hands and feet bear the marks of extensive sovereignty, I will do homage to her as my queen, and conduct her to the royal apartments; if not, she shall return in due time to her father.

Dushmanta — Be it as you judge proper.

Priest [*to* SACONTALÁ] — This way, my daughter, follow me.

Sacontalá — O earth! Mild goddess! give me a place within thy bosom!

[*She goes out weeping with the* PRIEST; *while the two* MISRAS *go out by a different way with* GAUTAMÍ. DUSHMANTA *stands meditating on the beauty of* SACONTALÁ; *but the imprecation still clouds his memory.*]

[*Behind the scenes*] — Oh, miraculous event!

Dushmanta [*listening*] — What can have happened!

The PRIEST *reënters.*

Priest — Hear, O king, the stupendous event. When Canna's pupils had departed, Sacontalá, bewailing her adverse fortune, extended her arms and wept; when —

Dushmanta — What then?

Priest — A body of light, in a female shape, descended near Apsarastírt'ha, where the nymphs of heaven are worshiped; and having caught her hastily in her bosom, disappeared.

[*All express astonishment.*

Dushmanta — I suspected from the beginning some work of sorcery. The business is over; and it is needless to reason more on it. Let thy mind, Sómaráta, be at rest.

Priest — May the king be victorious. [*He goes out.*

Dushmanta — Chamberlain, I have been greatly harassed; and thou, Warder, go before me to a place of repose.

Warder — This way; let the king come this way.

Dushmanta [*advancing, aside*] — I cannot with all my efforts recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit; yet so agitated is my heart, that it almost induces me to believe her story. [*All go out.*

* * * * * * *

SCENE. — *A street.*

Enter a SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, *with two* OFFICERS *leading a man with his hands bound.*

First Officer [*striking the prisoner*] — Take that, Cumbhílaca, if Cumbhílaca be thy name; and tell us now where thou gottest this ring, bright with a large gem, on which the king's name is engraved.

Cumbhílaca [*trembling*] — Spare me, I entreat your honors to spare me: I am not guilty of so great a crime as you suspect.

First Officer — O distinguished Bráhman, didst thou then receive it from the king as a reward of some important service?

Cumbhílaca — Only hear me: I am a poor fisherman dwelling at Sacrávatára —

Second Officer — Did we ask, thou thief, about thy tribe or thy dwelling-place?

Superintendent — O Súchaca, let the fellow tell his own story. Now, conceal nothing, sirrah.

First Officer — Dost thou hear? Do as our master commands.

Cumbhílaca — I am a man who support my family by catching fish in nets, or with hooks, and by various other contrivances.

Superintendent [*laughing*] — A virtuous way of gaining a livelihood!

Cumbhílaca — Blame me not, master. The occupation of our forefathers, how low soever, must not be forsaken; and a man who kills animals for sale may have a tender heart, though his act be cruel.

Superintendent — Go on, go on.

Cumbhílaca — One day, having caught a large Róhita fish, I cut it open, and saw this bright ring in its stomach; but when I offered to sell it, I was apprehended by your honors. So far only am I guilty of taking the ring. Will you now continue beating and bruising me to death?

Superintendent [*smelling the ring*] — It is certain, Jáluca, that this gem has been in the body of a fish. The case requires consideration; and I will mention it to some of the king's household.

Both Officers — Come on, cutpurse. [*They advance.*

Superintendent — Stand here, Súchaca, at the great gate of the city, and wait for me, while I speak to some of the officers in the palace.

Both Officers — Go, Rájayucta. May the king favor thee.

[*The* SUPERINTENDENT *goes out.*

Second Officer — Our master will stay, I fear, a long while.

First Officer — Yes; access to kings can only be had at their leisure.

Second Officer — The tips of my fingers itch, my friend Jáluca, to kill this cutpurse.

Cumbhílaca — You would put to death an innocent man.

First Officer [*looking*] — Here comes our master. The king has decided quickly. Now, Cumbhílaca, you will either see your companions again, or be the food of shakàls and vùltures.

The SUPERINTENDENT *rèenters.*

Superintendent — Let the fisherman immediately —

Cumbhílaca [*in an agony*] — Oh! I am a dead man.

Superintendent — Be discharged. Hola! set him at liberty. The king says he knows his innocence; and his story is true.

Second Officer — As our master commands. The fellow is brought back from the mansion of Yama, to which he was hastening. [*Unbinding the fisherman.*

Cumbhílaca [*bowing*] — My lord, I owe my life to your kindness.

Superintendent — Rise, friend, and hear with delight that the king gives thee a sum of money equal to the full value of the ring; it is a fortune to a man in thy station.

[*Giving him the money.*

Cumbhílaca [*with rapture*] — I am transported with joy.

First Officer — This vagabond seems to be taken down from the stake, and set on the back of a state elephant.

Second Officer — The king, I suppose, has a great affection for his gem.

Superintendent — Not for its intrinsic value; but I guessed the cause of his ecstasy when he saw it.

Both Officers — What could occasion it?

Superintendent — I suspect that it called to his memory some person who has a place in his heart; for though his mind be naturally firm, yet, from the moment when he beheld the ring, he was for some minutes excessively agitated.

Second Officer — Our master has given the king extreme pleasure.

First Officer — Yes; and by the means of this fish catcher. [*Looking fiercely at him.*

Cumbhílaca — Be not angry. Half the money shall be divided between you to purchase wine.

First Officer — Oh! now thou art our beloved friend. Good wine is the first object of our affection. Let us together to the vinters. [*They all go out.*

* * * * * * *

Dushmanta — Was it sleep that impaired my memory? Was it delusion? Was it an error of my judgment? Or was

it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that, until Sacontalá return to these arms, I shall be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

Mádhavya — Do not despair; the fatal ring is itself an example that the lost may be found. Events which were foredoomed by Heaven must not be lamented.

Dushmanta [*looking at his ring*] — The fate of this ring, now fallen from a station which it will not easily regain, I may at least deplore. O gem, thou art removed from the soft finger, beautiful with ruddy tips, on which a place had been assigned thee; and, minute as thou art, thy bad qualities appear from the similarity of thy punishment to mine.

Misras [*aside*] — Had it found a way to any other hand, its lot would have been truly deplorable. O Ménacà, how wouldst thou be delighted with the conversation which gratifies my ears!

Mádhavya — Let me know, I pray, by what means the ring obtained a place on the finger of Sacontalá.

Dushmanta — You shall know, my friend. When I was coming from the holy forest to my capital, my beloved, with tears in her eyes, thus addressed me, "How long will the son of my lord keep me in his remembrance?"

Mádhavya — Well, what then?

Dushmanta — Then, fixing this ring on her lovely finger, I thus answered. "Repeat each day one of the three syllables engraved on this gem; and before thou hast spelled the word Dushmanta, one of my noblest officers shall attend thee, and conduct my darling to her palace." Yet I forgot, I deserted her in my frenzy.

Misras [*aside*] — A charming interval of three days was fixed between their separation and their meeting, which the will of Brahmá rendered unhappy.

Mádhavya — But how came the ring to enter, like a hook, into the mouth of a carp?

Dushmanta — When my beloved was lifting water to her head in the pool of Sachitírt'ha, the ring must have dropped unseen.

Mádhavya — It is very probable.

Misras [*aside*] — Oh! it was thence that the king, who fears nothing but injustice, doubted the reality of his marriage; but how, I wonder, could his memory be connected with a ring?

Dushmanta — I am really angry with this gem.

Mádhavya [*laughing*] — So am I with this staff.

Dushmanta — Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádhavya — Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked. Impertinent stick!

Dushmanta [*not attending to him*] — How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misras [*aside*] — He anticipates my remark.

Mádhavya [*aside*] — So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushmanta — O, my darling whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE.

(A collection of short Hindoo tales, with a framework as excuse, like the "Arabian Nights.")

TRANSLATION BY SIR R. F. BURTON.

THE darkness of the night was frightful, the gloom deepened till it was hardly possible to walk. The clouds opened their fountains, raining so that you would say they could never rain again. Lightning blazed forth with more than the light of day, and the roar of the thunder caused the earth to shake. Baleful gleams tipped the black cones of the trees, and fitfully scampered like fireflies over the waste. Unclean goblins dogged the travelers and threw themselves upon the ground in their path and obstructed them in a thousand different ways. Huge snakes, whose mouths distilled blood and black venom, kept clinging around their legs in the roughest part of the road till they were persuaded to loose their hold either by the sword or by reciting a spell. In fact, there were so many horrors and such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered, yet the king kept on his way. At length, having passed over, somehow or other, a very difficult road, the Raja arrived at the smashana, or burning place, pointed out by the

jogi. Suddenly he sighted the tree where from root to top every branch and leaf was in a blaze of crimson flame. And when he, still dauntless, advanced toward it, a clamor continued to be raised, and voices kept crying, "Kill them! kill them! seize them! seize them! take care that they do not get away! let them scorch themselves to cinders! let them suffer the pains of Patala!"

Far from being terrified by this state of things, the valiant Raja increased in boldness, seeing a prospect of an end to his adventure. Approaching the tree, he felt that the fire did not burn him, and so he sat there for a while to observe the body, which hung, head downward, from a branch a little above him.

Its eyes, which were wide open, were of a greenish brown, and never twinkled; its hair also was brown, and brown was its face — three several shades which, notwithstanding, approached one another in an unpleasant way, as in the overdried cocoanut. Its body was thin and ribbed like a skeleton or a bamboo framework, and as it held on to a bough, like a flying fox, by the toe-tips, its drawn muscles stood out as if they were rope of coir. Blood it appeared to have none, or there would have been a decided determination of that curious juice to the head; and as the Raja handled its skin, it felt icy cold and clammy as might a snake. The only sign of life was the whisking of a ragged little tail much resembling a goat's.

Judging from these signs, the brave king at once determined the creature to be a Baital — a Vampire. For a short time he was puzzled to reconcile the appearance with the words of the giant, who informed him that the anchorite had hung the oilman's son to a tree. But soon he explained to himself the difficulty, remembering the exceeding cunning of jogis and other reverend men, and determining that his enemy, the better to deceive him, had doubtless altered the shape and form of the young oilman's body.

With this idea, Vikram was pleased, saying, "My trouble has been productive of fruit." Remained the task of carrying the Vampire to Shanta-Shil the devotee. Having taken his sword, the Raja fearlessly climbed the tree, and ordering his son to stand away from below, clutched the Vampire's hair with one hand, and with the other struck such a blow of the sword that the bough was cut and the thing fell heavily upon the ground. Immediately on falling it gnashed its teeth and began to utter a loud, wailing cry, like the screams of an infant

in pain. Vikram, having heard the sound of its lamentations, was pleased, and began to say to himself, "This devil must be alive." Then nimbly sliding down the trunk, he made a captive of the body, and asked, "Who art thou?"

Scarcely, however, had the words passed the royal lips, when the Vampire slipped through the fingers like a worm, and uttering a loud shout of laughter, rose in the air with its legs uppermost, and as before suspended itself by its toes to another bough. And there it swung to and fro, moved by the violence of its cachinnation.

"Decidedly this is the young oilman!" exclaimed the Raja, after he had stood for a minute or two with mouth open, gazing upwards and wondering what he should do next. Presently he directed Dharma Dhwaj not to lose an instant in laying hands upon the thing when it next might touch the ground, and then he again swarmed up the tree. Having reached his former position, he once more seized the Baital's hair, and with all the force of his arms — for he was beginning to feel really angry — he tore it from its hold, and dashed it to the ground, saying, "O wretch, tell me who art thou?"

Then, as before, the Raja slid deftly down the trunk, and hurried to the aid of his son, who, in obedience to orders, had fixed his grasp upon the Vampire's neck. Then, too, as before, the Vampire, laughing aloud, slipped through their fingers and returned to its dangling-place.

To fail twice was too much for Raja Vikram's temper, which was right kingly and somewhat hot. This time he bade his son strike the Baital's head with his sword.

Then, more like a wounded bear of Himalaya than a prince who had established an era, he hurried up the tree, and directed a furious blow with his saber at the Vampire's lean and calfless legs. The violence of the stroke made its toes loose their hold of the bough, and when it touched the ground, Dharma Dhwaj's blade fell heavily upon its matted brown hair. But the blows appeared to have lighted on iron-wood, — to judge, at least, from the behavior of the Baital, who no sooner heard the question, "O wretch, who art thou?" than it returned in loud glee and merriment to its old position.

Five mortal times did Raja Vikram repeat this profitless labor. But so far from losing heart, he quite entered into the spirit of the adventure. Indeed, he would have continued climbing up that tree and taking that corpse under his arm —

he found his sword useless — and bring it down, and asking it who it was, and seeing it slip through his fingers, six times sixty times, or till the end of the fourth and present age, had such extreme resolution been required. However, it was not necessary. On the seventh time of falling, the Baital, instead of eluding its capturer's grasp, allowed itself to be seized, merely remarking that "even the gods cannot resist a thoroughly obstinate man." And seeing that the stranger, for the better protection of his prize, had stripped off his waistcloth and was making it into a bag, the Vampire thought proper to seek the most favorable conditions for himself, and asked his conqueror who he was, and what he was about to do?

"Vile wretch," replied the breathless hero, "know me to be Vikram the Great, Raja of Ujjayani, and I bear thee to a man who is amusing himself by drumming to devils on a skull."

"Remember the old saying, mighty Vikram!" said the Baital, with a sneer, "that many a tongue has cut many a throat. I have yielded to thy resolution and I am about to accompany thee, bound to thy back like a beggar's wallet. But hearken to my words, ere we set out upon the way. I am of a loquacious disposition, and it is well nigh an hour's walk between this tree and the place where thy friend sits, favoring his friends with the peculiar music which they love. Therefore, I shall try to distract my thoughts, which otherwise might not be of the most pleasing nature, by means of sprightly tales and profitable reflections. Sages and men of sense spend their days in the delights of light and heavy literature, whereas dolts and fools waste time in sleep and idleness. And I propose to ask thee a number of questions, concerning which we will, if it seems fit to thee, make this covenant: —

"Whenever thou answerest me, either compelled by fate or entrapped by my cunning into so doing, or thereby gratifying thy vanity and conceit, I leave thee and return to my favorite place and position in the siras tree; but when thou shalt remain silent, confused, and at a loss to reply, either through humility or thereby confessing thine ignorance, and impotence, and want of comprehension, then will I allow thee, of mine own free will, to place me before thine employer. Perhaps I should not say so; it may sound like bribing thee, but — take my counsel, and modify thy pride, and assumption, and arrogance, and haughtiness as soon as possible. So shalt thou derive from me a benefit which none but myself can bestow."

Raja Vikram hearing these rough words, so strange to his royal ear, winced; then he rejoiced that his heir-apparent was not near; then he looked round at his son Dharma Dhwaj, to see if he was impertinent enough to be amused by the Baital. But the first glance showed him the young prince busily employed in pinching and screwing the monster's legs, so as to make it fit better into the cloth. Vikram then seized the ends of the waistcloth, twisted them into a convenient form for handling, stooped, raised the bundle with a jerk, tossed it over his shoulder, and bidding his son not to lag behind, set off at a round pace toward the western end of the cemetery.

The shower had ceased, and, as they gained ground, the weather greatly improved.

The Vampire asked a few indifferent questions about the wind and the rain and the mud. When he received no answer, he began to feel uncomfortable, and he broke out with these words, "O King Vikram, listen to the true story which I am about to tell thee."

The Vampire's Fourth Story,

of a woman who told the truth.

"Listen, great king!" again began the Baital. "An unimportant Baniya (trader), Hiranyadatt, had a daughter, whose name was Madansena Sundari, the beautiful army of Cupid. Her face was like the moon; her hair like the clouds; her eyes like those of a muskrat; her eyebrows like a bent bow; her nose like a parrot's bill; her neck like that of a dove; her teeth like pomegranate grains; the red color of her lips like that of a gourd; her waist lithe and bending like the pard's; her hands and feet like softest blossoms; her complexion like the jasmine; in fact, day by day the splendor of her youth increased.

"When she had arrived at maturity, her father and mother began often to resolve in their minds the subject of her marriage. And the people of all that country side ruled by Birbar, king of Madanpur, bruited it abroad that in the house of Hiranyadatt had been born a daughter by whose beauty gods, men, and munis (sages) were fascinated.

"Thereupon many, causing their portraits to be painted, sent them by messengers to Hiranyadatt the Baniya, who showed them all to his daughter. But she was capricious, as beauties sometimes are, and when her father said, 'Make choice of a

husband thyself,' she told him that none pleased her, and, moreover, she begged of him to find her a husband who possessed good looks, good qualities, and good sense.

"At length, when some days had passed, four suitors came from four different countries. The father told them that he must have from each some indication that he possessed the required qualities; that he was pleased with their looks, but that they must satisfy him about their knowledge.

"'I have,' the first said, 'a perfect acquaintance with the Shastras (or Scriptures); in science there is none to rival me. As for my handsome mien, it may plainly be seen by you.'

"The second exclaimed: 'My attainments are unique in the knowledge of archery. I am acquainted with the art of discharging arrows and killing anything which though not seen is heard, and my fine proportions are plainly visible to you.'

"The third continued: 'I understand the language of land and water animals, of birds and of beasts, and I have no equal in strength. Of my comeliness you yourself may judge.'

"'I have the knowledge,' quoth the fourth, 'how to make a certain cloth which can be sold for five rubies; having sold it I give the proceeds of one ruby to a Brahman, of the second I make an offering to a deity, a third I wear on my own person, a fourth I keep for my wife; and, having sold the fifth, I spend it in giving feasts. This is my knowledge, and none other is acquainted with it. My good looks are apparent.'

"The father hearing these speeches began to reflect: 'It is said that excess in anything is not good. Sita was very lovely, but the demon Ravana carried her away; and Bali, king of Mahabahpur, gave much alms, but at length he became poor. My daughter is too fair to remain a maiden; to which of these shall I give her?'

"So saying, Hiranyadatt went to his daughter, explained the qualities of the four suitors, and asked, 'To which shall I give thee?' On hearing these words she was abashed; and hanging down her head, knew not what to reply.

"Then the Baniya, having reflected, said to himself: 'He who is acquainted with the Shastras is a Brahman, he who could shoot an arrow at the sound was a Kshatriya or warrior, and he who made the cloth was a Shudra or servile. But the youth who understands the language of birds is of our own caste. To him, therefore, will I marry her.' And accordingly he proceeded with the betrothal of his daughter.

"Meanwhile Madansena went one day, during the spring season, into the garden for a stroll. It happened, just before she came out, that Somdatt, the son of the merchant Dharmdatt, had gone for pleasure into the forest, and was returning through the same garden to his home.

"He was fascinated at the sight of the maiden, and said to his friend, 'Brother, if I can obtain her, my life will be prosperous, and if I do not obtain her, my living in the world will be in vain.'

"Having thus spoken, and becoming restless from the fear of separation, he involuntarily drew near to her, and seizing her hand, said:—

"'If thou wilt not form an affection for me, I will throw away my life on thy account.'

"'Be pleased not to do this,' she replied; 'it will be sinful, and it will involve me in the guilt and punishment of shedding blood; hence I shall be miserable in this world and in that to be.'

"'Thy blandishments,' he replied, 'have pierced my heart, and the consuming thought of parting from thee has burnt up my body, and memory and understanding have been destroyed by this pain; and from excess of love I have no sense of right or wrong. But if thou wilt make me a promise, I will live again.'

"She replied: 'Truly the Kali Yog (iron age) has commenced, since which time falsehood has increased in the world and truth has diminished; people talk smoothly with their tongues, but nourish deceit in their hearts; religion is destroyed, crime has increased, and the earth has begun to give little fruit. Kings levy fines, Brahmans have waxed covetous, the son obeys not his sire's commands, brother distrusts brother; friendship has departed from amongst friends; sincerity has left masters; servants have given up service; man has abandoned manliness; and woman has abandoned modesty. Five days hence my marriage is to be; but if thou slay not thyself, I will visit thee first, and after that I will remain with my husband.'"

"Having given this promise, and having sworn by Ganges, she returned home. The merchant's son also went his way.

"Presently the marriage ceremonies came on, and Hiranyadatt the Baniya expended a lakh of rupees in feasts and presents to the bridegroom. The bodies of the twain were anointed with turmeric, the bride was made to hold in her hand the iron

box for eye paint, and the youth a pair of betel scissors. During the night before the wedding there was loud and shrill music, the heads and limbs of the young couple were rubbed with an ointment of oil, and the bridegroom's head was duly shaved. The wedding procession was very grand. The streets were a blaze of flambeaux and torches carried in the hand; fireworks by the ton were discharged as the people passed; elephants, camels, and horses, richly caparisoned, were placed in convenient situations; and before the procession had reached the house of the bride, half a dozen wicked boys and bad young men were killed or wounded. After the marriage formulas were repeated, the Baniya gave a feast or supper, and the food was so excellent that all sat down quietly, no one uttered a complaint, or brought dishonor on the bride's family, or cut with scissors the garments of his neighbor.

"The ceremony thus happily concluded, the husband brought Madansena home to his own house. After some days the wife of her husband's youngest brother and also the wife of his eldest brother led her at night by force to her bridegroom, and seated her on a bed ornamented with flowers.

"As her husband proceeded to take her hand, she jerked it away, and at once openly told him all that she had promised to Somdatt on condition of his not killing himself.

"'All things,' rejoined the bridegroom, hearing her words, 'have their sense ascertained by speech; in speech they have their basis, and from speech they proceed; consequently a falsifier of speech falsifies everything. If truly you are desirous of going to him, go!'

"Receiving her husband's permission, she arose and went off to the young merchant's house in full dress. Upon the road a thief saw her, and in high good humor came up and asked: —

"'Whither goest thou at midnight in such darkness, having put on all these fine clothes and ornaments?' She replied that she was going to the house of her beloved.

"'And who here,' said the thief, 'is thy protector?' 'Kama Deva,' she replied, 'the beautiful youth who by his fiery arrows wounds with love the hearts of the inhabitants of the three worlds, Ratipati, the husband of Rati, accompanied by the kokila bird, the humming bee, and gentle breezes.' She then told to the thief the whole story, adding: 'Destroy not my jewels; I give thee a promise before I go that on my return thou shalt have all these ornaments.'

"Hearing this the thief thought to himself that it would be useless now to destroy her jewels, when she had promised to give them to him presently of her own good will. He therefore let her go, and sat down and thus soliloquized: —

"'To me it is astonishing that he who sustained me in my mother's womb should take no care of me now that I have been born and am able to enjoy the good things of this world. I know not whether he is asleep or dead. And I would rather swallow poison than ask man for money or favor. For these six things tend to lower a man: friendship with the perfidious; causeless laughter; altercation with women; serving an unworthy master; riding an ass, and speaking any language but Sanskrit. And these five things the deity writes on our fate at the hour of birth: first, age; secondly, action; thirdly, wealth; fourthly, science; fifthly, fame. I have now done a good deed, and as long as a man's virtue is in the ascendant, all people becoming his servants obey him. But when virtuous deeds diminish, even his friends become inimical to him.'

"Meanwhile, Madansena had reached the place where Somdatt, the young trader, had fallen asleep.

"She awoke him suddenly, and he, springing up in alarm, quickly asked her: 'Art thou the daughter of a deity? or of a saint? or of a serpent? Tell me truly, who art thou? And whence hast thou come?'

"She replied, 'I am human — Madansena, the daughter of the Baniya Hiranyadatt. Dost thou not remember taking my hand in that grove, and declaring that thou wouldst slay thyself if I did not swear to visit thee first and after that remain with my husband?'

"'Hast thou,' he inquired, 'told all this to thy husband or not?'

"She replied, 'I have told him everything; and he, thoroughly understanding the whole affair, gave me permission.'

"'This matter,' exclaimed Somdatt in a melancholy voice, 'is like pearls without a suitable dress, or food without clarified butter, or singing without melody; they are all alike unnatural. In the same way, unclean clothes will mar beauty, bad food will undermine strength, a wicked wife will worry her husband to death, a disreputable son will ruin his family, an enraged demon will kill, and a woman, whether she love or hate, will be a source of pain. For there are few things which a woman will not do. She never brings to her tongue what is in her heart, she never speaks out what is on her tongue, and she never tells what

she is doing. Truly the Deity has created woman a strange creature in this world.' He concluded with these words: 'Return thou home; with another man's wife I have no concern.' Madansena rose and departed. On her way she met the thief, who, hearing her tale, gave her great praise, and let her go unplundered. She then went to her husband, and related the whole matter to him. But he had ceased to love her, and he said, 'Neither a king, nor a minister, nor a wife, nor a person's hair nor his nails, look well out of their places. And the beauty of the kokila is its note, of an ugly man knowledge, of a devotee forgiveness, and of a woman her chastity.'"

The Vampire having narrated thus far, suddenly asked the king, "Of these three, whose virtue was the greatest?"

Vikram, who had been greatly edified by the tale, forgot himself, and ejaculated, "The thief's."

"And pray why?" asked the Baital.

"Because," the hero explained, "when her husband saw that she loved another man, however purely, he ceased to feel affection for her. Somdatt let her go unharmed, for fear of being punished by the king. But there was no reason why the thief should fear the law and dismiss her; therefore he was the best."

"Hi! hi! hi!" laughed the demon, spitefully. "Here, then, ends my story."

Upon which, escaping as before from the cloth in which he was slung behind the Raja's back, the Baital disappeared through the darkness of the night, leaving father and son looking at each other in dismay.

"Son Dharma Dhwaj," quoth the great Vikram, "the next time when that villain Vampire asks me a question, I allow thee to take the liberty of pinching my arm even before I have had time to answer his questions. In this way we shall never, of a truth, end our task."

"Your words be upon my head, sire," replied the young prince. But he expected no good from his father's new plan, as, arrived under the siras tree, he heard the Baital laughing with all his might.

"Surely he is laughing at our beards, sire," said the beardless prince, who hated to be laughed at like a young person.

"Let them laugh that win," fiercely cried Raja Vikram, who hated to be laughed at like an elderly person.

* * * * * * *

The Vampire lost no time in opening a fresh story.

STORIES AND OBSERVATIONS FROM THE TALMUD.

[The Talmud is the great collection of Jewish law, exegesis, parable, scriptural comment, etc., not comprised in the Old Testament. It has two divisions, the Mishna and the Gemara: the first a digest, made by Rabbi Juda about A.D. 200, of all previous traditions and rabbinical decisions; the second a set of commentaries on the first, for several centuries after. There are two Talmuds, the Jerusalem and the Babylonian: the former being the decisions and comments of the rabbis of Palestine from the second century to the middle of the fifth; the other, those of the Babylonian rabbis from about A.D. 190 to the seventh century.]

Blessings in Disguise.

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the Law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited; thinking where human beings dwelt there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging — it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather, — but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best." He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the Law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study! — But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing if possible to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! Who then will henceforth awaken me to

the study of the Law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone — my poor ass, too, is gone — all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burthen to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed: —

"Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name, for ever and ever!"

Insulting Natural Defects.

Despise not the poor: thou knowest not how spon it may be thine own lot.

Despise not the deformed: their defects are not of their own seeking, and why shouldst thou add insult to misfortune.

Despise no creature: the most insignificant is the work of thy Maker.

Rabbi Eliezer, returning from his master's residence to his native place, was highly elated with the great knowledge he had acquired. On his way he overtook a singularly unshapely and misfeatured person, who was traveling to the same town. The stranger saluted him by saying, "Peace be upon thee,

Rabbi." Eliezer, proud of his learning, instead of returning the civility, noticed only the traveler's deformity; and by way of joke, said to him, "Raca, are the inhabitants of thy town all as misshapen as thou art?" The stranger, astonished at Eliezer's want of manners, and provoked by the insult, replied, "I do not know; but thou hadst better make these inquiries of the great Artist that made me." The Rabbi perceived his error, and alighting from the animal on which he rode, threw himself at the stranger's feet, and entreated him to pardon a fault committed in the wantonness of his heart, and which he most sincerely regretted. "No," said the stranger, "go first to the Artist that made me, and tell him, Great Artist, O! what an ugly vessel hast thou produced!"

Eliezer continued his entreaties. The stranger persisted in his refusal. In the meantime they arrived at the Rabbi's native city. The inhabitants being apprised of his arrival, came in crowds to meet him; exclaiming, "Peace be upon thee, Rabbi! Welcome, our Instructor!" "Whom do ye call Rabbi?" asked the stranger. The people pointed to Eliezer. "And him ye honor with the name of Rabbi," continued the poor man; "O! may Israel not produce many like him!" He then related what had happened. "He has done wrong; he is aware of it," said the people, "do forgive him; for he is a great man, well versed in the Law." The stranger then forgave him, and intimated that his long refusal had no other object than that of impressing the impropriety on the Rabbi's mind. The learned Eliezer thanked him; and whilst he held out his own conduct as a warning to the people, he justified that of the stranger by saying, that though a person ought ever to be as flexible as a reed, and not as stubborn as a cedar, yet to insult poverty or natural defect is no venial crime; and one that we cannot expect to be readily pardoned.

Put Yourselves in Others' Places.

Mar Ukba was one of those chiefs of Israel, who, in addition to great learning and wisdom, was blest with great riches, of which no one knew how to make a better use than he. Independent of his general charity, he made it a rule to give annually to a number of poor men a certain sum, sufficient to maintain them comfortably. Amongst these, there was one to whom he used to give four hundred crowns on the day preceding the day of Atonement. It happened once that he sent this

gift by his son, who, on his return, represented to his father that he was bestowing his charity on very unworthy objects. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Mar Ukba. "I have," replied the son, "seen that man, whom you think so poor, and who does not blush to live on charity; I have seen him and his family indulge themselves in great luxuries, drinking the most costly wines." "Hast thou?" replied the benevolent chief. "Then I dare say the unfortunate man has seen better days. Accustomed to such good living, I wonder how he can come out with the small allowance we make him. Here, take this purse with money to him; and, for the future, let his allowance be doubled."

A Parable against Democracy.

As long, says Rabbi Joshua Ben Levi, as the lower orders submit to the direction of the higher orders of society, everything goes on well. The latter decree, and God confirms. The prosperity of the State is the result. But when the higher orders, either from corrupt motives or from want of firmness, submit to or are swayed by the opinions of the lower orders, they are sure to fall together; and the destruction of the State will be inevitable. To illustrate this important truth, he related the following fable.

The Serpent's Tail and its Head.

The serpent's tail had long followed the direction of the head, and all went on well. One day the tail began to be dissatisfied with this natural arrangement; and thus addressed the head: —

"I have long, with great indignation, observed thy unjust proceedings. In all our journeys it is thou that takest the lead, whereas I, like a menial servant, am obliged to follow behind. Thou appearest everywhere foremost, but I, like a miserable slave, must remain in the background. Is this just? Is it fair? Am I not a member of the same body? Why should not I have its management as well as thou?"

"Thou!" exclaimed the head, "thou, silly tail, wilt manage the body! Thou hast neither eyes to see danger, nor ears to be apprised of it, nor brains to prevent it. Perceivest thou not that it is even for thy advantage that I should direct and lead?"

"For my advantage, indeed!" rejoined the tail. "This is the language of all and every usurper. They all pretend to

rule for the benefit of their slaves; but I will no longer submit to such a state of things. I insist upon and will take the lead in my turn."

"Well, well!" replied the head, "be it so. Lead on."

The tail, rejoiced, accordingly took the lead. Its first exploit was to drag the body into a miry ditch. The situation was not very pleasant. The tail struggled hard, groped along, and by dint of great exertion got out again; but the body was so thickly covered with dirt and filth, as hardly to be known to belong to the same creature. Its next exploit was to get entangled amongst briars and thorns. The pain was intense; the whole body was agitated; the more it struggled the deeper the wounds. Here it would have ended its miserable career, had not the head hastened to its assistance and relieved it from its perilous situation. Not contented, it still persisted in keeping the lead. It marched on; and as chance would have it, crept into a fiery furnace. It soon began to feel the dreadful effects of the destructive element. The whole body was convulsed; all was terror, confusion, and dismay. The head again hastened to afford its friendly aid. Alas! it was too late. The tail was already consumed. The fire soon reached the vital parts of the body — it was destroyed — and the head was involved in the general ruin.

What caused the destruction of the head? Was it not because it suffered itself to be guided by the imbecile tail? Such will, assuredly, be the fate of the higher orders, should they suffer themselves to be swayed by popular prejudices.

Do not Profit by Others' Ignorance.

Rabbi Simon and the Jewels.

Rabbi Simon once bought a camel of an Ishmaelite, his disciples took it home and on removing the saddle discovered a band of diamonds concealed under it. "Rabbi! Rabbi!" exclaimed they, "the blessing of God maketh rich," intimating that it was a godsend. "Take the diamonds back to the man of whom I purchased the animal," said the virtuous Rabbi; "he sold me a camel, not precious stones." The diamonds were accordingly returned, to the no small surprise of the proper owner; but the Rabbi preserved the much more valuable jewels — HONESTY and INTEGRITY.

Rabbi Saphra and the Buyer.

Rabbi Saphra wished to dispose of one of his estates, for which he asked a certain price. An individual who had an inclination to purchase it, made him an offer, which, being much less than the real value of the estate, was refused. Some time after, the Rabbi, being in want of money, resolved in his mind to accept the sum offered. In the interim the individual who had made the offer, desirous of possessing the estate, and ignorant of the Rabbi's determination, came and proposed to give him the sum first demanded by Rabbi Saphra. But the good Saphra refused to take it. "I have," said he, "made up my mind, before thou camest, to take the sum thou didst first offer; give it me, and I shall be satisfied; my conscience will not permit me to take advantage of thy ignorance."

Folly of Idolatry.

Terah, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being obliged one day to go out on particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly. "What is the price of that god?" asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be permitted to ask thine age?" "Three-score years," replied the age-stricken idolater. "Three-score years!" exclaimed Abraham, "and thou wouldst worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last four and twenty hours? Strange! that a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his gray head to a creature of a day!" The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away.

After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish with flour. "Here," said she, "have I brought an offering to the gods. Place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me." "Place it before them thyself, foolish woman!" said Abraham; "thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it." She did so. In the meantime Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces; all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction.

Terah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation beheld the havoc amongst his favorite gods. "What is all this, Abraham! What profane wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infatuated and indignant Terah. "Why should I conceal anything from my father?" replied the pious son. "During thine absence, there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods. She placed it before them. The younger gods, who, as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands, and began to eat, before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect."

"Dost thou mock me? Wilt thou deceive thy aged father?" exclaimed Terah, in a vehement rage. "Do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?" "And yet," rejoined Abraham, "thou payest them divine honors — adorest them — and wouldest have me worship them!"

It was in vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idolatrous parent. Superstition is ever both deaf and blind. His unnatural father delivered him over to the cruel tribunal of the equally idolatrous Nimrod. But a more merciful Father — the gracious and blessed Father of us all — protected him against the threatened danger; and Abraham became the father of the faithful.

No Point of Pride where Good can be Wrought.

Rabbi Meir was accustomed to preach publicly for the edification of the people on the eve of the Sabbath. Amongst his numerous audience there was a woman who was so delighted with his discourse that she remained until he had concluded. Instructed and pleased, she went towards home to enjoy the repast which was generally prepared for the honor of the day; but was greatly disappointed, on arriving near her house, to find the lights extinguished and her husband standing at the door in very ill humor. "Where hast thou been?" exclaimed he in a tone that at once indicated that he was not much pleased with her absence. "I have been," replied the woman, mildly, "to hear our learned Rabbi preach, and a delightful di course it was." "Was it?" rejoined the husband, who affected to be something of a wit. "Well then, since the Rabbi has pleased thee so much, I vow that thou shalt not enter this house until

thou hast spit in his face as a reward for the entertainment he has afforded thee."

The woman, astonished at so unreasonable a demand, thought at first her husband was joking, and began to congratulate herself on his returning good humor; but she was soon convinced that it was no jest. The brute insisted on her spitting in the preacher's face, as the sole condition of being readmitted into the house; and as she was too pious to offer such an indignity to any person, much less to so learned a man, she was constrained to remain in the street. . A charitable neighbor offered her an asylum, which was gladly accepted. There she remained some time, endeavoring in vain to mollify her husband, who still persisted in his first demand.

The affair made some noise in the town, and a report of the transaction was communicated to Rabbi Meir, who immediately sent for the woman. She came: the good Rabbi desired her to be seated. Pretending to have pain in his eyes, he, without taking the least notice of what had transpired, asked her whether she knew any remedy for it? "Master," said the woman, "I am but a poor, ignorant creature, how should I know how to cure thine eyes?" "Well, well," rejoined the Rabbi, "do as I bid thee — spit seven times in mine eyes — it may produce some good." The woman, who believed there was some virtue in that operation, after some hesitation, complied. As soon as it was done, Meir thus addressed her: "Good woman, go home, and tell thy husband: 'It was thy desire that I should spit in the Rabbi's face once: I have done so; nay, I have done more, I have spit in it seven times: now let us be reconciled.'"

Meir's disciples, who had watched their master's conduct, ventured to expostulate with him on thus permitting a woman to offer him such an indignity, observing, that this was the way to make the people despise the Law and its professors. "My children," said their pious instructor, "think ye that your master ought to be more punctilious about his honor than his Creator? Even he, the Adorable, blessed be he, permitted his Holy Name to be obliterated, in order to promote peace between man and wife; and shall I consider any thing as an indignity that can effect so desirable an object?"

Learn, then, that no act is disgraceful that tends to promote happiness and peace of mankind. It is vice and wickedness only that can degrade us.

The Lawful Heir.

A rich Israelite, who dwelt at a considerable distance from Jerusalem, had an only son, whom he sent to the Holy City for education. During his absence, the father was suddenly taken ill. Seeing his end approaching, he made his will, by which he left all his property to a slave whom he named on condition that he should permit his son to select out of that property any single thing he might choose. No sooner was the master dead, than the slave, elated with the prospect of so much wealth, hastened to Jerusalem, informed the son of what had taken place, and showed him the will. The young Israelite was plunged into the deepest sorrow by this unexpected intelligence. He rent his clothes, strewed ashes on his head, and lamented the loss of a parent whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory he still revered. As soon as the first transports of grief were over, and the days allotted for mourning had passed, the young man began seriously to consider the situation in which he was left. Born in affluence, and grown up under the expectation of receiving, after his father's demise, those possessions to which he was so justly entitled, he saw, or imagined he saw, his expectations disappointed and his worldly prospects blighted. In this state of mind he went to his instructor, a man eminent for his piety and wisdom, acquainted him with the cause of his affliction, made him read the will; and in the bitterness of distress, ventured to express his thoughts — that his father, by making such a strange disposition of his property, neither showed good sense nor affection for his only child.

"Say nothing against thy father, young man!" spake the pious instructor: "thy father was both a wise man and an affectionate parent; the most convincing proof of which he gave by this very will."

"By this will!" exclaimed the young man, — "by this will! Surely, my honored master, thou art not in earnest. I can see neither wisdom in bestowing his property on a slave, nor affection in depriving his only son of his legal rights."

"Thy father has done neither," rejoined the learned instructor; "but like a just, loving parent, has by this very will secured the property to thee, if thou hast sense enough to avail thyself of it."

"How! how!" exclaimed the young man in the utmost astonishment — "how is this? Truly, I do not understand thee."

"Listen, then," said the friendly instructor; "listen, young man, and thou wilt have reason to admire thy father's prudence. When he saw his end approaching, and that he must go in the way in which all mortals must sooner or later go, he thought within himself, 'Behold, I must die; my son is too far off to take immediate possession of my estate; my slaves will no sooner be certain of my death than they will plunder my property, and to avoid detection will conceal my death from my beloved child, and thus deprive him even of the melancholy consolation of mourning for me.' To prevent the first, he bequeathed his property to his slave, whose apparent interest it would be to take care of it. To insure the second, he made it a condition that thou shouldst be allowed to select something out of that property. The slave, thought he, in order to secure his apparent legal claim, would not fail to give thee speedy information, as indeed he has done."

"Well," exclaimed the young man, rather impatiently, "what benefit is all this to me? will this restore to me the property of which I have so unjustly been deprived?"

"Ah!" replied the good man, "I see that wisdom resides only with the aged. Knowest thou not, that whatever a slave possesses belongs to his lawful master? And has not thy father left thee the power of selecting out of his property any one thing thou mightest choose? What hinders thee then from choosing that very slave as thy portion? and by possessing him, thou wilt of course be entitled to the whole property. This, no doubt, was thy father's intention."

The young Israelite, admiring his father's wisdom, no less than his master's sagacity, took the hint; chose the slave as his portion, and took possession of his father's estates. After which he gave the slave his freedom, together with a handsome present; convinced at the same time that wisdom resides with the aged, and understanding in length of days.

A Parable of Life.

The fox once came near a very fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last

found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his big body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region; making free with its exquisite produce, and feasting on its most rare and delicious fruit. He stayed for some time and glutted his appetite; when a thought struck him, that it was possible he might be observed, and in that case he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasure. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered, and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavors vain, — he had by indulgence grown so fat and plump that the same place would no more admit him.

"I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself. "Suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me! I see, my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance; and after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble; and thus addressed it: —

"Garden! garden! thou art indeed charming and delightful, thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not lean as I was before!"

It is even so with man. Naked comes he into the world — naked must he go out of it; and of all his toils and labor he can carry nothing with him, save the fruits of his righteousness.

The Inhospitable Jester.

An inhabitant of Jerusalem coming to Athens on some particular business, entered the house of a merchant, with a view of procuring a lodging. The master of the house, being rather merry with wine, and wishing to have a little sport, told him, that by a recent law, they must not entertain a stranger, unless he first made three large strides towards the street. "How shall I know," rejoined the Hebrew, "what sort of stride is in fashion amongst you? Show me, and I shall know how to imitate you." The Athenian made one long stride, which brought him to the middle of the shop —

and next brought him to its threshold — and the third carried him into the street. Our traveler no sooner perceived it than he shut the street door upon the Athenian. "What," cried the latter, "do you shut me out of my house?" "Thou hast no reason to complain," replied the Hebrew; "I only do that to thee which thou didst intend to do unto me." Remember, that he who attempts to circumvent another, has no right to complain of being himself circumvented.

Once when Rabbi Ishmael paid a visit to Rabbi Shimon, he was offered a cup of wine, which he at once, without being asked twice, accepted, and drained at one draught. "Sir," said his host, "dost thou not know the proverb, that he who drinks off a cup of wine at one draught is a greedy one?" "Ah!" was the answer, "that fits not this case: for thy cup is small, thy wine is sweet, and my stomach is capacious."

Miscellaneous Observations.

One pepper-corn to-day is better than a basketful of pumpkins to-morrow.

Whosoever destroyeth one soul of Israel, Scripture counts it to him as though he had destroyed the whole world; but whoso preserveth one soul of Israel, Scripture counts it as though he had preserved the whole world.

I would rather be called a fool all my days than sin one hour before God.

"The horse-leech has two daughters, crying, Give! give!" (Prov. xxx. 15). Mar Ukva says, "This has reference to the voice of two daughters crying out from torture in hell, because their voice is heard in this world crying, 'Give, give!' — namely — heresy and officialism."[1]

Rabbi Akiva says, "For three things I admire the Medes: (1) When they carve meat, they do it on the table; (2) When they kiss, they only do so on the hand; (3) And when they consult, they do so only in the field."

There are three whose life is no life: He who lives at another's table; he whose wife domineers over him; and he

[1] Rashi says heresy here refers to the "heresy of James," or in other words, Christianity.

who suffers bodily affliction. Some say also he who has only a single shirt in his wardrobe.

All who go down to hell shall come up again, except these three: He who commits adultery; he who shames another in public; and he who gives another a bad name.

A disciple of the wise who makes light of the washing of the hands is contemptible; but more contemptible is he who begins to eat before his guest; more contemptible is that guest who invites another guest; and still more contemptible is he who begins to eat before a disciple of the wise; but contemptible before all these three put together is that guest which troubles another guest.

The Rabbis have taught, a man should not sell to his neighbor shoes made from the hide of a beast that has died of disease, as if of a beast that had been slaughtered in the shambles, for two reasons: first, because he imposes upon him (for the skin of a beast that dies of itself is not so durable as the hide of a slaughtered animal); second, because there is danger (for the beast that died of itself might have been stung by a serpent, and the poison remaining in the leather might prove fatal to the wearer of shoes made of that leather). A man should not send his neighbor a barrel of wine with oil floating upon its surface; for it happened once that a man did so, and the recipient went and invited his friends to a feast, in the preparation of which oil was to form a chief ingredient; but when the guests assembled, it was found out that the cask contained wine and not oil; and because the host had nothing else in preparation for a worthy feast, he went and committed suicide. Neither should guests give anything from what is set before them to the son or daughter of their host, unless the host himself give them leave to do so; for it once happened during a time of scarcity that a man invited three of his friends to dine, and he had nothing but three eggs to place before them. Meanwhile, as the guests were seated at the board, the son of the host came into the room, and first one of the guests gave him his share, and then the other two followed his example. Shortly afterwards the host himself came in, and seeing the child with his mouth full and both hands, he knocked him down to the ground, so that he died on the instant. The mother, seeing this, went

and threw herself headlong from the housetop, and the father followed her example. Thus Rabbi Eliezar ben Yacob said, "There perished in this affair three souls of Israel."

There are four kinds of men, according to their degrees of passionateness: He who is easily provoked and as readily pacified, and who loses more than he gains; he whom it is difficult to rouse and as difficult to appease, and who gains more than he loses; he who is not readily provoked, but easily pacified, who is a pious man; he who is easily provoked and with difficulty appeased, who is a wicked man.

These five should be killed even on the Sabbath: The fly of Egypt, the wasp of Nineveh, the scorpion of Hadabia, the serpent of the land of Israel, and the mad dog anywhere and everywhere.

Six things are a disgrace to the disciple of the wise: To walk abroad perfumed, to walk alone by night, to wear old clouted shoes, to talk with a woman in the street, to sit at table with illiterate men, and to be late at the synagogue. Some add to these walking with a proud step or a haughty gait.

Six things bear interest in this world and the capital remaineth in the world to come: Hospitality to strangers, visiting the sick, meditation in prayer, early attendance at the school of instruction, the training of sons to the study of the Law, and judging charitably of one's neighbors.

He who passes seven nights in succession without dreaming deserves to be called wicked.

A male hyena after seven years becomes a bat, this after seven years a vampire, this after other seven years a nettle, this after seven years more a thorn, and this again after seven years is turned into a demon. If a man does not devoutly bow during the repetition of the daily prayer which commences "We reverently acknowledge," his spine after seven years becomes a serpent.

It is related of Benjamin the righteous, who was keeper of the poorbox, that a woman came to him at a period of famine

and solicited food. "By the worship of God," he replied, "there is nothing in the box." She then exclaimed, "O Rabbi, if thou dost not feed me I and my seven children must needs starve." Upon which he relieved her from his own private purse. In course of time he fell ill and was nigh unto death. Then the ministering angels interceded with the Holy One — blessed be he! — and said, "Lord of the Universe, thou hast said he that preserveth one single soul of Israel alive is as if he had preserved the life of the whole world; and shall Benjamin the righteous, who preserved a poor woman and her seven children, die so prematurely?" Instantly the death warrant which had gone forth was torn up, and twenty-two years were added to his life.

The first step in transgression is evil thought, the second scoffing, the third pride, the fourth outrage, the fifth idleness, the sixth hatred, and the seventh an evil eye.

Seven things distinguish an ill-bred man and seven a wise man: The wise man (1) does not talk before his superior in wisdom and years; (2) he does not interrupt another when speaking; (3) he is not hasty to make reply; (4) his questions are to the point, and his answers are according to the Halachah; (5) his subjects of discourse are orderly arranged, the first subject first and the last last; (6) if he has not heard of a thing, he says, I have not heard it; and (7) he confesseth the truth. The characteristics of an ill-bred man are just the contrary of these.

A woman prefers one measure of frivolity to nine measures of Pharisaic sanctimoniousness.

What entitles a place to rank as a large town? When there are in it ten unemployed men. Should there be fewer than that number, it is to be looked upon as a village.

Ten things are detrimental to study: Going under the halter of a camel, and still more, passing under its body; walking between two camels or between two women; to be one of two men that a woman passes between; to go where the atmosphere is tainted by a corpse; to pass under a bridge beneath which no water has flowed for forty days; to eat with a ladle that has been used for culinary purposes; to drink water that

runs through a cemetery. It is also dangerous to look at the face of a corpse, and some say also to read inscriptions on tombstones.

A man once laid a wager with another that he would put Hillel out of temper. If he succeeded he was to receive, but if he failed he was to forfeit, four hundred zouzim. It was close upon Sabbath eve, and Hillel was washing himself, when the man passed by his door, shouting, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Hillel wrapped his mantle round him and sallied forth to see what the man wanted. "I want to ask thee a question," was the reply. "Ask on, my son," said Hillel. Whereupon the man said, "I want to know why the Babylonians have such round heads." "A very important question, my son," said Hillel; "the reason is because their midwives are not clever." The man went away, but after an hour he returned, calling out as before, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Hillel again threw on his mantle and went out, meekly asking, "What now, my son?" "I want to know," said he, "why the people of Tadmor are weak-eyed?" Hillel replied, "This is an important question, my son, and the reason is this, they live in a sandy country." Away went the man, but in another hour's time he returned as before, crying out, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Out came Hillel again, as gentle as ever, blandly requesting to know what more he wanted. "I have a question to ask," said the man. "Ask on, my son," said Hillel. "Well, why have the Africans such broad feet?" said he. "Because they live in a marshy land," said Hillel. "I have many more questions to ask," said the man, "but I am afraid that I shall only try thy patience and make thee angry." Hillel, drawing his mantle around him, sat down and bade the man ask all the questions he wished. "Art thou Hillel," said he, "whom they call a prince in Israel?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said the other, "I pray there may not be many more in Israel like thee." "Why," said Hillel, "how is that?" "Because," said the man, "I have betted four hundred zouzim that I could put thee out of temper, and I have lost them all through thee." "Be warned for the future," said Hillel; "better it is that thou shouldst lose four hundred zouzim, and four hundred more after them, than it should be said of Hillel he lost his temper."

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

[ST. AUGUSTINE, the greatest of the Latin Church fathers, was born in North Africa, A.D. 354. He was educated at Carthage, and became a noted lawyer and orator, a Manichæan in religion despite Christian teaching from his mother. He was converted to Christianity by St. Ambrose at Milan, when something over thirty. In 396 he became bishop of Hippo in Africa, continuing such till his death in 430. The form of Catholic doctrine as it stands is mainly due to him. His greatest work is the "City of God," but he is best known by his "Confessions."]

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS YOUTH.

I WILL now call to mind the uncleanness of my former life, and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not that I love them, but that I may love thee, my God. For the love of thy love I do this, reviewing my most wicked ways in the bitterness of my remembrance, that thou mayest become sweet to me, who art a sweetness without deceit, a sweetness happy and secure.

And what was it that delighted me but to love and to be loved? But in this love the true manner was not observed betwixt soul and soul, as far as the bounds of friendship go without fault, but black vapors were exhaled from the muddy concupiscence of the flesh, and the bubbling source of my luxuriant age, which so overclouded and darkened my heart, as not to discern the serenity of love from the obscurity of lust. Both boiled together within me, and hurried my unsettled age down the cliffs of unlawful desires, and plunged me into the gulf of criminal actions. . . .

Where was I, and at how great a distance was I banished from the delight of thy house in that sixteenth year of the age of my flesh; when the fury of lust, licensed by the shameless practice of men, but ever prohibited by thy holy laws, had received the scepter in me, and I wholly yielded myself up to it? In the meantime my friends took no care to prevent my ruin by lawful marriage; but were only careful that I should learn to make fine speeches, and become a great orator.

HIS LIVING IDLE AT HOME CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SINS, FROM WHICH HIS HOLY MOTHER ENDEAVORED TO DIVERT HIM.

Now for that year my studies were intermitted, I being called home from *Madaura*, in which neighboring city I had

been for a while applied to learning and oratory, and the expenses of my studying farther from home at *Carthage*, being in the mean time providing by the resolution of my father which went beyond his wealth, he being a citizen of *Tagaste*, of a very small estate. To whom am I relating these things? Not to thee, O my God, but in thy presence, to my fellow-mortals, of the same human kind as I am, how small soever a part of them it may be which shall light upon these my writings: and to what end do I do this? But that both I and they who read this may reflect from how *profound a depth* we must still be crying to thee. And what is nearer to thy ears than a confessing heart and a life of faith? For who did not then highly commend my father, for laying out in behalf of his son, even beyond the strength of his estate, which was necessary for the carrying on his studies at that great distance from home; whereas many citizens, far more wealthy than he, did no such thing for their children; whilst in the mean time this same father took no care of my growing up to thee, or of my being chaste, provided I was but eloquent [*disertus*] or rather [*desertus*] forsaken and uncultivated of thee, who art the one true and good Lord of thy field my heart.

But when in that sixteenth year of my age I began to live idly at home with my parents, whilst domestic necessities caused a vacation from school, the briers of lust grew over my head, and there was no hand to root them up. Nay, when that father of mine saw me in the Bagnio now growing towards man, and perceived in me the unquiet motions of youth, as if from hence he were big with hopes of grandchildren, he related it to my mother with joy; intoxicated with the generality of the world, by the fumes of the invisible wine of their own perverse will, whilst forgetting thee their Creator, and loving thy creature instead of thee, they stoop down to rejoice in these lowest of things. But in my mother's breast thou hadst already begun thy temple, and the foundation of thy holy habitation; for my father was as yet only a *Catechumen*, and that but of late. She therefore upon hearing it, was seized with fear and trembling; being concerned for me, though I was not baptized, lest I should stray into those crooked ways in which worldlings walk, who turn not their face but their back upon thee.

Alas! and dare I say that thou wert silent, O my God, when I was wandering still farther from thee? And wast thou

silent indeed? And whose then but thine were those words, which, by my mother, thy faithful servant, thou didst sing in my ears, though no part of it descended into my heart to perform it? For she desired, and I remember how she secretly admonished me with great solicitude, to keep myself pure from women, and above all to take care of defiling any one's wife; which seemed to me to be but the admonitions of a woman, which I should be ashamed to obey; but they were thy admonitions, and I knew it not; and I supposed thee to be silent whilst she spoke, whereas by her thou didst speak to me and in her wast despised by me, by me her son, *the son of thy handmaid thy servant*, Psalm 115. But I knew it not, and rushed on headlong with so much blindness, that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less filthy than others; and when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions, and boasting so much the more by how much the more beastly they were, I had a mind to do the like, not only for the pleasure of it, but that I might be praised for it.

Is there anything but vice that is worthy of reproach? Yet I became more vicious to avoid reproach; and when nothing came in my way, by committing which I might equal the most wicked, I pretended to have done what I had not done, lest I should be esteemed more vile by how much I was more chaste. Behold with what companions I was walking in the streets of *Babylon;* and I wallowed in the mire thereof, as if it were spices and precious perfumes, and that in the very midst of it, the invisible enemy trod me down and seduced me, because I was willing to be seduced: neither did that mother of my flesh (who was escaped out of the midst of *Babylon*, but walked yet with a slow pace in the skirts thereof), as she admonished me to be chaste, so take care to restrain that lust (which her husband had discovered to her in me, and which she knew to be so infectious for the present and dangerous for the future) within the bounds of conjugal affection, if it could not otherwise be cured: she did not care for this method, for fear my hope should be spoiled by the fetters of a wife; not that hope of the world to come which my mother had in thee, but the hope of my proficiency in learning, upon which both my parents were too much intent: he because he scarce thought at all of thee; and of me nothing but mere empty vanities; and she, because she supposed that those usual studies of sciences would be no hindrance, but rather some help

towards the coming to thee. For so I conjecture, recollecting as well as I can the manners of my parents. Then also were the reins let loose to spend my time in play, beyond what a due severity would allow, which gave occasion to my being more dissolute in various inclinations; and in them all there was a mist intercepting, O my God, from me the serenity of thy truth, *and my iniquities proceeded, as it were, from the fat*, Psalm 72, *v.* 7.

He confesses a Theft of his Youth done out of Mere Wantonness.

Thy law, O Lord, punisheth theft, and a law written in the hearts of men, which even iniquity itself cannot blot out. For what thief is willing to have another steal from him? For even he that is rich will not endure another stealing for want. Yet I had a mind to commit theft, and I committed it, not for want or need, but loathing to be honest and longing to sin; for I stole that of which I had plenty, and much better. Neither was I fond of enjoying the things that I stole, but only fond of the theft and the sin. There was a pear tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit, which were neither tempting for their beauty nor their taste. To shake off and carry away the fruit of this tree, a company of wicked youths of us went late at night, having, according to a vicious custom, been playing till then in the yards; and thence we carried great loads, not for our eating, but even to be cast to the hogs; and if we tasted any of them, the only pleasure therein was, because we were doing what we should not do.

Behold my heart, O my God, behold my heart, of which thou hast had pity when it was in the midst of the bottomless pit. Behold, let my heart now tell thee what it was it then sought. That I might even be wicked without cause, and have nothing to tempt me to evil, but the ugly evil itself. And this I loved; I loved to perish, I loved to be faulty; not the thing in which I was faulty, but the very faultiness I loved. Oh! filthy soul, and falling from thy firmament to its utter ruin; affecting not something disgraceful, but disgrace itself.

N.B. — *After his return home to* Africa *he made ample restitution for those pears he had stolen.*

That Men sin not without Some Appearance or Pretense of Good.

There is a tempting appearance in beautiful bodies, in gold, and silver, and the rest. And in the sense of the touch there is an agreeableness that is taking; and in like manner the other senses find their pleasures in their respective objects. So temporal honor, and the power of commanding and excelling hath something in it that is attractive; hence also arises the desire of revenge. And yet we must not, for the gaining of all or any of these things, depart from thee, O Lord, nor turn aside from thy law. The life also which we live here, hath its allurement, by reason of a certain kind of beauty in it, and the proportion which it hath to all the rest of these lower beauties. Likewise the friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together.

Upon occasion of all these and the like things sin is committed, when by an immoderate inclination to them, which have but the lowest place amongst good things, men forsake the best and highest goods, viz. thee, O Lord our God, and thy truth, and thy law. For these lowest things have indeed their delights, but not like my God who made all things; because in him doth the just delight, and he is the joy of the upright of heart. Therefore when the question is for what cause any crime was done, it is not usually believed but where it appears that there might be some desire of acquiring some of these lowest of goods, or fear of losing them: for they are fair and beautiful; though in comparison of those superior goods and beatific joys they are mean and contemptible.

A man hath murdered another. Why did he do it? He was in love with his wife, or his estate; or he did it that he might rob him to support his own life; or he was afraid of suffering the like from him; or he had been injured, and sought to be revenged. Would he commit a murder without a cause, merely for the sake of the murder; who can imagine this? For as for that furious and exceeding cruel man [*Catiline*] of whom a certain author has written that *he chose to be wicked and cruel* gratis; the cause is assigned in the same place, *lest*, says he, *his hand or his mind should be weakened for want of exercise.* And to what end did he refer this also? That being thus exercised in wickedness, he might be enabled to surprise the city [*Rome*]

and obtain honors, power, riches, and be delivered from the fear of the laws, and the difficulties he labored under through want of an estate and a guilty conscience. Therefore even *Catiline* himself was not in love with his crimes, but with something else, for the sake of which he committed them.

BLOSSOM-GATHERINGS FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE.

By ALFRED THE GREAT.

[Reigned 871–901. — The beginning of this article is lost.]

. . . GATHERED me then javelins, and "stud-shafts," and "lay-shafts," and helves to each of the tools which I could work with, and "bay-timbers," and "bolt-timbers," and to each of the works that I could work, the comeliest trees, by the deal that I might bear. Neither came I with a burthen home, for I did not wish to bring all the wood home, if I might bear it all. In every tree I saw something which I needed at home; therefore I advise every one who is able and has many wains, that he trade to the same wood where I cut the stud-shafts, there fetch more for himself, and load his wains with fair rods, that he may wind many a neat wall, and set many a comely house, and build many a fair town, of them; and thereby may dwell merrily and softly, both winter and summer, so as I now yet have not done. But he who taught me, to whom the wood was agreeable, (even) he may make me to dwell more softly in this temporary cottage; by this way, the while that I am in this world, and also in the everlasting home which he has promised us through Saint Augustine and Saint Gregory and Saint Jerome, and through many other holy fathers; as I believe also that for the merits of all those he will both make this way more convenient than it was ere this, and especially enlighten the eyes of my mind so that I may search out the right way to the everlasting home, and to the everlasting glory, and to the everlasting rest, which is promised us through those holy fathers. Be (it) so.

It is no wonder, though men "swink" in timber-working, and in the out-leading and in the building; but every man wishes, after he has built a cottage on his lord's lease, by his

help, that he may sometimes rest him therein, and hunt, and fowl, and fish, and use it in every way to the lease, both on sea and on land, until the time that he earn bookland and everlasting heritage through his lord's mercy. So do the wealthy Giver, who wields both these temporary cottages and the everlasting homes, may he who shaped both and wields both, grant me that I be meet for each, both here to be profitable, and thither to come.

Augustinus, bishop of Carthage, wrought two books about his own Mind. The books are called "Soliloquiorum," that is, of his mind's musing and doubting; how his Reason answered his Mind, when the mind doubted about anything, or wished to know anything which it could not clearly understand before. Then said he, his mind went oft asking and searching our various and rare things, and most of all, about himself, what he was; whether his mind and his soul were deadly and perishing, or it were aye-living and eternal; and again, about his good, what it was, and what good was best for him to do, and what evil to "forlet."

Augustine. — Then answered me something, I know not what, whether myself or another thing, nor know I whether it was within me or without; but of which I soothly ween, that it was my Reason, and then it said to me: "If thou have any good 'herd,' who well knows to hold that which thou gettest and committest to him, show him to me; but if thou have none so prudent, seek him till thou find him; for thou canst not both always sit over that which thou hast gotten, and also get more." Then quoth I, "To whom else will I commit what else I get, but to my memory?"

R. — Is thy memory so strong that it may hold everything which thou thinkest and commendest to it to hold?

A. — No, oh no; neither mine nor any man's memory is so strong that it may hold everything that is committed to it.

R. — Commit it then to letters, and write it; but methinks, however, that thou art too unhale, that thou canst not write it all; and though thou were altogether hale, thou wouldst need to have a retired place, and leisure from every other thing, and a few known and able men with thee, who would not hinder thee anything, but help thy ability.

A. — I have none of those, neither the leisure, nor other men's help, nor so retired a place that might suit me for such a work; therefore I know not what I shall do.

R. — I wot not, then, aught better than that thou pray. Make thy wish to God, the Savior of mind and body, that thou may thereby get health, and what thou wishest. And when thou hast prayed, write then the prayer, lest thou forget it, that thou be the worthier of thy ability. And pray in few words deeply, with full understanding.

A. — I will do as thou teachest me.

O Lord, who art the Maker of all creatures, grant me first that I may know thee rightly and distinctly, and that I may earn that I be worthy that thou for thy mercy redeem and deliver me. I call to thee, Lord, who wroughtest all that else could not be made, nor even abide without thee. I call to thee, Lord, who leavest none of thy creatures to become to naught. To him I call, who wrought all the creatures beautiful, without any matter. To thee I call, who never wroughtest any evil, but every good work wroughtest. To him I call, who teacheth to a few wise men that evil is naught. Lord, thou who hast wrought all things worthy and nothing unworthy; to thee is no creature untoward; though any one will, it cannot, for thou hast shapen them all orderly and peaceable and harmonious, and none of them can altogether "fordo" another. But always the beautiful beautifieth the unbeautiful. To thee I call, whom everything loveth that can love, both those which know what they love, and those which know not what they love. Thou who hast shapen all the creatures without any evil, very good, — thou, who wilt not altogether show thyself openly to any but them who are cleansed in their mind, — I call to thee, Lord, for thou art the Father of soothfastness, and wisdom, and true life, and of the highest life and of the highest blessedness, and of the highest brightness, and of the understanding's light. — Thou, who art Father of the Son, who has awakened and yet wakens us from the sleep of our sins, and warneth us that we come to thee, — to thee I pray, Lord, who art the highest soothfastness, and for thee is sooth all that sooth is. I pray to thee, Lord, who art the highest wisdom, and through thee are wise all they that are wise. I pray to thee, Lord, who art right life, and through thee live all they that live. Thou art the highest blessedness, and for thee are blessed all they that are blessed. Thou art the highest good (and for thee is good all that good is), and beautiful. Thou art the understanding's light; through thee man understands. I pray to thee, Lord, who wieldest all the world; whom we cannot know bodily, neither by eyes, nor by

smell, nor by ears, nor by taste, nor by touch; although such laws as we have, and such customs as we have, we took from thy kingdom, and from thy kingdom we draw the example of all the good that we do. For every one falls who flees from thee, and every one rises who turns to thee, and every one stands who abides in thee; and he dies who altogether forsakes thee, and he quickens who comes to thee; and each of them, and he lives indeed who thoroughly abides in thee. None forsakes thee that is wise, and none seeks thee but the wise, and none altogether finds thee but the cleansed. That is, that a man is lost, that a man forsakes thee. He who loves thee seeks thee; he who follows thee has thee. The truths which thou hast given us awaken us from the sleep of our sins. Our hope heaves us up to thee. Our limbs, which thou hast given us, fasten us to thee. Through thee we overcome our foes, both ghostly and bodily. Thou who art a free giver, come to me, and have mercy on me; for thou hast bestowed on us great gifts, that is that we shall never altogether perish, so that we become to naught.

O Lord, thou who warnest us that we should watch, thou hast given us reason, that we may discern and distinguish good and evil, and flee the evil. Thou hast given us the power that we should not despond in any toil nor in any inconvenience, it is no wonder, for thou very well rulest, and makest us well serve thee. Thou hast well taught us that we may understand that that was strange to us and transitory, which we look upon as our own, that is, worldly wealth, and thou hast also taught us to understand that that is our own, which we look upon as strange to us; that is, the kingdom of heaven, which we then disregarded. Thou who hast taught us that we should do naught unlawful, and hast also taught (us) that we should not be sorrowful though our substance waned to us. Thou who hast taught us that we should subject our body to our mind. Thou who didst then overcome death when thou thyself didst arise, and also wilt make all men arise. Thou who honorest us all to thee, and cleansest us from all our sins, and justifiest us, and hearest all our prayers. Thou who hast made us of thy household, and who teachest us all righteousness, and always teachest us good, and always doest us good, and leavest us not to serve an unrighteous lord, as we formerly did. Thou callest us to our way, and leadest us to the door, and openest to us, and givest us the bread of everlasting life, and the drink from

life's well. Thou who threatenest men for their sins, and teachest them to deem right dooms, and to do righteousness.

Thou hast strengthenest in, and yet strengthen our belief that the unbelieving may not mar and hinder us. Thou hast given us, and yet givest, the understanding, that we may overcome the error of those (who teach that) men's souls have no recompense, after this world, of their earnings either of good or of evil, whichsoever they here do; thou who hast loosed us from the thraldom of other creatures. Thou always preparest everlasting life for us, and preparest us also for the everlasting life.

Come now to my help, thou who art the only, eternal, and true God of Majesty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, without any jarring or change, and without any need or unmight, and without death. Thou who always dwellest in the highest brightness, and in the highest steadiness; in the highest unanimity and in the highest sufficiency; for to thee is no want of any good; but thou always abidest thus full of every good unto eternity. Thou art Father and Son and Holy Ghost.

Thee serve all the creatures which thou hast shapen; to thee is every good soul subject; by thy behest the heaven turneth and all the stars keep their run: by thy behest the sun brings light by day, and the moon (brings) light at night. By their likeness thou steerest and wieldest all this world, so that all creatures change as day and night. Thou rulest the year, and riddest the change of the four tides, that is Lent and Summer and Harvest and Winter; of which each changes with another, and turns so that each is again evenly that which it was before, and there where it was before: and so change all the stars (planets), and turn in the same wise; and again the sea and rivers. On the same wise turn all creatures; some change in another wise, so that the same come not again there where they formerly were, altogether so as they formerly were, but others come for them; as leaf on trees and apples and grass and worts and trees grow old and sear; and others come, wax green and grow and ripen; for that they again begin to wither. And so all beasts and fowls, so as is now long to reckon all to thee. Yea even men's bodies grow old as other creatures grow old; but as they formerly live more worthily than trees or beasts, so they also shall arise more worthfully

on doom's day, so that never after shall the bodies end nor wax old: and though the body was formerly rotten, yet was the soul always living since it was first shapen.

And all the creatures about which we are speaking that they seem to us unharmonious and unsteady — they have, however, some deal of steadiness, for they are bridled with the bridle — God's commandments. God gave freedom to men's souls, that they might do either good or evil, whether they would: and promised good (as a) reward to the well-doing, and evil to the evil-doers. With God is prepared the well-spring of every good to us which we have; he shields us against all evils. Nothing is above him: but all things are under him, or with, or in him. He wrought man to his likeness; and every man who knows himself, knows that this is all sooth.

To that God I call, and say, Hear me! hear me, O Lord, for thou art my God, and my Lord, my Father, and my Maker, and my Governor, and my hope, and my substance, and my worship, and my house and my birth-land, and my health, and my life. Hear, hear me, Lord, thy servant! Thee few understand. Thee alone I love over all things: thee I seek; thee I follow; thee I am ready to serve; under thy government I wish to abide, for thou alone reignest. I pray thee, that thou command me that which thou wilt. But heal my eyes, and upon (them), that I may see thy wonders; and drive from me folly and pride; and give me wisdom that I may know thee; and teach me whither I should look to thee, that I may there behold thee; then believe I that I shall gladly do that which thou commandest me.

I beseech thee, thou merciful, well-willing, and well-working Lord, that thou receive me, thy runaway; for I was formerly thine and fled I from thee to the devil, and fulfilled his will; and much misery I suffered in his service. But if it now seems to thee, as to me it seems, long enough I have suffered the pains, which I now awhile have suffered, and have longer than I ought served thy foes, whom thou hast in bonds; long enough have I been in the reproach and the shame which they brought on me. But receive me now, thy lonely servant; for I am come fleeing from them. Lo! they took me before I had fled from thee to them. Give me never again to them now (that) I have sought thee; but open thy door and teach me how I shall come to it. I have naught to bring thee but a good will; for I my-

self have naught else; nor know I aught better than that. I love the heavenly and the ghostly over this heavenly, as I also do, good Father, for I know naught better than that.

But I wot not how I shall now come to thee unless thou teach me; but teach me it and help me. If by faith they find me, who find thee, give me then faith. If by any other craft they find thee, who find thee, give me that craft. If by wisdom they find thee, who find thee, give me then wisdom; and increase in me the hope of the everlasting life, and thy love increase in me. O how wonderful is thy goodness, for it is unlike all goods. I desire to come to thee, and all that I have need of on the way I desire from thee, and chiefly that without which I cannot come to thee if thou forsake me: for through thee I . . . But I wot though that thou wilt not forsake me, unless I forsake thee; nor will I also forsake thee, for thou art the highest good. There is none who rightly seeks thee that he finds thee not. He alone seeks thee aright whom thou teachest aright, that they may seek thee, and how they shall seek thee. Well, O good Father, well deliver me from the error in which I have erred till this, and yet err in; and teach me the way in which no foe may find (me) ere I come to thee. If I love naught over thee, I beseech thee that I may find thee; and if I immoderately and unlawfully desire anything, free me of that, and make me worthy that I may see thee.

Thou best Father, and thou wisest, I commend to thee my body, that thou hold it hale. I wot not, though, what I there ask, whether I ask (what is) profitable or unprofitable to myself, or to the friends whom I love, and (who) love me. Nor wot I this, how long thou wilt hold it hale; therefore I commit and commend it, for thou knowest better than I know what I need; therefore I pray thee, that thou always teach me the while that I am in this body, and in this world; and help me that I may always search out the counsel that is likeworth to thee and best rightworth to me for this life.

And now yet, over all other things, I most earnestly pray thee, that thou altogether convert me to thee, and let nothing overcome me on this way, so that I may not come to thee; and cleanse me the while that I am in this world, and make me humble. Give me. . . . Make me discreet and righteous and forethoughtful and perfect. And, O God, make me a lover and a finder of thy wisdom. And make me worthy that I be dwelling in thy blessed kingdom. Be it so!

STILICHO AND ALARIC.

By THOMAS HODGKIN.

[THOMAS HODGKIN, one of the ablest historical writers of the century, is a banker, as Grote, Lubbock, Bagehot, Rogers, and other strong literary men have been. He was born in 1831, in Tottenham, England, of a Quaker family; educated as a lawyer, he abandoned it from ill health; founded a banking firm in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has since branched into many other places. In 1874 he began his noble literary monument, "Italy and her Invaders," to extend from the death of Julian to the accession of Charlemagne; the last volume is still to come. He has also written valuable monographs.]

LET us pass on from Honorius to describe the character and fortunes of the real ruler of the Western world, Stilicho.

Stilicho was born probably between 350 and 360. He was the son of a Vandal chief who had entered the service of the Emperor Valens, and had apparently commanded his squadrons of barbarian auxiliaries in a creditable manner. When the young Vandal, tall and of stately presence, moved through the streets of Constantinople, the crowds on either hand deferentially made way for him. And yet he was still only a private soldier, but the instinct of the multitude foretold his future advancement. Nor was that advancement long in coming; scarcely had he attained manhood when the Emperor sent him on an embassy to the Persian court. Arrived at Babylon (continues the flattering bard) his proud deportment struck awe into the hearts of the stern nobles of Parthia, while the quiver-bearing multitude thronged eagerly to gaze on the illustrious stranger; and the Persian ladies, smitten by his goodly appearance, nourished in secret the hopeless flame of love.

Hopeless — for a higher alliance than that of any Persian dame was in store for him on his return to Constantinople. There, in the court of her uncle Theodosius, dwelt the learned and dignified Serena. She was the daughter of his brother, the elder Honorius, and was older than any of his own children. . . . Such was the bride whom the Emperor (probably about the year 385) bestowed on the young warrior. Henceforward his promotion was certain. He rose to high rank in the army, being made Magister Utriusque Militiæ some years before the death of Theodosius, he distinguished himself in many campaigns against the Visigoths, and finally, when his wife Serena had brought her little cousin Honorius to his dying

father at Milan, Stilicho received from his sovereign, whom he had no doubt accompanied in his campaign against Arbogast, the guardianship of his son and the regency of the Western Empire.

Of the great abilities of Stilicho as a general and a civil administrator there can be no doubt. As to the integrity of his character there is a conflict of testimony. Our best course will be to watch the life of the great Vandal for ourselves, and draw our own conclusion at its close.

One thing is certain, that the animosity existing between Stilicho and the successive ministers of the Eastern Emperor (an animosity which does not necessarily imply any fault on the part of the former) was one most potent cause of the downfall of the Western Empire. In part this was due to the peculiar position of military affairs at the time of the death of Theodosius. The army of the East, the backbone of which was the Gothic auxiliaries, had just conquered, at the river Frigidus, the army of the West, which similarly depended upon the Frankish and West German soldiery. The two hosts coalesced in devotion to Theodosius; they were perhaps ready to follow the standards of a rising general like Stilicho, but they were in no great haste to march off to wearisome sentinel duty on the frontiers of Persia or Scythia, nor was Stilicho anxious so to scatter them. Hence heartburnings between him and the Eastern court, and complaints, perhaps well founded, made by the latter, that he kept all the most able-bodied and warlike soldiers for himself, and sent the cripples and good-for-nothing fellows to Constantinople. Whatever the original grievance, for a period of thirteen years (from 395–408) hearty coöperation between the courts of Rome and Constantinople was unknown, and intrigues which it is impossible now to unravel were being woven by the ministers of Arcadius against Honorius, perhaps by Stilicho against them. The Roman Empire was a house divided against itself, and it is therefore no marvel if it was brought to naught.

Alaric (the all-ruler) surnamed Baltha (the bold), was the Visigothic chieftain whose genius taught him the means of turning this estrangement between the two empires to the best account. He was probably born about 360. We have already met with him crossing the Alps as a leader of auxiliaries in the army of Theodosius, when that emperor marched to encounter Eugenius and Arbogast. With the accession of the two young

princes the spell of the Theodosian name over the barbarian mind was broken. The ill-timed parsimony of Rufinus, perhaps of Stilicho also, curtailed the largesses hitherto given to the Gothic troops, and thus yet further estranged them from the empire. Then, individual grievances were not wanting to their general.

But however varied the causes might be, the effect is clear. From the day that Ala-Reiks was accepted as leader of the Gothic people their policy changed; or rather, they began to have a policy, which they had never had before. No longer now satisfied to serve as the mere auxiliary of Rome, Alaric adopted the maxim which he himself had probably heard from the lips of Priulf just before his murder by Fravitta, that the Goths had fought Rome's battles long enough, and that the time was now come for them to fight their own. Hovering on the frontiers both of Honorius and Arcadius, he, in the words of Claudian,

"Sold his alternate oaths to either throne."

But that is, of course, the hostile version of his conduct. He doubtless fought craft with craft, but no well-established charge of perfidy is brought against him.

And let not the vague and disparaging term "barbarian" mislead us as to the degree of culture and refinement of character which were to be found in such a man as the Visigothic hero. We have not now before us a mere Tartar ruffian like Attila, Zengis, or Timur, still less a savage, however stately, like a chief of the Iroquois or Algonquins. Probably one of our own Plantagenet princes, Edward I. or the Black Prince, would furnish us with a more apt resemblance. Knowing the Roman court and army well, and despising them as heartily, educated in the Christian faith, proud of the willing allegiance of a nation of warriors, fated to destroy, yet not loving the work of mere destruction, Alaric and the kings of the Visigoths who followed him are, in fact, knights errant who rear the standard of chivalry — with its errors as well as its noble thoughts — in the level waste of the Orientalized despotism and effete civilization of the Roman Empire.

Such, then, was the chief whom the Visigothic warriors, in accordance with the usages of their forefathers, raised upon the buckler and held aloft in the sight of all men as their newly chosen king. The purpose of this election is not clouded by

any doubt. As Jornandes says, "The new king taking counsel with his people, decided to carve out for themselves new kingdoms rather than, through sloth, to continue the subjects of others."

And little as they knew what they were doing, the flaxen-haired barbarians who in the Illyrian plains raised amid shouts of *Thiudans*, *Thiudans*, ("the king! the king!") the shield upon which Alaric stood erect, were in fact upheaving into reality the stately monarchy of Spain, with her Pelayos and San Fernandos, her Alonzos and Conquistadors, her Ferdinand and Isabella, with Columbus landing at Guanahani, and Vasco Nuñez wading knee-deep into the new-found ocean of the Pacific to take possession of its waves and shores for Spain. All these sights, and, alas, also her Inquisition, her autos-da-fé, her wrecked Armada, the impotence and bankruptcy of Iberia in these latter days, might have passed before the unsealed eyes of a seer, had there been such an one among those Gothic warriors; for all these things were to spring from that day's decision.

Alaric struck first at the East. In one, or more probably two, expeditions (395 and 396) he pushed south from the old outworn battlefield of Mœsia, penetrated Thessaly, passed the unguarded defile of Thermopylæ, and, according to the heathen enthusiast Zosimus, "having gathered all his troops round the sacred city of Athens, he was about to proceed to the assault. When lo! he beheld Athene Promachus, just as she is represented in her statues, clothed in full armor, going round about the walls thereof, and Achilles standing upon the battlements, with that aspect of divine rage and thirst for battle which Homer ascribes to him when he heard of the death of Patroclus. Awestruck at the sight, Alaric desisted from his warlike enterprise, signaled for truce, and concluded a treaty with the Athenians. After which he entered the city in peaceful guise with a few of his followers, was hospitably entertained by the chief inhabitants, received presents from them, and departed, leaving both Athens and Attica untouched by the ravages of war."

He did not turn homewards, however, but penetrated into Peloponnesus, where Corinth, Argos, and Sparta all fell before him.

The precise details of these campaigns are difficult to recover, and happily lie beyond our horizon. What is important

for us is their bearing on the relations between the two ministers, Stilicho and Rufinus. The latter is accused, and with too great a concurrence of testimony to allow us to reject it as a mere fabrication of his enemies, of having actually invited Alaric to invade his master's dominions, or, at any rate, of having smoothed Alaric's passage into Greece in order to remove him from his too menacing neighborhood to Constantinople. He was jealous of the overshadowing power of Stilicho, he was too conscious of his own intense unpopularity with all classes; even the dumb loyalty of his master was beginning to fail him. Surrounded by so many dangers, Rufinus seems to have conceived the desperate idea of playing off one barbarian against another, of saving himself from the Vandal Stilicho by means of Alaric the Goth.

Stilicho, who still commanded the greater part of the united force of both empires, had come up with the Goth, and was on the point of giving battle, when letters arrived from Constantinople, subscribed by the hand of Arcadius, commanding him to desist from further prosecution of the war, to withdraw the legions of Honorius within the limits of the Western Empire, and to send the other half of the army straight to Constantinople. This infatuated decree, which can only be explained by the supposition that Arcadius had really been persuaded of the disloyalty of Stilicho, and feared the rebel more than the barbarian, had been wrung from the Emperor by the cajolery and menaces of Rufinus.

Stilicho obeyed at once, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of the soldiers, with a promptness which must surely be allowed to count heavily in proof of his loyalty to the Theodosian line and his reluctance to weaken the commonwealth by civil war. The army of the whole Roman Empire had appeared for the last time in one common camp: the Western portion set off for Italy, the Eastern for Constantinople. With deep resentment in their hearts, the latter passed through Thessaly and Macedon, revolving silently a scheme of revenge which, if it passed from the domain of thought into that of uttered words, was faithfully kept from all outside, an army's secret.

[Rufinus was slain by them, the soldier who stabbed him saying, "With this sword Stilicho strikes thee." Gainas the Goth was the chief agent, and for some years held Rufinus's power.]

Again, in the year 396, did Stilicho, now commanding only the Western forces, volunteer to deliver Greece from the Visigoths. The outset of the campaign was successful. The greater part of Peloponnesus was cleared of the invader, who was shut up in the rugged mountain country on the confines of Elis and Arcadia. The Roman army was expecting soon to behold him forced by famine to an ignominious surrender, when they discovered that he had pierced the lines of circumvallation at an unguarded point, and marched with all his plunder northwards to Epirus. What was the cause of this unlooked-for issue of the struggle? "The disgraceful carelessness of Stilicho," says Zosimus. "He was wasting his time with harlots and buffoons when he should have been keeping close watch on the enemy." "Treason," hints Orosius. "Orders from Constantinople, where a treaty had been concluded with Alaric," half suggests Claudian, but he does not tell the story as if he himself believed it. The most probable explanation of this and of some similar passages in Stilicho's subsequent career is that Fabian caution coöperated with the instinct of the *condottiere* against pushing his foe too hard. There was always danger for Rome in driving Alaric to desperation; there was danger privately for Stilicho if the dead Alaric should render him no longer indispensable.

Whatever might be the cause, by the end of 396 Alaric was back again in his Illyrian eyrie; and thenceforward, whatever threats might be directed towards the East, the actual weight of his arms was felt only by the West. Partly, at least, this is to be accounted for by the almost sublime cowardice of the ministers of Arcadius, who rewarded his Grecian raids by clothing him with the sacred character of an officer of the Empire in their portion of Illyricum. During an interval of quiescence, which lasted apparently about four years, the Visigothic king was using the forms of Roman law, the machinery of Roman taxation, the almost unbounded authority of a Roman provincial governor, to prepare the weapon which was one day to pierce the heart of Rome herself.

In the year 400 Stilicho was raised to the consulship. The promotion seems to have come somewhat tardily to one whose power and whose services were so transcendent, but there was perhaps a reluctance to confer this peculiarly Roman office on one so recently sprung from a barbarian stock.

In the course of the year 400 Alaric descended into Italy with an army, which, as so often in the case of these barbaric campaigns, was not an army, but a nation. Determined not to return to Illyria, but to obtain, by force or persuasion, a settlement for his people on the Italian soil, he brought with him his wife and children, the families of his warriors, all the spoil which he had taken in Greece, all the treasures which he had accumulated during his rule in Eastern Illyricum. He marched from Belgrade up the valley of the Save by Laybach and the well-remembered pass of the Pear-Tree.

Because of the comparatively defenceless character of this part of the Italian frontier, the wise forethought of Senate and emperors had planted in this corner of the Venetian plain the great colony, port, and arsenal of Aquileia, whose towers were visible to the soldiers of Alaric's army as they wound round the last spurs of the Julian Alps, descending into the valley of the Isonzo. Aquileia was still the virgin fortress, the Metz of imperial Italy, and not even Alaric was to rob her of her impregnable glory. A battle took place under her walls, in which the Romans suffered a disastrous defeat; but the city — we may say with almost absolute certainty — did not surrender. Remembering, it may be, Fridigern's exclamation that "He did not make war upon stone walls," Alaric moved forward through Venetia. Across his road to Rome lay the strong city of Ravenna, guarded by a labyrinth of waters. He penetrated as far as the bridge, afterwards called the bridge of Candidianus, within three miles of the city; but he eventually retired from the untaken stronghold, and abandoning it would seem for the present his designs on Rome, marched westwards toward Milan.

These operations may perhaps have occupied Alaric from the summer of 400 to that of 401. His progress seems slow and his movements uncertain, but some of the delay may be accounted for by the fact that he was acting in concert with another invader. This was "Radagaisus the Goth," who was operating from the North, and trying to descend into Italy by the Brenner or the Splugen Pass, while Alaric was carrying on the campaign in the East, and endeavoring to reduce the fortresses of Venetia. After several months had been consumed by the Visigoth in his operations before Aquileia and Ravenna, he advanced, in the year 401, up the valley of the Po, and besieged Honorius either in Milan or possibly in the strong city of Asti (Asta in Piedmont).

Throughout the Roman world the consternation was extreme when it was known that the Goths, in overwhelming numbers, were indeed in Italy. A rumor like that of the fall of Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, born none knew where, propagated none knew how, traveled fast over Britain, Gaul, and Spain, to the effect that the daring attempt of Alaric had already succeeded, that the city was even now his prey.

In the course of this Rhætian campaign, Stilicho seems to have effectually repelled the invading hosts. He not only pushed them back into their settlements by the Danube, but he also raised, in these trans-Alpine provinces and among these half-rebellious tribes, an army which was suited in numbers to its work, "not so great as to be burdensome to Italy or formidable to its ruler."

The clouds which have gathered round the movements of both the rival chiefs at length lift, partially, and we find them face to face with one another at Pollentia during the season of Easter, 402. About twenty miles southeast of Turin, on the left bank of the Tanaro, in the great alluvial plain which is here Piedmont, but a little farther east will be Lombardy, still stands the little village of Pollenzo. This was the place which Alaric and his Goths were now besieging. It seems certain that Alaric was taken unawares and forced into a battle which he had not foreseen; and this from a cause which illustrates the strange reactions of the barbaric and civilized influences upon one another in this commencing chaos. On the 4th of April, Good Friday occurred. Alaric, with his army, Christian though Arian, was keeping the day with the accustomed religious observances, when he was attacked and forced to fight by Stilicho's lieutenant, Saulus. This man, the same who fought under Theodosius at the battle of the Frigidus, was by birth an Alan, and was probably surrounded by many of his countrymen, that race of utter savages who once dwelt between the Volga and the Don, and arrested the progress of the Huns, but had now yielded to their uncouth conquerors and rolled on with them over Europe, as fierce and as heathenish as they. The pigmy body of Saulus was linked to a dauntless spirit; every limb was covered with the scars of battle, his face had been flattened by many a club stroke, and his little dark Tartar eyes glowed with angry fire. He knew that suspicions had been entertained of his loyalty to the Empire, and he burned to prove their falsity. Having forced Alaric and his warriors

to suspend their Paschal devotions, he dashed his cavalry with Hun-like impetuosity against their stately line of battle. At the first onset he fell, and his riderless horse, rushing through the ranks, carried dismay to the hearts of his followers.

The light cavalry on the wings were like to have fled in disastrous rout, when Stilicho moved forward the steady foot soldiers of the legions from the center, and turned, says Claudian, defeat into victory. The Gothic rout (if we may trust Claudian's story of the battle) soon became a disastrous flight. The Roman soldiers, eager for revenge, were scarce diverted from their purpose by the rich stores of plunder which were thrown in their way by the despairing fugitives. Every trophy of the barbarian but added fury to the Roman pursuit, reviving as it did the bitter memories of Roman humiliation; and this fury reached its height when, amid a store of other splendid apparel, the purple garments of the murdered Valens were drawn forth to light. Crowds of captives who had followed the chariot of the Gothic king for years now received their freedom, kissed the gory hands of their deliverers, and, revisiting their long deserted homes, looked with wonder on the changes wrought there by Time.

After the vivid and circumstantial account which Claudian gives us of the Roman victory at Pollentia, it is almost humiliating to be obliged to mention that there is some doubt whether it was a Roman victory at all. Probably it was one of those bloody but indecisive combats, like Borodino and Leipzig, in which he who is technically the victor is saved but as by a hair's breadth from defeat. That the battle was no crushing defeat for the Goths seems sufficiently proved by the events which immediately followed it. Stilicho concluded a treaty of some kind with Alaric, and the Gothic king, recrossing the Po, commenced a leisurely retreat through Lombardy. Having arrived at Verona and committed some act which was interpreted as a breach of the treaty, he there, according to Claudian, sustained another severe defeat; but this engagement is not mentioned by any other writer. As it was, however, he succeeded in repassing the Alps, with what proportion of his forces we are quite unable to determine.

Claudian, who is our only authority for this part of the history, gives us no accurate details, only pages of declamation about the crushed spirits of the Gothic host, the despair of their leader, and his deep regret at ever having allowed himself

to be cajoled away from the nearer neighborhood of Rome by his fatal treaty with Stilicho. "Reading between the lines," we can see that all this declamation is but a labored defence of Stilicho's conduct in making a bridge of gold for a retreating foe. That much and angry criticism was excited by this and some similar passages of the great minister's career is evidenced by the words of the contemporary historian Orosius (immediately following the mention of Stilicho's name), "I will not speak of King Alaric with his Goths, often defeated, often hemmed in, and always allowed to escape." Probably, however, the criticisms were unjust. Stilicho had a weapon of uncertain temper to wield: legionaries enervated and undisciplined; barbarian auxiliaries, some of whom might sympathize with their northern brethren if they saw them too hardly pressed. It was by skill of fence rather than by mad clashing of sword against sword that the game was to be won; and it would have been poor policy to have driven the Visigothic army to bay, and to have let them discover —

> "What reinforcements they might gain from hope;
> If not, what resolution from despair."

The year 405 witnessed the second consulship of Stilicho, and another great inroad of barbarians. Alaric was not the leader in this new invasion; he was at this time, according to one authority, quartered in Epirus, and concerting measures with Stilicho for a joint attack on the Eastern Empire. The new invader is a wild figure bearing the name of Radagaisus, a Goth, but not of Alaric's following, though formerly his confederate. This man, "far the most savage of all past or present enemies of Rome," was known to be fanatically devoted to the false deities of his heathen ancestors; and as the tidings came that he, with his 200,000 or some said 400,000 followers, had crossed the Alps, and was vowing to satiate his fierce gods with the blood of all who bore the Roman name, a terrible despair seized all the fair cities of Italy.

However, Rome's hour of doom had not yet come. The fierce barbarian horde, instead of marching along the Lombard plain to Rimini, and thence by the comparatively easy Flaminian Way to Rome, chose the nearer but difficult route across the Tuscan Apennines. Stilicho marched against them, and succeeded in hemming them in, in the rugged hill country, where, owing to the shortness of provisions, their very

numbers were their ruin. Without incurring any of the risks of battle, the Roman army, "eating, drinking, sporting" (says Orosius), for some days kept watch over 200,000 starving men, till at last Radagaisus gave up the game, and tried to steal away from his camp. He fell into the hands of the Roman soldiery, was kept prisoner for a little time, — perhaps with some thought of his decking the triumph of Consul Stilicho, — and then put to death. His unhappy followers were sold for an *aureus* (about twelve shillings sterling) apiece, like the poorest cattle; but owing to the privations which they had endured, they died off so fast that the purchasers (as Orosius tells us with grim satisfaction) took no gain of money, having to spend on the burial of their captives the money which they had grudged for their purchase. And thus ended the invasion of Radagaisus.

The two great invasions of Alaric and Radagaisus effected little directly against Italy; but by compelling Stilicho to weaken his line on the Rhenish frontier, they indirectly caused the empire to lose three mighty provinces in the West. While those two chieftains have been crying "check" to the king, castles and knights and bishops have been ruthlessly swept off a distant portion of the board.

Such was the state of affairs when the scene was suddenly changed by the death of Arcadius, the Emperor of the East. For some months, perhaps years, before his death, strange and unintelligible transactions had taken place between Stilicho and Alaric. Stung by the repeated insults and embittered by the persistent hostility of the Eastern court, — anxious also to repay them in kind for their attempt, by means of Gildo's treason, to separate Africa from the dominions of his master, — the Roman general appears to have actually contemplated the design of joining the Gothic king in the invasion of Epirus, and thus by barbarian aid uniting Eastern Illyricum to the Western Empire. This invasion, if ever in truth projected, was stopped by a false report of the death of Alaric, and by the too true intelligence of the revolt of the British army under Constantine.

Alaric, who had actually entered Epirus, — but whether as an invader or ally, neither he himself nor any contemporary statesman could, perhaps, have accurately explained, — appearing on the northeastern horizon of Italy, demanded pay for his unfinished enterprise.

The Emperor, the Senate, Stilicho, assembled at Rome to consider what answer should be given to the ambassadors of the Visigoth. Many senators advised war rather than peace purchased by such disgraceful concessions. The Senator Lampridius, a man of high birth and character, exclaimed indignantly, "*Non est ista pax sed pactio servitutis*" (That is no peace, but a mere selling of yourselves into slavery). Stilicho's voice, strange to say, was all for an amicable settlement. Partly persuaded that Alaric really deserved some reparation for the loss he had sustained through the fluctuation of the imperial counsels, but more unwilling to oppose a courageous "no" to the advice of the all-powerful minister, the Senate acquiesced in his decision, and ordered payment of 4000 pounds of gold (about £160,000 sterling) to the ambassadors of Alaric.

The position of Stilicho was at this time one of great apparent stability. Though his daughter, the Empress Maria, was dead, her place had been supplied by another daughter, Thermantia, who, it might reasonably be supposed, could secure her feeble husband's loyalty to her father. With Alaric for his friend, with Arcadius, who had been drilled by his ministers into hostility, dead, it might have seemed that there was no quarter from whence danger could menace the supremacy of the great minister.

This security, however, was but in appearance. Honorius was beginning to chafe under the yoke; perhaps even his brother's death made Stilicho seem less necessary to his safety. An adverse influence, too, of which the minister suspected nothing, had sprung up in the imperial court. Olympius, a native of some town on the Euxine shore, had ascended, through Stilicho's patronage, to some high position in the household. This man, who, according to Zosimus, "under the appearance of Christian piety concealed a great deal of rascality," was now whispering away the character of his benefactor. With him seem to have coöperated the clergy, who sincerely disapproved of Honorius's marriage with the sister of the late Empress; and who also had imbibed a strange notion that Eucherius, the son of Stilicho, was a pagan at heart, and meditated, should he one day succeed to power, the restoration of the ancient idolatry. Strange to say, the pagans also had their reasons for disliking the same all-powerful family. [Stilicho and Serena had despoiled heathen temples.]

Thus did the two religions, the old and the new, unite in muttered discontent against the great captain. The people also, wounded and perplexed by the strange scene in the Senate, and the consequent payment to Alaric, had perhaps lost some of their former confidence in the magic of his name. On the other hand, the army, whose demoralized condition was probably the real cause of his policy of non-resistance, and whom his stern rule had alone made in any measure efficacious against the barbarian, were some of them growing restive under the severity of his discipline. Partially, too, we can discern the workings of a spirit of jealousy among the Roman legionaries against the Teutonic comrades by whom they found themselves surrounded and often outstripped in the race for promotion. Stilicho's own Vandal origin would naturally exacerbate this feeling, and would render unpardonable in him preferences which might have been safely manifested by Theodosius. At Ticinum (the modern Pavia) the troops were thoroughly alienated from Stilicho; and at Bologna, whither Honorius had journeyed from Ravenna, the soldiers broke out into open mutiny. Stilicho, being summoned by the Emperor, suppressed the revolt, and either threatened or actually inflicted the dread punishment of decimation, the *ultima ratio* of a Roman general.

In the midst of this quicksand of suspicions and disaffections three facts were clear and solid. The usurper Constantine (Britain's contribution to the difficulties of Rome) was steadily advancing through Gaul toward the capital, and had, in fact, already established himself at Arles. Alaric, though he had received the 4000 golden libræ, hovered still nearer the frontier, and was evidently wearying for a fight with some enemy. Arcadius was dead: the guardianship of the little Theodosius was a tempting prize, and one which the dying words of his grandfather might possibly be held to confer upon the great Vandal minister. Honorius proposed to journey to the East, and assume this guardianship himself; but Stilicho drew out so formidable an account of the expenditure necessary for the journey of so majestic a being, that the august cipher, who was probably at heart afraid of the dangers of the way, abandoned his project. Stilicho's scheme, we are told, was to employ Alaric in suppressing the revolt of Constantine, while he himself went eastwards to settle the affairs of the young Emperor at Constantinople. Honorius gave his consent to both

parts of the scheme, wrote the needed letters for Alario and Theodosius, and then set off with Olympius for Ticinum. The minister, conscious that he was beset by some dangers, but ignorant of the treachery of Olympius, neither removed the mutinous soldiery from Ticinum, nor set forth to assume the command of the armies of the East, but, with strange irresolution, lingered on still at Ravenna. That irresolution proved his ruin.

[Olympius raised a mutiny among the soldiers at Ticinum, which ended in a massacre, in which many leading officers of Stilicho's party were slain, with many citizens.]

The best defence of Stilicho's loyalty is to be found in his own conduct when he heard of the mutiny of Ticinum. The news found him at Bologna; perhaps he had escorted the Emperor so far on his westward journey. He called a council of war, composed of the generals of the barbarian auxiliaries. All felt themselves alike threatened by this murderous outbreak of bastard Roman patriotism. The first report stated that the Emperor himself was dead. "Then," said all, — and Stilicho approved the decision, — "on behalf of the violated *sacramentum*, let us march and avenge his murder on the mutineers." But when a correcter version of the events reached them, Stilicho refused to avenge the massacre of his friends only, the Emperor being unharmed, and loudly declared that to lead barbarians to an attack on the Roman army was, in his opinion, neither righteous nor expedient.

To this resolution he steadfastly adhered, though the conviction forced itself upon his mind that Honorius was now incurably alienated from him. Then the barbarian generals, one by one, separated themselves from what they felt to be a doomed cause. Sarus, the Goth, who had fought under Stilicho's orders, now turned against his old chief, made a night attack on his quarters, slaughtered his still faithful Hunnish guards, but reached the general's tent only to find that he had taken horse and ridden off with a few followers for Ravenna. Not for the hand of the ungrateful Sarus was reserved that reward which Olympius was yearning to pay for the head of his rival.

Stilicho, though a fugitive, seems still to be more anxious for the safety of the Empire than for his own. As he passes city after city, where the wives and children of the barbarian

soldiers are kept as hostages for their fidelity, he adjures the magistrates not on any pretence to allow one of the barbarians to enter. He enters Ravenna; shortly after his arrival come messengers bearing letters written by the Emperor, under the steady pressure of Olympius, commanding that Stilicho shall be arrested and kept in honorable confinement without bonds. Informed of the arrival of this mandate, he took refuge by night in a Christian church. When day dawned the soldiers entered the building; on their solemn assurance, ratified by an oath, sworn in the presence of the bishop, that the Emperor's orders extended not to his death but only to the placing him under guard, Stilicho surrendered himself. Once out of the sanctuary, and entirely in the power of the soldiers, he learned the arrival of a second letter from Honorius, to the effect that his crimes against the state were judged deserving of death. The barbarian troops, who yet surrounded him, his slaves, his friends, wished still to resist with the sword; but this he utterly forbade, and by threats, and the still lingering terror of his brow, he compelled his defenders to desist. Then, in somewhat of a martyr's spirit, and with a heart already broken by man's ingratitude, and weary of life, he offered his neck to the sword of the executioner, and in a moment "that good gray head, which all men knew," was rolling in the dust. [August 23, 408.]

"So died," says Zosimus (v. 34), "the man who was more moderate than any others who bore rule in that time."

The circumstances of Stilicho's death naturally recall to our minds "The Death of Wallenstein." The dull, suspicious Honorius is replaced by Ferdinand II., Olympius by the elder Piccolomini, Sarus by Butler, Alaric by Wrangel, Stilicho himself by the great Duke of Friedland. Only let not the parallel mislead us as to the merits of the chief actors. Wallenstein was at length disloyal to Ferdinand; Stilicho was never untrue to Honorius.

That he was a brave and hardy soldier and a skillful general is virtually confessed by all. That his right hand was free from bribes and unjust exactions, only his flatterers assert, and we need not believe. That he was intensely tenacious of power, that he imposed his will in all things on the poor puppet Honorius, is clear, and also that the necessities of the state amply justified him in doing so. The inveterate hatred which existed between him and each successive minister of Arcadius

certainly hastened the downfall of the Empire, and it is difficult to believe that there might not have been a better understanding between them had he so desired.

The accusations of secret confederacy with Alaric would seem mere calumnies if it were not for the painful scene in the Senate and Lampridius's indignant ejaculation, "*Non est ista pax sed pactio servitutis.*" Without imputing actual disloyalty to Stilicho, we may perceive in him, ever after the terrible slaughter and doubtful combat of Pollentia, a disinclination to push Alaric to extremities, a feeling which seems to have been fully reciprocated by his great antagonist. Possibly some such involuntary tribute of respectful fear would have been mutually paid by Napoleon and Wellington had Waterloo been a drawn battle. Stilicho may also have remembered too faithfully that the East had given Alaric his first vantage ground against Rome; and he may have been too ready to keep that barbaric weapon unblunted, to be used on occasion against Constantinople. Yet on a review of his whole life, when contemplating the circumstances of his death, preëminently when observing the immediate change which his removal from the chessboard produced upon the whole fortunes of the game, with confidence we feel entitled to say, "This man remained faithful to his Emperor, and was the great defence of Rome." Cruel tortures, inflicted by the command of Olympius, failed to elicit from any of Stilicho's party the least hint of his having conceived any treasonable designs.

It is plain, however, that justly or unjustly the name of the deceased minister was connected with the policy of conciliation towards the barbarians and employment of auxiliaries from among them. As soon as the death of Stilicho was announced, the purely Roman legionaries rose and took a noble revenge for the affronts which they may have received at the hands of their Teutonic fellow-soldiers. In every city where the wives and children of these auxiliaries were dwelling, the legionaries rushed in and murdered them. The inevitable result was, that the auxiliaries, a band of 30,000 men, inheriting the barbarian vigor, and adding to that whatever remained of Roman military skill, betook themselves to the camp of Alaric, and prayed him to lead them to the vengeance for which they hungered.

But it is a characteristic of the strange period upon which we are now entering (408–410) that no one of the chief person-

ages seems willing to play the part marked out for him. Alaric, who had before crossed mountains and rivers in obedience to the prophetic voice, "penetrabis ad urbem," now, when the game is clearly in his hands, hesitates and hangs back. Honorius shows a degree of firmness in his refusal to treat with the barbarians, which, had it been justified by the slightest traces of military capacity or of intelligent adaptation of means to ends, and had his own person not been safe from attack behind the ditches of Ravenna, might have been almost heroic. And both alike, the fears of the brave and the courage of the coward, have one result, to make the final catastrophe more complete and more appalling.

Alaric's Three Sieges of Rome.

A few weeks were probably spent in the fruitless negotiations between Alaric and Honorius after the murder of Stilicho. Then the Visigothic king finally decided to play the great game, and while it was still early autumn crossed the Julian Alps and descended into the plains of Italy to try once more if that voice were true which was ever sounding in his ears, "penetrabis ad urbem."

While he was proceeding by rapid marches towards Rome, laying waste all the open country, and plundering the towns and villages, none of which was strong enough to close its gates against him, a man in the garb of a monk suddenly appeared in the royal tent. The holy man warned him in solemn tones to refrain from the perpetration of such atrocities, and no longer to delight in slaughter and blood. To whom Alaric replied, "I am impelled to this course in spite of myself: for something within urges me every day irresistibly onwards, saying, Proceed to Rome and make that city desolate."

Alaric meanwhile pressed on, and soon, probably in the month of September, he stood before the walls of Rome and commenced his *First Siege of the City*.

The actual appearance of the skin-clothed barbarians within sight of the Capitol, so long the inviolate seat of Empire, found the Senate resourceless and panic-stricken. One only suggestion, the cruel thought of coward hearts, was made. Serena, the widow of Stilicho, still lived in Rome. Her husband had made a league with Alaric: might not she traitorously open to him the gates of the city? Unable, apparently, among the

million or so inhabitants of Rome to find a sufficient guard for one heartbroken widow, they decreed that Serena should be strangled.

But (as Zosimus sarcastically remarks) "not even the destruction of Serena caused Alaric to desist from the blockade." The course of the Tiber was watched so that no provisions should be brought into the city from above or from below. Day after day they looked forth towards the northeastern horizon, expecting help from Ravenna, but it came not. The daily portion of food allotted to each citizen was reduced to one half, then to one third, of its ordinary quantity. To famine was added sickness; and then, when the surrounding enemy made it impossible to bury the dead outside the walls, the city itself became one vast sepulchre, and pestilence arose from the streets and squares covered with decaying corpses.

At length, when they had tried every other loathsome means of satisfying hunger, and were not far from cannibalism, they determined to send an embassy to the enemy. The language which the ambassadors were directed to use had in it somewhat of the ring of the old world-conquering republic's voice: "The Roman people were prepared to make peace on moderate terms, but were yet more prepared for war. They had arms in their hands, and from long practice in their use had no reason to dread the result of battle." These swelling words of vanity only provoked the mirth of Alaric, who had served under the eagles, and knew what the Roman populace's "practice in the use of arms" amounted to. With a loud Teutonic laugh he exclaimed, "Thick grass is easier mowed than thin."

After much ridicule showered upon the ambassadors who had brought so magnanimous a message, business was resumed, and they contrived again to inquire as to the terms of a "moderate peace." The Goth's announcement of his conditions was, says Zosimus, "beyond even the insolence of a barbarian." "Deliver to me all the gold that your city contains, all the silver, all the movable property that I may find there, and moreover all your slaves of barbarian origin: otherwise I desist not from the siege." Said one of the ambassadors, "But if you take all these things, what do you leave to the citizens?" Alaric, still in a mood for grim jesting, replied in one gruff word *saivalos*, "your souls" [or "your lives"].

The ambassadors returned to the Senate with their message of despair. The Senate, enervated by centuries of powerless

sycophancy, found themselves compelled to look forth upon a horizon blacker than their heroic ancestors had seen after the terrible day of Cannæ.

At length, after much discussion, Alaric consented to allow the city to ransom herself by a payment of 5000 pounds' weight of gold, 30,000 of silver, 4000 silken tunics, 3000 hides dyed scarlet, and 3000 pounds of pepper. It is a strange catalogue of the things which were objects of desire to a nation emerging from barbarism. The pepper suggests the conjecture that the Gothic appetite had already lost some of its original keenness in the fervent southern lands.

And so ended the *First* Gothic siege of Rome, a siege in which no swords were crossed, no blood drawn. Famine was the only weapon used by Alaric.

After this matter of the payment was settled, the future relations between the people of Rome and the Gothic king came under discussion. No one hinted now (nor for two generations later) at making the barbarian *ruler* of any part of Italy. But to constitute him the permanent champion of Rome; to conclude a strict offensive and defensive alliance with one whose sword weighed so heavily in the scale; in fact, to revert to and carry further the policy of Stilicho, which these very Romans had probably been among the loudest in condemning, — this did seem to the Senate a wise recognition of existing facts, a chance of saving the majesty of Rome from further humiliation. And such doubtless it was, and Theodosius himself, or Constantine, seeing Alaric's unfeigned eagerness for such an alliance, would have concluded it with gladness. But all the endeavors of statesmanship were foiled by the impenetrable stolidity of Honorius, who could not make either war or peace, nor could comprehend the existence of any danger to the Empire so long as his sacred person was unharmed.

The Senate sent an embassy to the Emperor to represent to him the piteous condition of the Mistress of the World, and implore him to consent to the treaty with Alaric. Honorius tore himself away for a few hours from his poultry, heard apparently without emotion the sufferings of his people, gave a step in official rank to two of the ambassadors, and declined their request. As soon as the news of this refusal reached Alaric he recommenced the blockade of the city.

Practically all power centered in Jovius [who had supplanted Olympius]; and Jovius, as having overthrown the enemy of Stilicho, and also as having been of old "guest-friend" of Alaric in Epirus, had peculiar facilities for effecting that accommodation with the Visigothic king which the state imperatively required. With the Emperor's consent he invited Alaric to a conference, which was held at Rimini, about thirty Roman miles from Ravenna. [Terms were fixed for an accommodation.]

In transmitting these demands to his master, Jovius gave a secret hint that probably if Alaric himself were gratified with some high official position, such as that of *Magister Utriusque Militiæ* (Captain-General of Horse and Foot), he would be found willing to abate considerably from the stringency of his demands. To this Honorius replied, — and for once we do hear a man's voice, though not a wise man's, — "You have behaved hastily in this matter. Payments of gold and subsidies of corn belong to your duty as pretorian prefect, and I do not blame you for having arranged these according to your own judgment. But military command it is mine alone to bestow, and I hold it unfitting that such offices as you name should ever be held by Alaric or any of his race."

This letter arrived when Jovius and Alaric were conversing. Was it pique against the Emperor, was it despair, was it mere folly, that impelled the minister to read it from the beginning to the end in the hearing of the Visigoth? Alaric listened to all the rest of the letter patiently enough, but when he heard the scornful close he broke off the negotiations abruptly, and declared that he would revenge on Rome herself the insult offered to himself and his race.

Jovius, whose conduct is a perfect mystery of needless villainy, — who, in short, behaved exactly like an Italian statesman of the sixteenth century who had lost his Machiavel, — rushed back to Ravenna, and induced the Emperor to take an oath that he would conclude no peace with Alaric, but would wage against him perpetual war. When Honorius had taken this oath, Jovius, touching the Emperor's head, repeated the same words, and all who held high office in the state were compelled to follow his example. And yet every one of these men in his secret heart knew that a just and honorable peace with Alaric was the only chance of rescuing Rome from impending destruction.

Honorius made some feeble preparations for war, enrolled 10,000 Huns in his armies, imported cattle and sheep from Dalmatia for the provisionment of Ravenna, and sent some scouts to watch the progress of the Gothic army towards Rome.

But again Alaric, though duped and insulted, was seized by one of those strange qualms of awe or compassion which so often might have saved the Imperial City. He offered in fact to abate three provinces, Venetia, Istria, and Dalmatia, from his former demand, and to be satisfied with the two Noricums alone [Austria proper, Styria, and Corinthia], provinces already so wasted by barbarian invasions as to be of very small value to the treasury. He asked for no office or dignity, civil or military, nor even for gold, but only for such a supply of rations to his troops as the Emperor himself should consider reasonable; and in return for these slight concessions he promised friendship and military assistance against any enemy who might arise to trouble the peace of Honorius and his Romans. The moderation of Alaric excited general surprise, for in truth his demands were such as an Augustus might almost have conceded to an Arminius, or a Trajan to a Decebalus; but, for some reason hidden from us, Jovius and his creatures did not dare to advise their acceptance. The Visigoth, pale with rage at the tidings of the refusal of his request, set to work without further forbearance to commence the *Second Siege of the City*.

The second siege of Rome by Alaric is one of the surprises of history. With the remembrance of the terrible famine and pestilence which accompanied the first siege vividly before us, with the knowledge of the repeated insults since then inflicted upon the Visigothic king, we expect to see some great and doleful tragedy enacted upon the Seven Hills. Far from it: the curtain is drawn up, and we behold, instead of a tragedy, a burlesque, the title whereof is "The Ten Months' Emperor, or Attalus the Æsthetic."

The citizens of Rome saw once more the Gothic army encamped around their walls, Ostia occupied, the large stores of provisions there collected taken possession of by the barbarians. They had no desire to see the experiments of last year as to the possible articles of human diet repeated; they began to ask themselves, very naturally, "Since Honorius does nothing to protect us, and since he can neither make war nor peace with Alaric, but only shuts himself up behind the ditches of Ravenna, leaving us to bear all the burden of the war, why should we

suffer any more in his quarrel?" They explained their feelings to the king of the Goths, and speedily an arrangement was made which seemed likely to satisfy all parties. The Imperial City formally renounced her allegiance to Honorius, and bestowed the purple and the diadem on Attalus, the Prefect of the City, who as Augustus at once concluded the long-desired treaty of peace with Alaric.

[Attalus' head was turned, and he tried to act as a real—and foolish—emperor.]

The patience of Alaric gave way. He marched back to Rimini, his nearest outpost towards Ravenna, commanded Attalus to wait upon him, and there, in the plain outside the town, in sight of the Gothic army and the Roman inhabitants, he stripped him of his diadem and purple robe, and proclaimed that he was degraded to the condition of a private citizen. The unhappy Greek, so proudly self-inflated and so ignominiously collapsing, had reigned for something less than a year.

Alaric, in order to give Honorius visible tokens of the change in his policy, sent to the court of Ravenna the imperial ensigns which he had stripped from his dethroned client. The officers also who had received their commands from the usurper, restored their military belts to the legitimate Emperor, and humbly implored his forgiveness. "And now, surely," any discriminating observer might have thought "a just and honorable peace will be concluded between Alaric and Honorius, and Italy will rest from her anguish." The hindrance to the fulfillment of these hopes came this time from Sarus the Goth. With 300 chosen warriors he entered Ravenna and exerted all his influence to break off the negotiations between Honorius and the Visigoths. He succeeded: Alaric retired from the conferences and marched southwards, this time in deadly earnest, intent upon the *Third Siege of Rome.*

Of this, the crowning act of the great drama, the real end of old Rome, the real beginning of modern history, it must be confessed that we scarcely know more than we do of the fall of Babylon. Rome, which had described with such eager minuteness the death pangs of a hundred cities which she had taken, has left untold the story of her own overthrow.

Alaric was spared, this time, the necessity of reducing the city by a slow blockade. On the night of the 24th of August, it would seem almost immediately after his appearance before the walls, his troops burst in by the Salarian Gate. The splendid palace of Sallust was set on fire.

It was said in a preceding chapter that we must not think of the Visigoths as savages, scarcely even, except in the classical sense of the word, as barbarians. Now, however, that they have entered Rome, now that, after years of waiting and marching and diplomatizing, the prize is at last theirs, the accumulated treasures of the world at their feet, and few days in which to pick them up, we may have to fall back for a time upon that more popular conception of their character. Though the soldiers of Alaric were ministers of mercy when compared with those of Alva or Tilly, we cannot doubt that brutality and outrage of every kind marked their entrance into the conquered city.

The amount of injury done by the Goths to the city itself it is not easy to determine. Writers who were remote from the scene and declamatory in their style speak as if the whole city had been wrapped in flames, every building shattered, nothing left but ruins. It is easy to see from subsequent descriptions of the appearance of the city that this is a gross exaggeration; and it is *a priori* most improbable that the Goths, who only stayed a short time in Rome, and had much plundering to accomplish in that time, should have devoted so large a part of their energies to the destruction of mere buildings. Orosius, writing history as an advocate, and having to maintain the thesis that Rome had not suffered since her conversion to Christianity greater calamities than befell her in her pagan times, is not, it must be admitted, an entirely trustworthy witness on this point. But he, a contemporary writer, distinctly says that "the destruction wrought by fire at the hands of the Gothic conqueror was not to be compared with that caused by accident in the 700th year from the foundation of the city." This verdict seems a probable one, and may support a conjecture that Rome suffered less, externally, from the barbarians in 410, than Paris from the leaders of the Commune in 1871.

Alaric and his Goths pressed on still southwards into Bruttii, the modern Calabria. They collected some ships at Reggio — intending to invade Sicily, some historians say; to pass on thence into Africa, says Jornandes the Goth. There can be little doubt that he is right, that Africa was the present object of Alaric's attack. Not necessarily, however, the *ultimate* object. His military instinct showed him that there, in the great granary of Rome, must the question of dominion over the Eternal City be decided. He was going, then, to Africa, but doubtless with the intention of returning to Rome.

But whatever might be his intentions, they were frustrated. This wave of Teutonic invasion had reached its extreme limit at Reggio, and was henceforward to recede. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind" was perhaps the jubilant cry of the inhabitants of Messina, when they saw a great storm arise, by which Alaric's fleet was dashed to pieces, and a considerable part of his army, already embarked thereon, destroyed. The Visigothic king could not bring himself to acknowledge defeat, even by the elements. He lingered near Reggio, still perhaps dreaming of conquests beyond the seas. Suddenly, in the midst of his warlike schemes, Death surprised him. We are told nothing as to the nature of his malady, except that it was of short duration. It is probable that in his case, as in that of so many other Northern invaders of Italy, climate proved itself mightier than armies, and that Fever was the great avenger.

The well-known story of the burial of Alaric derives some additional interest from the remembrance of his birthplace. He was born, as the reader may remember, on an island at the mouth of one of the greatest rivers of Europe. The flow of the broad but sluggish Danube, the sound of the wind in the pine trees, the distant thunder of the Euxine upon its shore, — these were the sounds most familiar to the ear of the young Visigoth. Now that he had swept with resistless force from the Black Sea to the Straits of Messina, a river must flow over his grave as it had encircled his cradle. Forth from the high pine woods of the Calabrian mountain range of Sila leaps the stream of the Busento, which, meeting the larger river Crati coming from the Apennines, encircles the town of Cosenza, where the great Visigoth met his death. To provide their leader with a tomb which no Italian hand should desecrate, the barbarians compelled a number of their captives to labor at diverting the Busento from its ordinary channel. In the dry bed of the river they dug the grave, in which, amid many of the chosen spoils of Rome, the body of Alaric was laid. The captives were then ordered to turn the river back into its ancient course, and their faithful guardianship of the grim secret was secured by the inviolable seal of death printed upon their lips. So, under the health-bringing waters of the rapid Busento, sleeps Ala-Reiks the Visigoth, equaled, may it not be said, by only three men in succeeding times as a changer of the course of history. And these three are Mohammed, Columbus, Napoleon.

Upon the Ruins

From the painting by Jean Paul Laurens



THE RUINS OF ROME.

By LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, Ye
Whose agonies are creatures of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All around us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear—"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free! . . .

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall flower grown.
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words! draw near,

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep—for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,

This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled! .
Where are its golden roofs! where those who dared to build?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsars' brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus' or Trajan's? No — 'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contained
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman globe, for after none sustained,
But yielded back his conquests: — he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues — still we Trajan's name adore.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep —
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes — burns with Cicero!

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes. . . .

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wonderous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower. . . .

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night breeze waves along the air.
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call

Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

THE PASSING OF HUMANITY.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(From "Adonais.")

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

GO THOU to Rome, — at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce-extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned

Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart.
A light is past from the revolving year
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh, hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

POEMS OF PRUDENTIUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, the chief of Christian Roman poets, was born in northern Spain, A.D. 348. He was a lawyer, then a civil and criminal judge, finally in high office at the imperial court. The date of his death is unknown. In his later years he became deeply religious, and devoted his remaining years to composing religious poetry.]

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. EULALIA.

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

FIRMLY she spoke, unshrinking still,
Nor sigh nor tear gave sign of pain,
While from each wound a trickling rill
Soiled her pure limbs with crimson stain.

At last the closing torture came; —
Untrembling yet from many a wound,
Strongly she met the cruel flame,
And felt it wrap her round and round.

'Tis sad to see her scented hair,
Its last dark glossy ringlets show;
And leave that ivory shoulder bare,
And o'er her modest bosom flow.

The flame is feeding on her charms —
See o'er her head the waving pyre; —
Oh! see, she clasps it in her arms,
And drinks, with dying lips, the fire.

'Tis past — she sinks — she moves no more —
Why sudden turn surrounding eyes;
Whence came that dove that flutters o'er,
Then seeks on milk-white wing the skies?

Eulalia — loved one — they who watched
Thy body turn to dust again,
Beheld thine innocent spirit snatched
To realms beyond the reach of pain.

In vain the flames' red spires may brighten,
The tyrant may his rage increase,
Thine ashes round the stake may whiten,
But thou, sweet maiden, art at peace.

— The Tyrant heard the pinion's beat,
And when that hovering dove he saw,
He started from his guilty seat,
And shrunk away in sudden awe.

— And now the tearful scene is over —
Of friend or funeral bereft,
The pure, cold snows have fall'n to cover
All that is of Eulalia left.

Beneath the weeping heavens she lies,
Sepultured in a whiter shroud
Than falls to those whose obsequies
Are followed by a gorgeous crowd.

* * * * *

Years have gone o'er — around her grave
A goodly city now hath grown;
Behold her tomb, where Ana's wave
Still strives to kiss the sacred stone.

There is the virgin's marble bust,
Encircled oft by dewy eyes;
Snatched from that spot, the holy dust
In many a pilgrim bosom lies.

There, chased in gold, is many a wreath,
Engemmed is many a flow'ret fair;
They sparkle still, and incense breathe,
As summer had her palace there.

But 'twas in winter when she died,
And winter hath his flow'ret too, —
Oh! pluck the crocus in his pride,
And on her tomb the vi'lets strew.

And virgins weave the bard a wreath
Of simple flowers — for such are meet —
And he a choral strain shall breathe,
Fearful, and soft, and low — yet sweet.

Then thou, Eulalia, shalt look down,
Haply from yon blue heaven the while,
And see the early chaplets strewn,
And smile a more angelic smile.

On a Baptismal Font.

On this sad spot — here, where the conscious ground,
Foul with the blood of martyrs oft hath been,
A never-failing stream shall still be found,
Whose stainless wave can cleanse from every sin.

Let him, whose heavy soul yet yearns to mount,
Whose hot breast burns for heaven, still seek this spot, —
Let him but wash in this eternal font,
His hands are pure, and all their crimes forgot.

Here, where the lightened sinners' thanks are breathed,
Of olden time were fearless martyrs crowned, —
Yea, where the holy warrior's head was wreathed
By trembling hearts, is kindly pardon found.

The joyful waters sparkle o'er the brim,
Where martyrs' wounds once poured a crimson flood,
And blest are both — and sacred still to Him,
Who shed for us that water and that blood!

Ye who have had, when here, asked-for grace,
And found this hallowed spot a heaven afford,
What boots it whether to your resting-place,
The way was oped by water or the sword?

THE GREEK SLAVE

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

They say Ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien Image with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger, and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world; Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs but west, and strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

POEMS OF CLAUDIAN.

[Claudius Claudianus, the last Roman poet of any eminence, was not a Roman, but an Egyptian, probably of Alexandria, and did not write in Latin till he went to Rome in 395, probably between thirty and forty years old. He then adopted the profession of court poet, and glorified his inglorious trade by his poetic fertility and variety, his fine taste, and his splendid rhetorical force and glow. He had also the fortune of a subject worthy his panegyrics from first to last, — Stilicho, the great Vandal minister and general of the emperor Honorius, in whose fall and death in 408 he may have been involved, though there is no trace of him after 404; indirectly, however, it is arguable that he withdrew from the public gaze when Stilicho's power began to wane, and wrote no more for several years. He was certainly dead by 425.]

The Old Man of Verona.

(Translated by Cowley.)

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserved his life and gave him birth;
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get;
He never dangers either saw or feared;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:
No change of Consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar:
The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows:
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground:
A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees:
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea and of Benacus' lake:
Thus health and strength he t' a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage life is longest made at home.

Fescennine Verses on the Nuptials of Honorius.

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

I.

O Prince! — more fair than Venus' star
  Amid the dimmer orbs of night,
Who, deadlier than the Parthian far,
  Canst draw the bow with guileful might,
Canst wind the fiery steed at will,
With more than a Gelonian skill,
How shall the poet praises find
To paint thy body and thy mind?

Leda had rather suckled thee
Than Castor, star of chivalry;
Thetis in thee had found more joy
Than in her own unconquered boy;
Delos, when thee she once hath seen,
Shall worship less her Phœbus' mien,
And Lydia deem thee more divine
Than e'en her rosy god of wine:
For when in exercise' full pride,
Fearless thou thread'st the forest wide,
And the wind wantons in thy hair,
And the awed lion leaves his lair,
Yet seems a dying pride to feel
When he hath sunk beneath thy steel,
Venus, enslaved, forgets her truth,
Pledged to the hapless hunter youth,
And Cynthia feels redoubled pain,
More pale than for her Virbius slain.

When, the day's heat and labor o'er,
  Thy languid limbs at rest are laid,
Beneath the arching sycamore,
  Or some sequestered cavern's shade;
And thou hast not forbid to creep
Upon thy lids th' officious sleep, —
How many a watching nymph shall pine,
And wish her glance were met by thine;
How many a Naiad steal the bliss
That's hidden in a secret kiss!

What though, in Scythian realms, afar,
  The overawed barbarian bow

And drop his implements of war
At sight of that commanding brow,—
And, on his undefended plains,
Resignedly receive thy chains;—
Go — if thy unslaked courage wills,
'Mid wintry Caucasus' hoar hills, —
Go, — where the frozen plains obey
The Amazon — more cold than they;
And, careless of her Sire and Name,
At length the haughty virgin dame,
The proud Hyppolite, shall yield
To thee her yet unconquered shield,
And, sighing — though the trumpet sound —
Chop her keen ax upon the ground —
What violence could never move,
Shall melt before the touch of Love;
— Happy, beyond the tongue of verse,
Could she but match in such a line;
For blest is she, who calls thee hers, —
Thrice blest, when thou shalt call her thine.

II.

Oh! let the Spring, that was in haste to go,
Fly to return, and gild this happy day;
In liquid music let the waters flow,
And sweeter cadence ring from every spray:

Smile, ye Ligurian plains — smile, festive Rome;
Ye hills, let sunny wreaths your brows inclose,
Amid your Alpine peaks, let roses bloom,
And lend their blushes to the virgin snows.

O'er Adige' wave the coral message floats,
And Mincius, as his winding stream he leads,
Is listening to the joy-rebounding notes,
And scarcely whispers to his trembling reed.

It echoes down the alder-fringèd Po;
Old Tiber dances at the joyous sound;
And at her lordly master's nuptials, lo!
Rome's stately towers with smiling chaplets crowned!

Let the far land, from whence our hero sprung —
The fervid skies of wild and distant Spain —
Let that famed hall, with early laurels hung,
Hear and reëcho the triumphant strain.

Thence came thy sire — thy sire, when thou hast plighted
Thy troth, sweet Bride — thence, Prince, thy mother came;
Now, like two streams that meet, long disunited,
Your race shall flow in one continued fame.

Ye groves of Bœtis, smile a brighter green;
Thou, Tagus, roll in all thy pride of gold;
King of your line — beneath the blue serene,
Let Ocean his paternal orgies hold.

Realms of the West and East — your toils forget;
Let wine and mirth your every hour employ;
Let Phœbus, from his rising till he set,
Laugh to see nothing on his way but joy.

And thou, rude North wind, wither not one wreath,
Be still thou East — nor thou, O South, arise,
But let young Zephyr, only, dare to breathe,
In breath as gentle as the lover's sighs.

III.

Yea, Stilicho, thy whitening hair
Is wont the shining casque to wear;
But lay thy frowning helmet down,
And put thee on a festive crown;
No longer with the trumpets' sound
Thy palace' blazing arches ring;
The torch that Hymen loves to bring
Hath sprinkled its bland light around;
Those charms, which erst thou took'st away,
Again thou giv'st, this happy day,
— Let malice rage — but vainly still —
Let envy take what hue she will.
What erst Serena was to thee,
Shall Mary to Honorius be.

IV.

Lo! Hesper, how, to Venus dear
His silvery-shining lamp he rears;
He marks the blushing virgin's fear,
And smiles to see her maiden tears.

Yes; soothe her, bridegroom. — Well he knows,
Though smiles for such an hour were meeter,
These tears, like dewdrops to the rose,
Shall make her morning lip the sweeter.

He, of the thorn must take no heed,
Who would not let the bud go free;
And he, who would on honey feed,
Must never mark the angry bee.

As, when the rain clouds make retreat,
The sudden day seems doubly clear,
So, there can be no kiss so sweet
As one that's ushered by a tear. —

— "War, I have known thee," shalt thou cry,
"The humbled foe — the victor's bliss;
But never flashed young warrior's eye
For conquest half so blest as this." —

Love, on thy couch, himself enthrones;
Reveal him — for he made ye one —
And hear her tongue respond, in tones
That silence' self might dote upon.

Speak him — in many a broken sigh;
Breathe all affection's holiest balm; —
Oh! clasp, with more of constancy
Than e'er the ivy clasped the palm.

And when her languid lids shall close,
And in oblivious bliss she lies,
Thy breath — like sleep's — shall shed repose
Upon her silken-fringèd eyes, —

— At the first peep of blushing morn,
The joyous strain shall be renewed,
And gladness on each brow be worn,
And mirth unlaced, and garlands strewed.

Nymphs — grant the smile, extend the hand;
Swains — warriors — put on all your pride;
Winds waft the voice, from land to land;
"Honorius hath brought home his bride."

ROMAN AND PROVINCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

(From the Letters of Apollinaris Sidonius: translated by Thomas Hodgkin, in "Italy and her Invaders," with his comments.)

[Caius Sollius Sidonius Apollinaris, poet, ecclesiastic, courtier, and letter-writer, was born at Lyons about 430. His father-in-law Avitus having become one of Count Ricimer's puppet emperors, he went to Rome in his train, was made governor, patrician, and senator, and by suppleness, effusive panegyrics, and real ability kept high office under Majorian and Anthemius. In 472 he was made bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, and renounced all his civil dignities to devote himself to this charge. He died between 480 and 490. His literary immortality is based on his letters, and most on those he cared least about — those which give tantalizing glimpses, all too few, of the beginnings of fusion among the barbarian invaders and the Roman provincials into the Burgundian French.]

The Fortune Hunter.

In the early days of the episcopate of Sidonius, a certain Amantius asked him for letters of introduction to Marseilles. With his usual good nature, Sidonius gave him a letter to Græcus, bishop of that city, describing him as a poor but honest man, who transacted what we should call a commission business in the purchase of cargoes arriving at the seaports of Gaul. He had been lately appointed a reader in the church, — a post which was not incompatible with his transactions in business, — and this gave him an additional claim on the good offices of the two bishops. The letter concluded with the expression of a hope that Amantius might meet with splendid success as a merchant, and might not regret exchanging the cold springs of Auvergne for the fountain of wealth flowing at Marseilles.

Not long after, Sidonius discovered that he had been imposed upon by a swindler; that the modest young man who desired an introduction to Marseilles was in fact too well known at Marseilles already, and that the honest broker was an impudent and mendacious fortune hunter. Having occasion to write again to Græcus, who had asked him for "one of his long and amusing letters," he thought that he could not do better than send him the history of Amantius, though the bishop of Marseilles must have been already in good part acquainted with it, and the bishop of Arverni must have been conscious that the part which he had played did not reflect great credit on his

shrewdness. After a complimentary preface, the letter proceeds thus : —

"His native country is Auvergne ; his parents are persons in a somewhat humble position in life, but free and unencumbered with debt ; their duties have been in connection with the service of the church rather than of the state. The father is a man of extreme frugality, more intent on saving up money for his children than on pleasing them. This lad accordingly left his home and came to your city with a very slender equipment in all respects. Notwithstanding this hindrance to his ambitious projects, he made a fairly successful start among you. St. Eustachius, your predecessor, welcomed him with deeds and words of kindness, and put him in the way of quickly obtaining comfortable quarters. He at once began to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of his neighbors, and his civilities were well received. He adapted himself with great tact to their different ages, showing deference to the old, making himself useful to his coevals, and always exhibiting a modesty and sobriety in his moral conduct which are as praiseworthy as they are rare in young men. At length, by well-timed and frequent calls, he became known to and familiar with the leading personages of your city, and finally even with the count himself. Thus the assiduous court which he paid to greatness was rewarded with ever-increasing success ; worthy men vied in helping him with their advice and good wishes ; he received presents from the wealthy, favors of one kind or another from all, and thus his fortune and his hopes advanced 'by leaps and bounds.'

"It happened by chance that near the inn where he was lodging there dwelt a lady of some fortune and high character, whose daughter had passed the years of childhood, yet had scarcely reached the marriageable age. He showed himself very kind to this girl, and made, as her youth allowed him to do, trifling presents to her of toys and trash that would divert a girl ; and thus, at a very trifling expense, obtained a firm hold on her affections. Years passed on ; she became old enough to be a bride. To make a long story short, you have on the one side a young man, alone, poorly off, a stranger, a son who had skulked away from home not only without the consent, but even without the knowledge, of his father ; on the other, a girl not inferior to him in birth, and superior to him in fortune ; and this fellow, through the introduction of

the bishop because he was a reader, by favor of the count because he had danced attendance in his hall, without any investigation as to his circumstances by the mother-in-law because his person was not displeasing to her daughter, woos and wins and marries that young lady. The marriage articles are signed, and in them some beggarly little plot of ground which he happened to possess near our borough is set forth with truly comic pomposity. When the solemn swindle was accomplished, the poor beloved one carried off his wealthy spouse, after diligently hunting up all the possessions of his late father-in-law and converting them into money, besides adding to them a handsome gratuity drawn from the easy generosity of his credulous mother-in-law, and then, unrivaled humbug that he was, he beat a retreat to his own native place.

"Some time after he had gone, the girl's mother discovered the fraud, and had to mourn over the dwindling proportions of the estates comprised in her daughter's settlement, at the very time when she should have been rejoicing over the augmented number of her grandchildren. She wanted to institute a suit for recovery of her money, on the ground that he had fraudulently overstated his property; and it was in fact in order to soothe her wrath that our new Hippolytus set forth for Marseilles, when he first brought you my letter of introduction.

"Now, then, you have the whole story of this excellent young man; a story, I think, worthy of the Milesian Fables or an Attic comedy. It remains for you to show yourself a worthy successor of Bishop Eustachius by discharging the duties of patronage to the dear youth whom he took under his protection. You asked me for a lengthy letter, and therefore if it is rather wordy than eloquent you must not take it amiss. Condescend to keep me in your remembrance, my Lord Pope."

What was the issue of the quarrel between the amatory Amantius and his mother-in-law we are not informed; but as he acted twice after this as letter carrier between Sidonius and Græcus, we may conjecture that the affair of the settlement took some time to arrange.

Debtor and Creditor; the Courtier Turned Devout.

Sidonius wishes health to his friend Turnus.

Well indeed with your name, and with your present business, harmonizes that passage of the Mantuan poet—

> Turnus! what never god would dare
> To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
> Lo, here, the lapse of time has brought
> E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought.

Long ago, if you remember, your (late) father Turpio, a man of tribunician rank, obtained a loan of money from an officer of the palace named Maximus. He deposited no security either in plate or in mortgage on land; but as appears by the written instrument prepared at the time, he covenanted to pay twelve per cent to the lender, by which interest, as the loan has lasted for ten years, the debt is more than doubled. But your father fell sick, and was at the point of death: in his feeble state of health the law came down upon him harshly to compel him to refund the debt: he could not bear the annoyance caused by the collectors, and therefore, as I was about to travel to Toulouse, he, being now past hope of recovery, wrote asking me to obtain from the creditor at least some moderate delay. I gladly acceded to his request, as Maximus was not only an acquaintance of mine, but bound to me by old ties of hospitality. I therefore willingly went out of my way to my friend's villa, though it was situated several miles from the highroad. As soon as I arrived he himself came to meet me. When I had known him in times past he was erect in his bearing, quick in his gait, with cheery voice and open countenance. Now how greatly was he changed from his old self! His dress, his step, his bashfulness, his color, his speech, all had a religious cast: besides, his hair was short, his beard flowing: the furniture of his room consisted of three-legged stools, curtains of goat's-hair canvas hung before his doors: his couch had no feathers, his table no ornament; even his hospitality, though kind, was frugal, and there was pulse rather than meat upon his board. Certainly, if any delicacies were admitted, they were not by way of indulgence to himself, but to his guests. When he rose from table I privily inquired of his attendants what manner of life was this that he was leading,—a monk's, a clergyman's, or a penitent's. They said that he was filling the office of priest, which had been lately laid upon him by the good will of his fellow-citizens, notwithstanding his protests.

When day returned, while our slaves and followers were occupied in catching our beasts of burden, I asked for an opportunity for a secret conversation with our host. He afforded

it: I gave him an unexpected embrace, and congratulated him on his new dignity: then with my congratulations I blended entreaties. I set forth the petition of my friend Turpio, I urged his necessitous condition, I deplored the extremities to which he was reduced, — extremities which seemed all the harder to his sorrowing friends because the chain of usury was tightening, while the hold of the body upon the soul was loosening. Then I begged him to remember his new profession and our old friendship, to moderate at least by a short respite the barbarous insistence of the bailiffs barking round the sick man's bed: if he died, to give his heirs one year in which to indulge their grief without molestation; but if, as I hoped, Turpio should recover his former health, to allow him to restore his exhausted energies by a period of repose.

I was still pleading, when suddenly the kind-hearted man burst into a flood of tears, caused not by the delay in recovering his debt, but by the peril of his debtor. Then suppressing his sobs, "God forbid," said he, "that I, as a clergyman, should claim that from a sick man which I should scarcely have insisted upon as a soldier from a man in robust health. For his children's sake, too, who are also objects of my pity, if anything should happen to our friend, I will not ask anything more from them than the character of my sacred calling allows. Write them to allay their anxiety; and that your letters may obtain the more credit, add a letter from me, in which I will engage that whatever be the result of this illness (which we will still hope may turn out favorably for our brother), I will grant a year's delay for the payment of the money, and will forego all that moiety which has accrued by right of interest, being satisfied with the simple repayment of the principal."

Hereupon I poured out my chief thanks to God, but great thanks also to my host, who showed such care for his own conscience and good name: and I assured my friend that whatsoever he relinquished to you he was sending on before him into heaven, and that by refraining from selling up your father's farms, he was buying for himself a kingdom above.

Now, for what remains, do you bestir yourself to repay forthwith the principal at least of the loan, and thus take the best means of expressing the gratitude of those who, linked to you by the tie of brotherhood, haply by reason of their tender years, scarcely yet understand what a boon has been granted them. Do not begin to say, "I have joint heirs in the estate: the divi-

sion is not yet accomplished: all the world knows that I have been more shabbily treated than they: my brother and sister are still under age: she has not yet a husband, nor he a curator, nor is a surety found for the acts and defaults of that curator." All these pretexts are alleged to all creditors, and to unreasonable creditors they are not alleged amiss. But when you have to deal with a person of this kind, who foregoes the half when he might press for the whole, if you practice any of these delays you give him a right to redemand as an injured man the concessions which he made as a good-natured one. Farewell.

Barbarian Life.

Sidonius wishes health to (his brother-in-law) Agricola.

You have many times asked me to write to you a letter describing the bodily appearance and manner of life of Theodoric, king of the Goths, whose love for our civilization is justly reported by common fame. I willingly accede to your request, so far as the limits of my paper will allow, and I praise the noble and delicate anxiety for information which you have thus exhibited.

Theodoric is "a noticeable man," one who would at once attract attention even from those who casually beheld him, so richly have the will of God and the plan of nature endowed his person with gifts corresponding to his completed prosperity. His character is such that not even the detraction which waits on kings can lessen the praises bestowed upon it. If you inquire as to his bodily shape, he has a well-knit frame, shorter than the very tallest, but rising above men of middle stature. His head is round and domelike, his curling hair retreats a little from the forehead towards the top. He is not bull-necked. A shaggy arch of eyebrows crowns his eyes; but if he droops his eyelids, the lashes seem to fall well-nigh to the middle of his cheeks. The lobes of his ears, after the fashion of his nation, are covered by wisps of overlying hair. His nose is most beautifully curved; his lips are thin, and are not enlarged when the angles of his mouth are dilated; if by chance they open and show a regular, but rather prominent set of teeth, they at once remind you of the color of milk. He cuts every day the hairs which grow at the bottom of his nostrils. At his temples, which are somewhat hollowed

out, begins a shaggy beard, which in the lower part of his face is plucked out by the roots by the assiduous care of his barber. His chin, his throat, his neck, all fleshy without obesity, are covered with a milk-white skin, which, when more closely inspected, is covered with a youthful glow. For it is modesty, not anger, which so often brings this color into his face.

His shoulders are well turned, his arms powerful, his forearms hard, his hands widespread: he is a well set-up man, with chest prominent and stomach drawn in. You can trace on the surface of his back the points where the ribs terminate in the deeply recessed spine. His sides are swollen out with prominent muscles. Strength reigns in his well-girded loins. His thigh is hard as horn; the leg joints have a very masculine appearance; his knee, which shows but few wrinkles, is especially comely. The legs rest upon full round calves, and two feet of very moderate size support these mighty limbs.

You will ask, perhaps, what is the manner of his daily life in public. It is this. Before dawn he attends the celebration of divine service by his (Arian) priests, attended by a very small retinue. He shows great assiduity in this practice, though, if you are admitted to his confidence, you may perceive that it is with him rather a matter of habit than of religious feeling. The rest of the morning is devoted to the care of the administration of his kingdom. Armed nobles stand round his chair; the crowd of skin-clothed guards are admitted to the palace, in order to insure their being on duty; they are kept aloof from the royal presence that their noise may not disturb him, and so their growling talk goes on before the doors, shut out as they are by the curtain, though shut in by the railings. Within the inclosure are admitted the ambassadors of foreign powers: he hears them at great length, he answers in few words. In negotiation his tendency is to delay, in action to promptitude.

It is now the second hour after sunrise: he rises from his throne and spends his leisure in inspecting his treasury or his stables. If a hunting day is announced, he rides forth, not carrying his bow by his side — that would be beneath his kingly dignity — but if in the chase, or on the road, you point out to him beast or bird within shooting distance, his hand is at once stretched out behind him, and the slave puts into it the bow with its string floating in the air; for he deems it a womanish

thing to have your bow strung for you by another, and a childish thing to carry it in a case. When he has received it, sometimes he bends the two ends towards one another in his hand, sometimes he lets the unknotted end drop to his heel, and then with quickly moving finger tightens the loose knot of the wandering string. Then he takes the arrows, fits them in, sends them forth, first desiring you to tell him what mark you wish him to aim at. You choose what he has to hit, and he hits it. If there is a mistake made by either party, it is more often the sight of the chooser than the aim of the archer that is at fault.

If you are asked to join him in the banquet (which, however, on non-festal days, is like the entertainment of a private person), you will not see there the panting servants laying on the groaning table a tasteless heap of discolored silver. The weight, then, is to be found in the conversation rather than in the plate, since all the guests, if they talk of anything at all, talk of serious matters. The tapestry and curtains are sometimes of purple (cloth), sometimes of cotton. The meats on the table please you, not by their high price, but by the skill with which they are cooked; the silver by its brightness, not by its weight. The cups and goblets are so seldom replenished that you are more likely to complain of thirst than to be accused of drunkenness. In short, you may see there Greek elegance, Gallic abundance, Italian quickness, the pomp of a public personage, the assiduity of a private citizen, the discipline of a king's household. Of the luxury which is displayed on high days and holidays I need not give you any account, because it cannot be unknown even to the most unknown persons. Let me return to my task.

The noontide slumber, when the meal is ended, is never long, and is frequently omitted altogether. Often at this time he takes a fancy to play at backgammon: then he collects the counters quickly, views them anxiously, decides on his moves skillfully, makes them promptly, talks to the counters jocularly, waits his turn patiently. At a good throw he says nothing, at a bad one he laughs; neither good nor bad makes him lose his temper or his philosophical equanimity. He does not like a speculative game either on the part of his adversary or himself, dislikes a lucky chance offered to himself, and will not reckon on its being offered to his opponent. You get your men out of his table without unnecessary trouble, he gets his out of yours

without collusion. You would fancy that even in moving his counters he was planning a campaign. His sole anxiety is to conquer.

When a game is on hand, he drops for a little time the severity of royal etiquette, and invites his companions in play to free and social intercourse. To tell you what I think, he fears to be feared. At the end he is delighted to see the vexation of a conquered rival, and takes credit to himself for having really won the game, when his opponent's ill temper shows that he has not yielded out of courtesy. And here notice a strange thing: often that very complacency of his, arising from such a trifling cause, insures the successful carriage of serious business. Then petitions, which have well-nigh been shipwrecked by the injudiciousness of those who favored them, suddenly find a harbor of safety. In this way, I myself, when I have had somewhat to ask of him, have been fortunate enough to be beaten, and have seen my table ruined with a light heart, because I knew that my cause would triumph.

About the ninth hour (three o'clock) comes back again all that weary turmoil of kingship. The suitors return, the guards return whose business it is to remove them. Everywhere you hear the hum of claimants; and this is protracted till nightfall, and only ceases when it is cut short by the royal supper. Then the petitioners, following their various patrons, are dispersed throughout the palace, where they keep watch till bedtime arrives. At the supper sometimes, though rarely, comic actors are introduced who utter their satiric pleasantries: in such fashion, however, that none of the guests shall be wounded by their biting tongues. At these repasts no hydraulic organs blow, no band of vocalists under the guidance of a singing master intone together their premeditated harmony. No harpist, no flute player, no choir master, no female player on the tambourine or the cithara, makes melody. The king is charmed only by those instruments under whose influence virtue soothes the soul as much as sweet sounds soothe the ear. When he rises from table the royal treasury receives its sentinels for the night, and armed men stand at all the entrances to the palace, by whom the hours of his first sleep will be watched over.

But what has all this to do with my promise, which was to tell you a little about the king, not a great deal about his manner of reigning? I really must bid my pen to stop, for you did not ask to be made acquainted with anything more

than the personal appearance and favorite pursuits of Theodoric: and I sat down to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

The Burgundians.

While our poet was residing at Lyons (apparently) he was asked by one of his friends, an ex-consul named Catulinus, to compose an epithalamium, perhaps for his daughter's marriage.

In a short humorous poem of apology, Sidonius incidentally touches off some of the physical characteristics of the Burgundians by whom he was surrounded; and who, it is important to observe, troubled him not by their hostility, but by their too hearty and demonstrative friendship.

Ah me! my friend, why bid me, e'en if I had the power,
To write the light Fescennine verse, fit for the nuptial bower?
Do you forget that I am set among the long-haired hordes,
That daily I am bound to bear the stream of German words,
That I must hear, and then must praise with sorrowful grimace
(Disgust and approbation both contending in my face),
Whate'er the gormandizing sons of Burgundy may sing,
While they upon their yellow hair the rancid butter fling?

Now let me tell you what it is that makes my lyre be dumb:
It cannot sound when all around barbarian lyres do hum.
The sight of all those patrons tall (each one is seven feet high),
From my poor Muse makes every thought of six-foot meters fly.
Oh! happy are thine eyes, my friend; thine ears, how happy those!
And oh! thrice happy I would call thine undisgusted nose.
'Tis not round thee that every morn ten talkative machines
Exhale the smell of onions, leeks, and all their vulgar greens.
There do not seek thy house, as mine, before the dawn of day,
So many giants and so tall, so fond of trencher play
That scarce Alcinous himself, that hospitable king,
Would find his kitchen large enough for the desires they bring.
They do not, those effusive souls, declare they look on thee
As father's friend or foster sire — but, alas! they do on me.

But stop, my Muse! pull up! be still! or else some fool will say
"Sidonius writes lampoons again." Don't you believe them, pray!

HERO AND LEANDER.

By MUSÆUS.

(Translated by Christopher Marlowe.)

[Musæus lived probably about the fifth century A.D. The following poem, 340 lines in the original, is all we have or know of him.]

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast:
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee:
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went would cherup through their bills.

Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rockt, there took his rest.

* * * * * *

On this feast day, — O cursèd day and hour! —
When Hero went through Sestos, from her bower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolored jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand lightheaded Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass:

* * * * * *

For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymede,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtle's blood,
Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamorèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stript long e'er the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
He kneeled; but unto her devoutly prayed:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.

* * * * * *

These arguments he used, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Aye me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stooped to have embraced her,

But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us),
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment: —
Come thither."
As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares "Come thither" from her slipped;
And suddenly her former color changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
And, like a planet, moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity; but all in vain:
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows about the empty air he flings:
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.



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THE VANITY OF FORTUNE'S GIFTS.

By BOETHIUS.

(From "The Consolation of Philosophy": translated by H. R. James.)

[Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius, a famous Roman statesman and writer, was born in Rome about A.D. 475, of a wealthy patrician family. He was made consul in 510 by Theodoric king of the Ostrogoths, and was a leading senator and public official; but the attempts of the Senate to make the nominal supremacy of the Byzantine emperor real, by appealing to him against Theodoric, enraged the king, who had him thrown into prison at Pavia, and executed in A.D. 525. During his imprisonment he wrote the "Consolation of Philosophy," partly in prose and partly in verse. It was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, into English by Chaucer, and enjoyed great popularity in the Middle Ages. He also made Greek learning accessible to his contemporaries by means of translations of and commentaries upon Greek books on philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar. His translation of the "Logic" of Aristotle was extensively used as a manual by mediæval scholars.]

Then said I: "Thou knowest thyself that ambition for worldly success hath but little swayed me. Yet I have desired opportunity for action, lest virtue, in default of exercise, should languish away."

Then she: "This is that 'last infirmity' which is able to allure minds which, though of noble quality, have not yet been molded to any exquisite refinement by the perfecting of the virtues — I mean, the love of glory — and fame for high services rendered to the commonweal. And yet consider with me how poor and unsubstantial a thing this glory is! The whole of this earth's globe, as thou hast learnt from the demonstration of astronomy, compared with the expanse of heaven, is found no bigger than a point; that is to say, if measured by the vastness of heaven's sphere, it is held to occupy absolutely no space at all. Now, of this so insignificant portion of the

universe, it is about a fourth part, as Ptolemy's proofs have taught us, which is inhabited by living creatures known to us. If from this fourth part you take away in thought all that is usurped by seas and marshes, or lies a vast waste of waterless desert, barely is an exceeding narrow area left for human habitation. You, then, who are shut in and prisoned in this merest fraction of a point's space, do ye take thought for the blazoning of your fame, for the spreading abroad of your renown? Why, what amplitude or magnificence has glory when confined to such narrow and petty limits?

"Besides, the straitened bounds of this scant dwelling place are inhabited by many nations differing widely in speech, in usages, in mode of life; to many of these, from the difficulty of travel, from diversities of speech, from want of commercial intercourse, the fame not only of individual men, but even of cities, is unable to reach. Seest thou, then, how narrow, how confined, is the glory ye take pains to spread abroad and extend! Moreover, the customs and institutions of different races agree not together, so that what is deemed praiseworthy in one country is thought punishable in another. Wherefore, if any love the applause of fame, it shall not profit him to publish his name among many peoples. Then, each must be content to have the range of his glory limited to his own people.

"Once more, how many of high renown in their own times have been lost in oblivion for want of a record! Indeed, of what avail are written records even, which, with their authors, are overtaken by the dimness of age after a somewhat longer time? But ye, when ye think on future fame, fancy it an immortality that ye are begetting for yourselves. Why, if thou scannest the infinite spaces of eternity, what room hast thou left for rejoicing in the durability of thy name? Verily, if a single moment's space be compared with ten thousand years, it has a certain relative duration, however little, since each period is definite. But this same number of years — ay, and a number many times as great — cannot even be compared with endless duration; for, indeed, finite periods may in short be compared one with another, but a finite and an infinite never. So it comes to pass that fame, though it extend to ever so wide a space of years, if it be compared to never-lessening eternity, seems not short-lived merely, but altogether nothing. But as for you, ye know not how to act aright, unless it be to court the popular breeze, and win the empty applause of the multitude

—nay, ye abandon the superlative worth of conscience and virtue, and ask a recompense from the poor words of others. Let me tell thee how wittily one did mock the shallowness of this sort of arrogance. A certain man assailed one who had put on the name of philosopher as a cloak to pride and vain-glory, not for the practice of real virtue, and added: 'Now shall I know if thou art a philosopher if thou bearest reproaches calmly and patiently.' The other for a while affected to be patient, and, having endured to be abused, cried out derisively: '*Now* do you see that I am a philosopher?' The other, with biting sarcasm, retorted: 'I should have, hadst thou held thy peace.' Moreover, what concern have choice spirits—for it is of such men we speak, men who seek glory by virtue—what concern, I say, have these with fame after the dissolution of the body in death's last hour? For if men die wholly,—which our reasonings forbid us to believe,—there is no such thing as glory at all, since he to whom the glory is said to belong is altogether non-existent. But if the mind, conscious of its own rectitude, is released from its earthly prison, and seeks heaven in free flight, doth it not despise all earthly things when it rejoices in its deliverance from earthly bonds, and enters upon the joys of heaven?"

Song: Glory may not Last.

Oh, let him, who pants for glory's guerdon,
Deeming glory all in all,
Look and see how wide the heaven expandeth,
Earth's inclosing bounds how small!

Shame it is, if your proud-swelling glory
May not fill this narrow room!
Why, then, strive so vainly, oh, ye proud ones!
To escape your mortal doom?

Though your name, to distant regions bruited,
O'er the earth be widely spread,
Though full many a lofty sounding title
On your house its luster shed.

Death at all this pomp and glory spurneth
When his hour draweth nigh,
Shrouds alike th' exalted and the humble,
Levels lowest and most high.

Where are now the bones of stanch Fabricius?
Brutus, Cato — where are they?
Lingering fame, with a few graven letters,
Doth their empty name display.

But to know the great dead is not given
From a gilded name alone;
Nay, ye all alike must lie forgotten,
'Tis not *you* that fame makes known.

Fondly do ye deem life's little hour
Lengthened by fame's mortal breath;
There but waits you — when this, too, is taken —
At the last a second death.

SECRET SPRINGS OF ACTION.

(From the "Secret History," ostensibly by Procopius.)

[Procopius, an important historian of Justinian's reign and Belisarius's campaigns, was born at Cæsarea, in Palestine, about A.D. 490; died probably about 565. He was private secretary to Belisarius, accompanied him on all his principal campaigns in Asia, Africa, and Italy, and was made chief of the commissary department and of the imperial navy. Justinian made him prefect of Constantinople in 562. His certainly genuine works are the "Histories" of these wars and a book on Justinian's buildings. "The Anecdotes," or "Secret History," professes to be by him; Professor Bryce thinks it is so; Ranke, followed by Bury, that it is a forgery made in part from genuine materials.]

Belisarius now determined to regain his familiar command, and being appointed general in the East, once more to lead the Roman army against Chosroës and the Persians. Antonina, however, would not go a step: she said she had been grossly ill-treated by him in those districts, and would no longer see them for the future. So Belisarius, after being made master of the imperial equerries, was later dispatched into Italy, agreeing with the emperor, so they say, not to seek any profit for himself in that war, but to provide the entire equipment for the war out of his private funds. Now everybody suspected that these arrangements with his wife, — by whom it was said Belisarius was governed, — and the agreement with the emperor about the war, were to escape from his sojourn in Constantinople; so that he might speedily be outside the circuit of the walls, and once more take up arms and be esteemed a man of prowess by his wife and those he overthrew.

But he, making a bagatelle of all that had taken place, utterly forgetting the oaths he had sworn with Photius and his other intimates, and becoming an object of contempt, obediently followed his wife, having become strangely love-smitten with her, for all she was sixty years of age.

Now, when he came into Italy the course of affairs began every day to go against him; for the signs from God were distinctly hostile. At first, in that general's actions against Theodatus and Witiges, having taken advice, — though it was thought not sufficiently, as affairs stood, — for the most part he achieved the objects he aimed at. But at last the judgment came to be that he had indeed formed the best of plans, because he had grown experienced in the conduct of that war; but with most results turning out so badly, the opinion was expressed also that he was very careless.

Belisarius, then, having come a second time into Italy, departed thence most shamefully; for he had disembarked five years before with a great force, as I have related in my former writings, when there was not a fortress there [held by the Romans], but he had to sail on the sea all the time. But Totila, eager to catch him outside the walls, could not find him, as he and the entire Roman army held him [Totila] in great dread. He therefore rescued nothing of what had been lost, but instead lost Rome also, and, so to speak, everything else besides. Worst of all, he had grown avaricious at this time, and a most punctilious overseer of corrupt gains, because he was repaid nothing by the emperor. He pillaged nearly all the Italians, the dwellers in Ravenna, and the Sicilians; and whoever else happened to fall into his power he plundered without authority, exacting penalties forsooth for the thoughts of their previous lives. Thus he persecuted Herodian to obtain his possessions, threatening the man with everything; and he, intimidated by them, bade adieu to the Roman army, and suddenly gave himself with his followers to Totila and the Goths.

How it happened that he and John, the son of Vitalian's sister, fell out, by which the Roman state was greatly shattered, I will now disclose. The empress had come to hate the German so much, and made the hatred so manifest to everybody, that no one dared to contract a marriage alliance with him, though he was the son of the emperor's brother; and his children remained unmarried during her life. His daughter Justina, having flowered into her eighteenth year, was still unwedded.

On this account, when John, dispatched by Belisarius, came to Constantinople, the German was being forced to talk with him about arranging a marriage alliance; and this though much above his rank. After both had acquiesced in it, they resolved to bind each other with the solemnest oaths to use every effort to accomplish the marriage, since each confidently believed the other to be faring the worst in the matter: the one conscious that he was reaching out above his rank, the other with no resource for a marriage save this. Mistress Somebody, leaving no stone unturned, thought no shame to pursue each by every road, if only in some way she could prevent the accomplishment of their purpose. But when, having used various menaces to both, she was unable to seduce either, she openly threatened to take John's life. And after this, John being forthwith sent to Italy, he was afraid to entangle himself with Belisarius in any way, from dread of Antonina's plots, till Antonina had returned to Constantinople. For no one could reasonably doubt that the empress herself had enjoined his death; and as she paid great deference to Antonina's plans, and it was known that Belisarius conceded everything to his wife, he was in great fear and agitation of mind.

After this the affairs of Rome, formerly standing on a sound basis, were brought to ruin. The Gothic war was then being carried on by Belisarius. In despair he asked of the emperor that he might quit the country and be released as quickly as possible. And as soon as he found that the emperor approved the request he joyfully departed at once, bidding farewell to the Roman army and the people of Italy, the greater part of which he left under the control of the enemy, and Perusia undergoing the most furious siege. While he was on his journey that town was taken by storm and experienced every sort of calamity, as I have formerly related. . . .

The ways of the man at that time were openly despised. When he had formerly sworn solemnly to Photius and some of his intimates and not kept the oaths at all, he was pardoned by everybody; for the cause of the man's faithlessness was not suspected to be the rule of his wife, but that of the empress. But when Theodora died, as I have related, and he gave no ear to Photius nor any other of his nearest friends, but his wife appeared plainly the mistress over him, and he a pander, lordly and high-born as he was, — then indeed in despair every one jeered at him, and made him a common talk, and he was reviled

as a fool. It is desirable that these errors of Belisarius should be told somewhere without disguise.

But the derelictions of Bacchus the son of Sergius in Libya, also, should be put into suitable words by me; for indeed he was the most guilty of bringing Roman affairs in that quarter to destruction, by swearing oaths to the Leuathæ on the words of the Gospels and then making naught of them — killing eighty of their chiefs without a reason. And it is my duty to put in writing now how these men came to Bacchus with no treachery in their minds, nor had Sergius any pretext for suspecting them; but having invited them to a banquet without taking any oath, he infamously slaughtered them all. It was from this that Solomon and the Roman army and all the Libyans [African provincials] came to be destroyed. For on account of this, especially from the death of Solomon as related by me, neither any of the leaders nor any soldier thought it worth while to incur hazard in the war. For Sergius was unwarlike and weak, and both in character and age entirely juvenile; holding envy and boastful pretensions toward everybody, a byword as to his life, and puffed up with pride. But when he became suitor to Antonina the niece of Belisarius' wife, the empress was never willing to have him brought to punishment or discharged from the command, although she saw Africa with unceasing steadiness going to ruin.

And after that both she and the emperor set free unpunished Solomon the brother of Sergius, for the murder of Pegasius. How this was I will explain forthwith. After Pegasius had ransomed Solomon from the Leuathæ, and the barbarians had gone back home, Solomon, with Pegasius who had bought his release and some few soldiers, was sent to Carthage; on which journey Pegasius, who had detected Solomon in doing something disgraceful, it was said, recalled to his memory how God had lately rescued him from the enemy. He, in a rage, as if this meant that he was a ransomed war-captive, struck Pegasius dead. This was the reward he gave his preserver. Afterward Solomon came to Constantinople, and the emperor absolved him unscathed from the murder, as if he had slain a traitor to the Roman empire, and gave him letters guaranteeing him immunity for it. Solomon, thus escaped from punishment, joyfully departed for the East to see his country and people and household once more; but the vengeance of God seizing him on the journey, he disappeared from among men.

EPIGRAMS OF AGATHIAS.

[AGATHIAS was a lawyer, bred at Alexandria and resident at Constantinople; lived about A.D. 563–581.]

THE FERRY OF LOVE.

(Translated by Alma Strettell.)

SINCE she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
Then I — Love's stream as through a channel taking —
My lips upon the other end did press,
And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

(The prose translations are by J. W. Mackail.)

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP.

I am no winebibber, but if thou wilt make me drunk, taste thou first and bring it to me, and I take it. For if thou wilt touch it with thy lips, no longer is it easy to keep sober or to escape the sweet cupbearer; for the cup ferries me over a kiss from thee, and tells me of the grace that it had.

LOVE AT THE VINTAGE.

We, as we trod the infinite fruit of Iacchus, mingled and wound in the rhythm of the revel, and now the fathomless flood flowed down, and like boats our cups of ivy wood swam on the sweet surges; dipping wherewith, we drank just as it lay at our hand, nor missed the warm water nymphs overmuch. But beautiful Rhodanthe leant over the wine press, and with the splendors of her beauty lit up the welling stream; and swiftly all our hearts were fluttered, nor was there one of us but was overcome by Bacchus and the Paphian. Alas for us! he ran plenteous at our feet; but for her, hope played with us, and no more.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAUN.

Untouched, O young Satyr, does thy reed utter a sound, or why leaning sideways dost thou put thine ear to the pipe? He laughs

and is silent; yet haply had he spoken a word, but was held in forgetfulness by delight? for the wax did not hinder, but of his own will he welcomed silence, with his whole mind turned intent on the pipe.

Worship in Spring.

Ocean lies purple in calm; for no gale whitens the fretted waves with its ruffling breath, and no longer is the sea shattered around the rocks and sucked back again down toward the deep. West winds breathe, and the swallow twitters over the straw-shed chamber that she has built. Be of good cheer, O skilled in seafaring, whether thou sail to the Syrtis or the Sicilian Shingle: only by the altars of Priapus of the Anchorage burn a scarus or ruddy wrasse.

The Bride's Vigil.

Never grow mold, O lamp, nor call up the rain, lest thou stop my bridegroom in his coming: alway thou art jealous of the Cyprian; yes, and when she betrothed Hero to Leander — O my heart, leave the rest alone. Thou art the Fire-God's, and I believe that by vexing the Cyprian thou flatterest thy master's pangs.

A Rabelaisian Astrologer.

Calligenes the farmer, when he had cast his seed into the land, came to the house of Aristophanes the astrologer, and asked him to tell whether he would have a prosperous summer and abundant plenty of corn. And he, taking the counters and ranging them closely on the board, and crooking his fingers, uttered his reply to Calligenes: "If the cornfield gets sufficient rain, and does not breed a crop of flowering weeds, and frost does not crack the furrows, nor hail flay the heads of the springing blades, and the pricket does not devour the crop, and it sees no other injury of weather or soil, I prophesy you a capital summer, and you will cut the ears successfully; only fear the locusts."

To Plutarch.

(Translated by Dryden.)

Chæronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared
(Their heroes written, and their lives compared);
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

EARLY ARABIAN POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JAMES LYALL.

THE COMMON LOT.

I SAID to her when she fled in amaze and breathless
  Before the array of battle — "Why dost thou tremble?
Yea, if but a day of Life thou shouldst beg with weeping
  Beyond what thy Doom appoints, thou wouldst not gain it.
Be still then, and face the onset of Death, high-hearted,
  For none upon Earth shall win to abide forever.
No raiments of praise the cloak of old age and weakness:
  None such for the coward who bows like a reed in tempest.
The pathway of Death is set for all men to travel:
  The Crier of Death proclaims through the Earth his Empire.
Who dies not when young and sound dies old and weary,
  Cut off in his length of days from all love and kindness;
And what for a man is left of delight in living,
  Past use, flung away, a worthless and worn-out chattel?"

A TYPICAL ARAB HERO.

A shout rose, and voices cried, "The horsemen have slain a knight!"
  I said, "Is it Abdallah, the man who ye say is slain?"
I sprang to his side: the spears had riddled his body through,
  As weaver on outstretched web plies deftly the sharp-toothed comb.
I stood as a camel stands with fear in her heart, and seeks
  The stuffed skin with eager mouth, and thinks — is her youngling slain?
I plied spear above him till the riders had left their prey,
  And over myself black blood flowed forth in a dusky tide.
I fought as a man who gives his life for his brother's life,
  Who knows that his time is short, that Death's doom above him hangs.

But know ye, if Abdallah be dead, and his place a void,
  No weakling unsure of hand, and no holder-back was he!
Alert, keen, his loins well girt, his legs to the middle bare,
  Unblemished and clean of limb, a climber to all things high;
No wailer before ill luck; one mindful in all he did
  To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale;

Content to bear hunger's pain though meat lay beneath his hand —
To labor in ragged shirt that those whom he served might rest.
If Death laid her hand on him, and Famine devoured his store,
He gave but the gladlier what little to him they spared.
He dealt as a youth with Youth, until, when his head grew hoar
And age gathered o'er his brow, to Lightness he said — Begone!
Yea, somewhat it soothes my soul that never I said to him
"Thou liest," nor grudged him aught of mine that he sought of me.

An Ideal Arab Heroine.

Alas! Ummu 'Amr set firm her face to depart, and went:
Gone is she, and when she sped, she left with us no farewell.
Her purpose was quickly shaped — no warning she gave her friends,
Though there she had dwelt hard by, her camels all day with ours.
Yea, thus in our eyes she dwelt, from morning to noon and eve —
She brought to an end her tale, and fleeted, and left us lone.
So gone is Umaimah, gone, and leaves here a heart of pain:
My life was to yearn for her, and now its delight is fled.
She won me whenas, shamefaced — no maid to let fall her veil,
No wanton to glance behind — she walked forth with steady tread;
Her eyes seek the ground, as though they looked for a thing lost there:
She turns not to left or right — her answer is brief and low.
She rises before day dawns to carry her supper forth
To wives who have need — dear alms, when such gifts are few enow!
Afar from the voice of blame her tent stands for all to see,
When many a woman's tent is pitched in the place of scorn.
No gossip to bring him shame from her does her husband dread —
When mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.
The day done, at eve, glad comes he home to his eye's delight:
He needs not to ask of her — "Say, where didst thou pass the day?"
And slender is she where meet, and full where it so beseems,
And tall, straight, a fairy shape, if such upon earth there be.
And nightlong as we sat there, methought that the tent was roofed
Above us with basil sprays, all fragrant in dewy eve —
Sweet basil from Holyah dale, its branches abloom and fresh,
That fills all the place with balm, no starveling of desert sands.

An Arab Cynic.

Yea, take thy fill of joy with her what time she yields her love to thee.
And let no grieving stop thy breath whenas she turns herself to flee.
Ah, sweet and soft her ways with thee: bethink thee well — the day shall come
When some one favored e'en as thou shall find her just as sweet and free.
And if she swear that absence ne'er shall break her part of plighted troth —
When did rose-tinted finger tips and binding pledges e'er agree?

A Symphony in Black and White.

A white one: she rises slow, and sweeps with her hair the ground;
It hides her within its coils, a billow of blackest black.
She shines in its midst like Dawn that breaks from the farthest East;
It bends like the darkest Night and veils her above, around.

Translated by W. G. PALGRAVE.

Zeynab's Courtship.

Ah, for the throes of a heart sorely wounded!
Ah, for the eyes that have smit me with madness!
Gently she moved in the calmness of beauty,
Moved as the bough to the light breeze of morning,
Dazzled my eyes as they gazed, till before me
All was a mist and confusion of figures.
Ne'er had I sought her, ne'er had she sought me;
Fated the love, and the hour, and the meeting.
There I beheld her as she and her damsels
Paced 'twixt the temple and outer inclosure;
Damsels the fairest, the loveliest, gentlest,
Passing like slow-wand'ring heifers at evening;
Ever surrounding with comely observance
Her whom they honor, the peerless of women.
"Omar is near: let us mar his devotions,
Cross on his path that he needs must observe us;
Give him a signal, my sister, demurely."
"Signals I gave, but he marked not nor heeded,"
Answered the damsel, and hastened to meet me.

Ah, for that night by the vale of the sand hills!
Ah, for the dawn when in silence we parted!
He whom the morn may awake to her kisses
Drinks from the cup of the blessed in heaven.

TRANSLATED BY J. D. CARLYLE.

ON THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

SABLA, thou saw'st th' exulting foe
In fancied triumphs crowned;
Thou heard'st their frantic females throw
These galling taunts around:

"Make now your choice — the terms we give,
Desponding victims hear:
These fetters on your hands receive,
Or in your hearts a spear."

"And is the conflict o'er?" we cried;
"And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we must meet?

"A brighter day we soon shall see,
Though now the prospect lowers;
And conquest, peace, and liberty
Shall gild our future hours."

The foe advanced; — in firm array
We rushed o'er Sabla's sands;
And the red saber marked our way
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writhed in Death's cold grasp,
We cried, "Our choice is made:
These hands the sabers' hilt shall clasp,
Your hearts shall have the blade!"

ON HIS FRIENDS.

With conscious pride I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand;
With pride exult, that I alone
Can join these scattered gems in one:

For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

'Tis mine their inmost souls to see;
Unlocked is every heart to me;
To me they cling, on me they rest,
And I've a place in every breast:
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

On Temper.

Yes, Leila, I swore, by the fire of thine eyes;
I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure;
The bubbles of spirit that sparkling arise
Forbid life to stagnate, and render it pure.

But yet, my dear maid, though thy spirit's my pride,
I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl:
If life be ne'er suffered to rest or subside,
It may not be flat, but I fear 'twill be foul.

The Adieu.

The boatmen shout, "'Tis time to part,
No longer we can stay;"
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came;
"Farewell," she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat;
While she but wept the more and said,
"Would we had never met!"

EXPLOITS AND FATE OF ANTAR.

(From the "Romance of Antar," a famous Arabian epic on an authentic hero of the sixth century; translation by Terrick Hamilton, condensed and introduced by W. A. Clouston.)

THUS, with all the paraphernalia of chivalrous equipment, heroes come forth, not only in fields of battle, or in single combat, but also at marriages and entertainments, merely for trials of skill in arms in the midst of a course, to tilt and joust with barbless spears in the presence of kings and chiefs, who proclaim the merits of the victor and the vanquished; sometimes distributing prizes, or awarding a contested point, or even deciding the fate of some damsel, the object of amorous contention between two devoted champions; and not unfrequently do these combats, which commence innocently, end in bloodshed.

It is also worthy of remark that these chiefs, when bound on a marauding enterprise, often meet with extraordinary adventures: sometimes forlorn maidens, whose distresses they relieve; or matrons, whose husbands and sons have been slain; and even heroes of inferior stamp, whose cause they will adopt, and thus either soften his sorrows or die in his defense. It must be acknowledged that they sometimes take advantage of the unprotected state to which females are reduced when their attendants have resisted the assaults of a stranger; but instances of the purest generosity and the most chivalrous sentiments of honor and decency will often mark their acts, and induce us to marvel how nations so barbarous in blood could ever be melted into pity and tenderness.

A nation of shepherds, dwelling in tents, surrounded by deserts, appears at first sight as the very antipodes of those nations whose usages and habits have supplied matter for romance and historic fiction. In minds thus savagely constituted, where could love dwell? Where could courtesy, discretion, and those nameless decencies and distinctions persons of cultivated manners can only feel and express find a place? And without minds thus happily organized, and without sensibilities as easily roused as lasting, pliant or obdurate, according to the object that excites them into action, or bidding defiance to repulse, inconstancy, and danger — how could chivalry feed its enthusiasm, or imagination awaken into life?

But in this work we find all these anomalies reconciled. We see heroes capable of the wildest enterprises, and subject to the most vehement emotions, to secure the approbation of their mistresses. We see damsels braving every peril, smiling in captivity, to meet the objects of their love. We moreover meet with heroines cased in armor covering hearts at once steeled against the lance's point or

falchion's edge, and a prey to the utmost ecstasies of enthusiastic fondness and refined irritability.

Such are the personages who are found to have inhabited the wilderness of sands, under no cultivation of mind, and bound by no moral restraints but what love and friendship excited and established. Few could read or write. None were philosophers — wisdom had its only support in the influence attached to advanced years. Their sages were superior in age, and enjoyed a confidence among the tribes that no one could uproot, and which Antar only, by his martial prowess and universally admitted superiority, could thwart.

The Hero's Birth and Early Years.

Then famous horsemen of the tribe of Abs went forth from the land of Shurebah on a plundering expedition. They traveled by night, and lay concealed during the day; and when they reached the country of Cahtan, in a valley between two hills they discovered the flourishing tribe of Jezreela. Fearing openly to attack a people so numerous and powerful, they proceeded to their pasture ground, where they saw a large herd of camels grazing, and a black woman of great beauty and fine proportions, with her two children, in charge of them. They seized the woman and her children, and drove away the camels; but had not gone far when they were pursued by the warriors of the tribe, upon whom they turned, and after a fierce contest, compelled them to fly. Returning home, the Abians, having reached their own country, sat down by the bank of a stream to divide their plunder. One of the party, Shedad, the son of Carad, known as the Knight of Jirwet, from the celebrated mare of that name which he rode, was become so enamored of the black woman, whose name was Zebeebah, that he chose her and her two boys — Jereer and Shibooh — for his share, leaving to his companions all the camels and other property.

In the course of time Zebeebah gave birth to a boy, "black and swarthy as an elephant, — his shape, limbs, form, and make resembled Shedad," who was delighted to look upon him for days together, and called him Antar. As the boy grew up, he became noted for his great strength and courage. He accompanied his mother to the pasture, and helped her in watching the cattle. One day, when he was but ten years old, he slew a wolf that had dispersed the flocks, and carried home the head

and legs of the beast in a basket, and presented the trophies of his prowess to his mother. On hearing of this adventure, Shedad cautioned his son not to stray far into the desert, lest he should meet with some mischief. But Antar was not to be restrained; riding about the country, and hurling his reed-spear at the trunks of trees, he soon became an excellent horseman, and could throw the javelin with unerring precision. And thus passed the early years of Antar, the son of Shedad, until an incident, strikingly characteristic of Bedouin life, occurred, which proved the turning point of the future hero's career: —

"Now the King Zoheir had two hundred slaves that tended his herds of he- and she-camels, and all his sons had the same. Shas was the eldest of his sons, and heir to his possessions; and Shas had a slave whose name was Daji, and he was a great bully. Shas was very fond of him on account of his vast bodily strength; and there was not a slave but feared him and trembled before him. Antar, however, made no account of him, and did not care for him.

"One day the poor men and widows and orphans met together, and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water-side. Daji came up and stopped them, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying: 'Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink.' But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed, and shrunk back.

"Then came another old woman and addressed him: 'O master Daji, I am a poor, weak, old woman, as you see: time has dealt hardly with me — it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress. These sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state; I have no one to tend them; therefore grant my request and be so kind as to let them drink.'

"As soon as Daji heard these words and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy

was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out, 'You bastard!' said he, 'what mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs and all that consented to this act!'

"When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion.

And when the slaves perceived the fate of Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, 'You have slain the slave of Prince Shas! What man on earth can now protect you?' They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all: he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword."

With all his courage and strength, however, Antar was likely to have fallen a victim to the rage of his assailants, when fortunately Prince Malik, one of the king's sons, beloved of all for his mild and gentle disposition, came upon the scene and put an end to the unequal contest; and on learning its occasion, promised Antar his protection. When King Zoheir was informed of what the hero had done, he warmly applauded his conduct, saying: "This valiant fellow has defended the honor of women; he will shine a noble warrior and destroy his opponents."

And on Antar's return home that day, the women all crowded round him, praising him for his gallant behavior; and among them was Antar's fair cousin Abla, the daughter of Malik, his father Shedad's brother.

The Dawn of Love.

Antar had frequent opportunities of seeing Abla, one of his duties being to serve the women of his father's and uncle's families with the camel's milk, which, previously cooled in the wind, it was the custom of Arab women to drink every morning and evening. Coming into his uncle Malik's tent one day while Abla's long, flowing hair was being dressed by her mother, Antar's soul was filled with the image of her beauty, and when he retired he thus expressed his feelings : —

That fair maid lets down her ringlets, and she is completely hid in her hair, which appears like the dark shades of night.

It is as if she were the brilliant day, and as if the night had enveloped her in obscurity.

It is as if the full moon was shining in its splendor, and all the stars were concealed by its luster.

Her charms bewitch all around her, and all are anxious to offer their services:

They live in her beauties and loveliness; and they are imbued with sweetness from her perfections, and receive new spirit from her graces.

Revile me not for my love of her, for I am distracted for her, and live but as the victim of my love.

I will conceal my affection in my soul, till I can see that I am sufficiently fortunate one day to serve her.

And on another occasion, seeing Abla playing and singing among other maidens at a feast, Antar addressed her in eloquent verses: —

The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the arrow of a glance, for which there is no cure.

Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sand hills, like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic.

My disease preys on me; it is in my entrails: I conceal it; but its very concealment discloses it.

She moves: I should say it was the branch of the tamarisk, that waves its branches to the southern breeze.

She approaches: I should say it was the frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the waste.

She walks away: I should say her face was truly the sun when its luster dazzles the beholders.

She gazes: I should say it was the full moon of the night when Orion girds it with its stars.

She smiles: and the pearls of her teeth sparkle, in which there is the cure for the sickness of lovers.

She prostrates herself in reverence towards her God; and the greatest of men bow down to her beauties.

O Abla! when I most despair, love for thee and all its weaknesses are my only hope!

Should fortune or my father assist me, I will requite myself for its vicissitudes by my fearless spirit.

Love had now become the master passion of the hero's soul; for all his subsequent exploits as a warrior were undertaken and performed mainly with the view of raising himself above the circumstance of his birth, and of becoming worthy of his cousin. But already Antar had many bitter enemies among his own people, who sought every means of depriving him of the favor and protection of King Zoheir and of his son, Prince Malik. Wandering one day far from the tents of his tribe, and brooding over his forlorn condition and his love for Abla, he composed the following verses: —

Abla's spirit appeared to me in my sleep, and thrice I kissed her within her veil.

It bade me adieu, but it deposited in me a flame that I feel burning through my bones.

Were I not left in solitude, and could I not quench the fire of my passion with tears, my heart would melt.

But I do not complain; though all my fears are on thy account, O thou perfect full moon!

O daughter of Malik! how can I be consoled, since my love for thee originated from the time I was weaned?

But how can I ever hope to approach thee, whilst the lions of the forest guard thy tent?

By the truth of my love for thee, my heart can never be cured but by patience.

O thou noble maid! till I exalt myself to the heights of glory with the thrusts of my spear and the blows of my sword, I will expose myself to every peril wherever the spears clash in the battle dust — then shall I be either tossed upon the spear heads or be numbered among the noble.

Early Warlike Exploits.

King Zoheir having summoned Shedad, the father of Antar, with his other warriors, to accompany him on an expedition

against a neighboring tribe, Antar was left behind in charge of the women; and here follows a graphic description of the amusements of Arab women in those days: —

"The horsemen being now absent, the children and women and slaves, male and female, were left behind. Semeeah, the wife of Shedad, gave a magnificent entertainment at the lake of Zatool Irsad. Sheep were slaughtered, and wine flowed, and the girls carried their instruments. Antar stood amongst the attendants, and was in transports on seeing Abla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; she was decorated with variegated necklaces; and when Antar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine cup went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory: the vines hung luxuriantly in the arbors; the flowers shed round ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colors; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; every ear was enchanted; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; whilst the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes. Then the damsels beat the cymbals, and recited the following verses: —

The shades have spread their canopy, and the flowers spread their pillows.

The streams roll along their shores of flowers, some white, some red, some yellow, some sweet-scented.

See the waters gliding through the gardens; and the trees and their fruits resemble bracelets and chaplets.

The birds sing melodiously upon them in every variety of note.

The nightingale and the dove pour their plaintive strain, and make every lover weep.

The gentle zephyrs whisper along, and the branches move in softest measure.

The boughs dance in the groves, among the trees, in the graceful movement.

The dewdrops fall, and the flowers and the trees are studded with its pearls.

The season is delightful; let it pass in enjoyment, and misfortunes, begone!

The opportunity is delicious; let us grasp in haste its sweets;

Be merry and wild with joy, and let not a day pass without amusement.

"Then another set took the musical instruments, and beating the cymbals with their hands, thus sang: —

The gardens sparkle with all they boast of lovely damsels.
Every sportive virgin is possessed of languishing glances and enchanting movements;
Their beauty is perfection — they are loveliness itself;
Their elegant shapes glance like the well-proportioned spears;
Their tresses float down their backs like branches of the grape-vine.
They are slayers and piercers with their arrows and their darts.
Archers and strikers — the enchantresses of men.

"They now formed a dance and took off their robes; the damsels danced while the servants sang and carried round the goblets of wine. Roses were spread over their cheeks and their bosoms heaved. And Abla joined her associates in the dance, and exhibited her charms, and laughed. Fire shot from their eyes, and the cups of wine were united to the honey of their mouths. The imagination of Antar was inflamed and overpowered in the sea of anxiety He hesitated whether he should violate the modesty of love by the fingers of passion, when lo! on a sudden there appeared a cloud of dust, and a vast clamor arose, and in a moment there came forth a troop of horses and their riders, about seventy in number, armed with cuirasses and coats of mail and Aadite helmets, crying out, 'Oh, by Cahtan!' and rushed towards the women. At the instant joy was converted into grief, and smiles into tears: in a moment they seized the women and the virgins, made them prisoners, and placed them on their horses behind them."

Antar, however, was not the man to stand by and allow the enemy thus to ravish his fair charges before his eyes. To rush after and overtake the horseman who had captured Abla, and to hurl him a lifeless and shapeless mass on the ground, and to take possession of his horse and armor, was to Antar mere child's play. Then he overtook the rest of the enemy, and with his single arm performed such wonders that those who escaped the stroke of his death-dealing sword fled in dismay, leaving the women and the plunder they had taken.

This was Antar's first warlike exploit; and when King Zoheir returned and heard of his prowess, he publicly praised him and presented him with a robe of honor.

Shortly afterwards Antar put to flight a large party of a hostile tribe that had surrounded the king's sons and their attendants; and this was his song of triumph as the hero returned to his tent: —

I will not cease to exalt myself by my deeds, till I reach Orion in my ambitious projects.

Here I care not for those who abuse me, fearful of death and separation from life.

But I will reduce my foes and my railers by force, and I will be patient under sufferings and in praise.

I will strive to attain what I desire, till Death snatch me away.

I will arm my mind against worldly lusts, that I may be considered noble minded and faithful.

Whoever would check me, let him look to himself, where'er he may be concealed.

My complexion is no injury to me, nor the name of Zebeebah, when I exercise my courage against the foe.

I will work wonders and marvels; and I will protect myself from the tongues of the wicked.

The king was naturally grateful for the good service which Antar had thus rendered; and at a grand feast held in celebration of the escape of the princes, he caused the hero to sit beside him, and commanded Shedad no longer to employ his son as a keeper of camels, but to allow him to take rank among the warriors of the tribe.

Antar and Abla's Mother.

Antar was now become celebrated for his verses as well as for his remarkable strength and courage; and, as may be readily supposed, he was making considerable progress in winning the affection of his beloved Abla. But in the eyes of the maiden's father, Malik, he was far from being a desirable match; and even her mother ridiculed Antar's amorous poetry and his love for her daughter. One day she sneeringly asked him to recite some of his verses about Abla, and he thus complied: —

I love thee with the love of a noble-born hero; and I am content with thy imaginary phantom.

Thou art my sovereign in my very blood, and my mistress; and in thee is all my confidence.

O Abla, my description cannot portray thee, for thou comprehendest every perfection.

Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven — where in that full moon is the eye of the antelope?

Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the erak tree: oh, thou shamest it in the grace of thy form.

In thy forehead is my guide to truth; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray.

Thy teeth resemble stringed jewels; but how can I liken them to lifeless pearls?

Thy bosom is created as an enchantment; oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection!

To be connected with thee is to be connected with every joy; but separated from all my world is the bond of thy connection.

Under thy veil is the rosebud of my life, and thine eyes are guarded with a multitude of arrows; round thy tent is a lion-warrior, the sword's edge, and the spear's point.

Oh, thy face is like the full moon of heaven, allied to light, but far from my hopes!

These eloquent verses so far mollified Abla's mother that she proposed marrying Antar to her daughter's maid, Khemisa.

"No!" said Antar, boldly. "I shall marry only a free-born woman; and no one shall I marry but her whom my soul adores!"

"May God accomplish thy wishes," whispered Abla; "and may he grant thee the woman thou lovest, and may thou live in peace and happiness!"

Marriage of Antar and Abla.

Many more wonderful exploits were performed by Antar in opposing the enemies of Abs, — many illustrious warriors fell beneath the stroke of his irresistible sword, Dhami, before he attained the chief desire of his heart. At length King Cais, grateful for his services, resolved that Antar should be married to his darling Abla without further delay, and his uncle Malik freely gave his consent. And never was there such another

glorious wedding! From the most distant lands came famous knights to honor the nuptials of the renowned son of Shedad and the beauteous daughter of Malik; and rich and rare were the presents they brought with them. Each of these illustrious chiefs addressed verses to Antar, in praise of his prowess and congratulating him on his marriage. "It was now the season of spring, and the land was enameled with the luster of new-born flowers." For several days the horsemen jousted with each other with blunted spears. And then came the wedding night.

"Now there was a curious custom current among the Arabs at that period. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel pack-saddles and heaped them one upon the other, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and, having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, 'Come on — now for thy bride!' And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, whilst the youths of the tribe, drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom dashed forward, began beating and pelting him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reaching his bride. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it was well for him; were he killed, it was his destiny. But should he reach his bride in safety, the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him."

This singular custom was, however, waived in the case of Antar, by order of the king, who feared lest some enemy of the hero might do him a mortal injury in the mêlée.

"And now, when the Arabs assembled for Antar's marriage had eaten their dinner, the cups of wine were brought round to them. The men and the women were promiscuously moving together; the girls came forth, and the slave-women were amusing themselves, enjoying the happy moments. 'Hola!' cried the matrons and the virgins, 'we will not remain covered on Antar's marriage.' They threw aside their veils, and the full moons appeared in all their luster; and they flaunted the branches of their forms in the excess of their delight; and it was a famous day for them. 'By the faith of an Arab,' said the matrons and virgins, 'we will not remain thus concealed behind these curtains — the doors shall not be shut upon us; we will see Alba in her magnificence, and we will walk in her train, and make our offerings to her and Antar, and we will not keep

a dirhem or a dinar to ourselves; for a happier night than this can never be, and no one but a mad man would miss it.'

"When the women of Carad heard this, they were alarmed for the scandal and censure that would thus be occasioned: so they resolved to finish Abla's ceremony. They clothed her in most magnificent robes and superb necklaces; they placed the coronet of Chosroe on her head, and tiaras round her forehead: Abla was remarkable for her beauty and loveliness: the tirewomen surrounded her, and they requested Antar to let her come forth in state. He gave them permission, whilst his brothers and slaves stood round the pavilion with their swords, and javelins, and weapons. He ordered them to place a lofty throne for Abla in front of the pavilion. They executed his commands: they lighted brilliant and scented candles before her, and spread afar the odor of aloes and camphor, and scattered the perfumes of ambergris and musk; the lights were fixed in candlesticks of gold and silver — the torches blazed — and whilst the women shouted and raised their voices to whistles and screams, Abla came forth in state. In her hand she bore a drawn sword, whose luster dazzled the eyesight. All present gave a shout; whilst the malicious and ill-natured cried, 'What a pity that one so beautiful and fair should be wedded to one so black!'"

Thus, after all his trials and perils, the renowned son of Shedad was duly married to his darling Abla, and thus he expressed his satisfaction at the consummation of his wishes: —

My heart is at rest: it is recovered from its intoxication. Sleep has calmed my eyelids, and relieved them.

Fortune has aided me, and my prosperity cleaves the veil of night, and the seven orders of heaven.

Translated by E. J. W. Gibb, from French translation by Caussin de Perceval.

Death of Antar.

In the course of his exploits as chief of his tribe, Antar had conquered a horseman called Jezar, who was a famous archer; and, to punish his aggressions upon his people, he had blinded him by causing a red-hot saber to be passed before his eyes; then he granted him life, liberty, and even the supreme rank in his own tribe.

From that time Jezar, son of Jaber, meditated in silence on vengeance. Although his eyes were deprived of sight, he had in no way lost his skill in archery. His ear, practiced in following the movements of wild animals by the sound of their steps, was sufficient to guide his hand: never did the arrow miss the mark. His hatred, always alert, listened eagerly for the news which fame spread about his enemy. He learned that Antar, after a distant and fortunate expedition against the frontiers of Persia, was returned to Yemen, laden with as much glory and booty as he had formerly brought from the court of Chosroe, and that he is about to pass into the desert adjoining his encampment. At this story Jezar weeps for envy and rage. He calls Nejim, his faithful slave: —

"Ten years are passed," says he to him, "since a burning iron destroyed, by Antar's order, the light of my eyes, and I am not yet revenged! But at last the moment has come when to quench in his blood the fire which burns in my heart. Antar is encamped, they say, on the banks of the Euphrates. Thither I wish to go to seek him. I shall live hidden in the reeds of the river till Heaven delivers his life into my hands."

Jezar orders his slave to bring him his she-camel, which rivals the ostrich in the race: he arms himself with his quiver of poisoned arrows. Nejim makes the camel kneel, helps his master to mount upon her back, and takes the end of the halter of the animal, to direct her steps towards the distant bed of the Euphrates. The blind warrior fills the desert with his wailings and his threats.

After a long day's march through a waterless space, Jezar and his slave reach the banks of the Euphrates, whose course is marked by the verdure of the trees and the herbs along its bed.

"What seest thou on the other bank?" asked Jezar of his slave.

Nejim casts a glance to the other bank. He sees tents richly adorned; numerous flocks; camels wandering in groups on the plain; spears planted in the ground at the doors of the tents; harnessed horses, fastened by their feet, before the dwellings of their masters. A tent more splendid than the rest is erected at a little distance from the river. Before the door arises, like a mast, a long spear of steel, beside which

is a horse blacker than ebony. Nejim recognizes the noble courser of Antar, the famous Abjer, and his terrible spear. He halts his master's camel behind the shrubs and reeds which conceal them from all eyes; and they await the hour of darkness.

II.

When night had covered with its shadows the two banks of the Euphrates, —

"Let us quit this place," says the blind Jezar to his slave; "the voices which I hear from the other side seem to me too far off for the range of my arrows. Bring me nearer the edge: my heart tells me that a glorious stroke is about to immortalize my name and my revenge!"

Nejim takes the blind man by the hand; brings him close to the water; makes him sit upon the bank opposite the tent of Antar, and gives him his bow and quiver. Jezar chooses the keenest of his arrows, places it upon the string, and with listening ear awaits the hour of vengeance.

Meanwhile Antar, in the arms of Abla, his beloved wife, for whom ten years of possession have in no wise diminished his love, was forgetting within his tent his fatigue and exploits, when the dismal howling of the dogs — faithful guardians of the camp — cast a prophetic unquiet into his soul.

He rises and goes out of his tent. The sky is dark and cloudy. He wanders, feeling his way in the darkness. The louder voices of the dogs attract him to the river. Impelled by his fate, he goes forward, right up to the bed of the water; and, suspecting the presence of some enemy on the opposite bank, he calls to his brother in a loud voice to search the other side.

Scarcely does his resounding voice echo in the hollow bed of the valley of the Euphrates, reverberating in the rocks and mountains, when an arrow pierces his right side, and penetrates to his entrails. No cry — no groan unworthy of a hero — escapes him through his pain. He withdraws the iron with a firm hand.

"Traitor, who has not dared to attack me in the light of day!" cried he in a loud voice to his invisible enemy — "thou shalt not escape my vengeance! Thou shalt not enjoy the fruit of thy perfidy!"

MOHAMMED'S WRITINGS.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

[MOHAMMED was born A.D. 570 or 571; announced himself as a prophet when about forty; fled from Mecca to Medina (the *Hegira* or Flight) to escape being slain by his enemies, in 622, from which the Moslem date their calendar; entered Mecca in triumph, 630; died June 7, 632, after conquering Arabia and preparing to invade Syria.]

THE CHARGERS.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

By the CHARGERS that pant,
And the hoofs that strike fire,
And the scourers at dawn,
Who stir up the dust with it,
And cleave through a host with it!

Verily Man is thankless towards his Lord,
And verily he is witness thereof,
And verily in his love of weal he is grasping.
Doth he not know? — when what is in the tombs shall be laid open,
And what is in men's breasts shall be laid bare;
Verily on that day their Lord shall know them well!

SUPPORT.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

What thinkest thou of him who calleth the Day of Judgment a lie?
He it is who driveth away the orphan,
And is not urgent for the feeding of the poor.
Woe then to those who pray,
Those who are careless in their prayers,
Who make a pretense,
But withhold SUPPORT.

THE KINGDOM.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Blessed be He in whose hand is the KINGDOM: and He is powerful over all;

Who created death and life to prove you which of you is best in actions, and He is the Mighty, the Very Forgiving;

Who hath created seven heavens in stages: thou seest no fault in the creation of the Merciful; but lift up thine eyes again; dost thou see any cracks?

Then lift up the eyes again twice; thy sight will recoil to thee dazzled and dim.

Moreover, we have decked the lower heaven with lamps, and have made them for pelting the devils, and we have prepared for them the torment of the flame.

And for those who disbelieve in their Lord, the torment of Hell: and evil the journey to it!

When they shall be cast into it, they shall hark to its braying as it boileth;—

It shall well-nigh burst with fury! Every time a troop is thrown into it, its keepers shall ask them, "Did not a warner come to you?"

They shall say, "Yea! a warner came to us; but we took him for a liar, and said, 'God hath not sent down anything. Verily, ye are only in great error.'"

And they shall say, "Had we but hearkened or understood, we had not been among the people of the flame!"

And they will confess their sins: so a curse on the people of the flame!

Verily they who fear their Lord in secret, for them is forgiveness — a great reward.

And whether ye hide your speech, or say it aloud, verily He knoweth well the secrets of the breast!

What! shall He not know, who created? and He is the subtle, the well-aware!

It is He who hath made the earth smooth for you: so walk on its sides, and eat of what He hath provided — and unto Him shall be the resurrection.

Are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not make the earth sink with you? and behold, it shall quake!

Or are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not send against you a sand storm, — so shall ye know about the warning!

And assuredly those who were before them called it a lie, and how was it with their denial?

Or do they not look up at the birds over their heads, flapping their wings? None supporteth them but the Merciful: verily He seeth all.

Who is it that will be a host for you, to defend you, if not the Merciful? verily the unbelievers are in naught but delusion!

Who is it that will provide for you, if He withhold His provision? Nay, they persist in pride and running away!

Is he, then, who goeth groveling on his face better guided than he who goeth upright on a straight path?

Say: it is He who produced you and made you hearing and sight and heart — little are ye thankful!

Say: it is He who sowed you in the earth, and to Him shall ye be gathered.

But they say, "When shall this threat be, if ye are speakers of truth?"

Say: the knowledge thereof is with God alone, and I am naught but a plain warner.

But when they shall see it nigh, the countenance of those who disbelieved shall be evil, — and it shall be said, "This is what ye called for."

Say: Have ye considered — whether God destroy me and those with me, or whether we win mercy — still who will save the unbelievers from aching torment?

Say: He is the Merciful: we believe in Him, and in Him we put our trust — and ye shall soon know which it is that is in manifest error!

Say: Have ye considered if your waters should sink away to-morrow, who will bring you running water?

The Moon.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

The Hour approacheth and the moon is cleft asunder.

But if they see a sign they turn aside, and say "Useless magic!"

And they call it a lie, and follow their own lusts: — but everything is ordained.

Yet there came to them messages of forbiddance —

Wisdom supreme — but warners serve not!

Then turn from them: the Day when the Summoner shall summon to a matter of trouble,

With eyes cast down shall they come forth from their graves, as if they were scattered locusts,
Hurrying headlong to the summoner: the unbelievers shall say, "This is a hard day!"

The people of Noah, before them, called it a lie, and they called our servant a liar, and said, "Mad!" and he was rejected.
Then he besought his Lord, "Verily I am overpowered: defend me."
So we opened the gates of heaven with water pouring forth,
And we made the earth break out in springs, and the waters met by an order foreordained;
And we carried him on a vessel of planks and nails,
Which sailed on beneath our eyes; — a reward for him who had been disbelieved.
And we left it as a sign; but doth any one mind?
And what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

Ad called it a lie; *but what was my torment and warning?*
Lo, we sent against them a biting wind on a day of settled ill luck.
It tore men away as though they were trunks of palm trees torn up.
But what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

Thamūd called the warning a lie:
And they said "A single mortal from among ourselves shall we follow? verily then we should be in error and madness.
Is the reminding committed to him alone among us? Nay, he is an insolent liar."
They shall know to-morrow about the insolent liar!
Lo! we will send the she-camel to prove them: so mark them well, and be patient.
And predict to them that the water shall be divided between themselves and her, every draught taken in turn.
But they called their companion, and he took and hamstrung her—
And what was my torment and warning?
Lo! we sent against them one shout; and they became like the dry sticks of the hurdle maker.
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

The people of Lot called the warning a lie; —
Lo! we sent a sand storm against them, except the family of Lot, whom we delivered at daybreak
As a favor from us; thus do we reward the thankful.

And he had warned them of our attack, but they misdoubted the warning;
And they sought his guests, so we put out their eyes.
"*So taste ye my torment and warning!*"
And in the morning there overtook them a punishment abiding.
"*So taste my torment and warning.*"
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one mind?

And there came a warning to the people of Pharaoh:
They called our signs all a lie: so we gripped them with a grip of omnipotent might.

Are your unbelievers better men than those? Is there immunity for you in the Books?
Do they say, "We are a company able to defend itself?"
They shall all be routed, and turn their backs.
Nay, but the Hour is their threatened time, and the Hour shall be most grievous and bitter.
Verily the sinners are in error and madness!
One day they shall be dragged into the fire on their faces: "*Taste ye the touch of Hell.*"

Verily all things have we created by a degree,
And our command is but one moment, like the twinkling of an eye.
And we have destroyed the like of you: — *but doth any one mind?*
And everything that they do is in the Books;
Everything, little and great, is written down.
Verily the pious shall be amid gardens and rivers,
In the seat of truth, before the King Omnipotent.

IRON.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

All that is in the heavens and the earth magnifieth God, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.
His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, He giveth life and giveth death, and He is powerful over all things.
He is the first and the last, the seen and the unseen, and all things doth He know.
It is He who created the heavens and the earth in six days, then ascended the Throne; He knoweth what goeth into the earth

and what cometh out of it, and what cometh down from the sky and what riseth up into it; and He is with you, wherever ye be; and God seeth what ye do.

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, and to God shall all things return.

He maketh the night to follow the day, and He maketh the day to follow the night, and He knoweth the secrets of the breast.

Believe in God and His Apostle, and give alms of what He hath made you to inherit; for to those of you who believe and give alms shall be a great reward.

What aileth you that ye do not believe in God and His Apostle who calleth you to believe in your Lord? He hath already accepted your covenant if ye believe.

It is He who hath sent down to His servant manifest signs to lead you from darkness into light: for God is indeed kind and merciful towards you.

And what aileth you that ye give not alms in the path of God, when God's is the heritage of the heavens and the earth? Those of you who give before the victory, and fight, shall not be deemed equal,—they are of nobler degree than those who give afterwards and fight. Yet to all hath God promised the beauteous reward; and God knoweth what ye do.

Who is he who will lend God a good loan?—He will double it for him, and his shall be a noble recompense.

The day ye shall see the faithful, men and women, their light running in front and on their right hand—"Glad tidings for you this day!—gardens whereunder rivers flow, to abide therein forever:" that is the great prize!

The day when the hypocrites, men and women, will say to those who believe, "Stay for us, that we may kindle our light from yours." It shall be said, "Go back and find a light." And there shall be set up between them a wall, with a gate in it; and inside, within it, shall be Mercy, and outside, in front of it, Torment! They shall cry out, "Were we not with you?" The others shall say, "Yea! but ye fell into temptation, and waited, and doubted, and your desires deceived you, till the behest of God came,—and the arch tempter beguiled you from God."

And on that day no ransom shall be accepted from you, nor from those who disbelieved—your goal is the Fire, which is your master; and evil is the journey thereto.

Hath not the Hour come to those who believe, to humble their hearts to the warning of God and the truth which He hath sent down? and that they may not be like those who received the

Scripture aforetime, whose lives were prolonged, but their hearts were hardened, and many of them were disobedient.

Know that God quickeneth the earth after its death: now have we made clear to you the signs, — haply ye have wits!

Verily the charitable, both men and women, and they who lend God a good loan, it shall be doubled to them, and theirs shall be a noble recompense.

And they who believe in God and His Apostle, these are the truth-tellers and the witnesses before their Lord: they have their reward and their light. And they who disbelieve and deny our signs — these are the inmates of Hell!

Know that the life of this world is but a game and pastime and show and boast among you; and multiplying riches and children is like rain, whose vegetation delighteth the infidels — then they wither away, and thou seest them all yellow, and they become chaff. And in the life to come is grievous torment,

Or else forgiveness from God and His approval: but the life of this world is naught but a delusive joy.

Strive together for forgiveness from your Lord and Paradise, whose width is as the width of heaven and earth, prepared for those who believe in God and in His Apostle. That is the grace of God! who giveth it to whom He pleaseth; and God is the fount of boundless grace.

There happeneth no misfortune on the earth or to yourselves, but it is written in the Book before we created it: verily that is easy to God! —

That ye may not grieve over what is beyond you, nor exult over what cometh to you; for God loveth not any presumptuous boasters,

Who are covetous and commend covetousness to men. But whoso turneth away, — verily God is Rich and worthy to be praised.

We sent Our Apostles with manifestations, and We sent down by them the Book and the Balance, that men might stand upright in equity, and We sent down IRON, wherein is great strength and uses for men, — and that God might know who would help Him and His Apostles in secret: verily God is strong and mighty.

And we sent Noah and Abraham, and we gave their seed prophecy in the Scripture: and some of them are guided, but many are disobedient.

Then we sent our apostles in their footsteps, and we sent Jesus the Son of Mary, and gave him the Gospel, and put in the hearts of those that follow him kindness and pitifulness; but monkery, they invented it themselves! We prescribed it not to them — save only to seek the approval of God, but they did not observe

this with due observance. Yet we gave their reward to those of them that believed, but many of them were transgressors.

O ye who believe, fear God and believe in His Apostle; He will give you a double portion of His mercy, and will set you a light to walk by, and will forgive you: for God is forgiving and merciful: —

That the People of the Scripture may know that they have not power over aught of God's grace; and that grace is in the hands of God alone, who giveth to whom He pleaseth: and God is the fount of boundless grace.

Mohammed's Last Speech.

Ye people, hearken to my words: for I know not whether after this year I shall ever be amongst you here again.

Your lives and your property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs.

The child belongeth to the parent, and the violater of wedlock shall be stoned.

Ye people, ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Treat your women well.

And your slaves, see that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault which ye are not willing to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord and are not to be tormented.

Ye people! hearken unto my speech and comprehend it. Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim. All of you are on the same equality: ye are one brotherhood.

From the Table Talk of Mohammed.

God saith: Whoso doth one good act, for him are ten rewards, and I also give more to whomsoever I will; and whoso doth ill, its retaliation is equal to it, or else I forgive him; and he who seeketh to approach me one cubit, I will seek to approach him two fathoms; and he who walketh towards me, I will run towards him; and he who cometh before me with the earth full of sins, but joineth no Partner to me, I will come before him with an equal front of forgiveness.

There are seven people whom God will draw under His own shadow, on that Day when there will be no other shadow: one a just king; another, who hath employed himself in devotion from his youth; the third, who fixeth his heart on the Mosque till he return to it; the fourth, two men whose friendship is to please God, whether together or separate; the fifth, a man who remembereth God when he is alone, and weepeth; the sixth, a man who is tempted by a rich and beautiful woman, and saith, Verily I fear God! the seventh, a man who hath given alms and concealed it, so that his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.

The most excellent of all actions is to befriend any one on God's account, and to be at enmity with whosoever is the enemy of God.

Verily ye are in an age in which if ye abandon one tenth of what is ordered, ye will be ruined. After this a time will come when he who shall observe one tenth of what is now ordered will be redeemed.

Of Charity.

When God created the earth, it began to shake and tremble; then God created mountains, and put them upon the earth, and the land became firm and fixed; and the angels were astonished at the hardness of the hills, and said, "O God, is there anything of thy creation harder than hills?" and God said, "Yes, water is harder than the hills, because it breaketh them." Then the angel said, "O Lord, is there anything of thy creation harder than water?" He said, "Yes, wind overcometh water: it doth agitate it and put it in motion." They said, "O our Lord! is there anything of thy creation harder than wind?" He said, "Yes, the children of Adam giving alms: those who give with their right hand, and conceal from their left, overcome all."

A man's giving in alms one piece of silver in his lifetime is better for him than giving one hundred when about to die.

Think not that any good act is contemptible, though it be but your brother's coming to you with an open countenance and good humor.

There is alms for a man's every joint, every day in which the sun riseth; doing justice between two people is alms; and assisting a man upon his beast, and his baggage, is alms; and pure words, for which are rewards; and answering a questioner with mildness is alms, and every step which is made toward prayer is alms, and removing that which is an inconvenience to man, such as stones and thorns, is alms.

The people of the Prophet's house killed a goat, and the Prophet said, "What remaineth of it?" They said, "Nothing but the shoulder; for they have sent the whole to the poor and neighbors, except a shoulder which remaineth." The Prophet said, "Nay, it is the whole goat that remaineth except its shoulder: that remaineth which they have given away, the rewards of which will be eternal, and what remaineth in the house is fleeting."

Feed the hungry, visit the sick, and free the captive if he be unjustly bound.

Of Fasting.

A keeper of fasts, who doth not abandon lying and slandering, God careth not about his leaving off eating and drinking.

Keep fast and eat also, stay awake at night and sleep also, because verily there is a duty on you to your body, not to labor overmuch, so that ye may not get ill and destroy yourselves; and verily there is a duty on you to your eyes, ye must sometimes sleep and give them rest; and verily there is a duty on you to your wife, and to your visitors and guests that come to see you; ye must talk to them; and nobody hath kept fast who fasted always; the fast of three days in every month is equal to constant fasting: then keep three days' fast in every month.

Of Labor and Profit.

Verily the best things which ye eat are those which ye earn yourselves or which your children earn.

Verily it is better for one of you to take a rope and bring a bundle of wood upon his back and sell it, in which case God guardeth his honor, than to beg of people, whether they give him or not; if they do not give him, his reputation suffereth

and he returneth disappointed ; and if they give him, it is worse than that, for it layeth him under obligations.

The Prophet hath cursed ten persons on account of wine : one, the first extractor of the juice of the grape for others ; the second for himself ; the third the drinker of it ; the fourth the bearer of it ; the fifth the person to whom it is brought ; the sixth the waiter ; the seventh the seller of it ; the eighth the eater of its price ; the ninth the buyer of it ; the tenth that person who hath purchased it for another.

Merchants shall be raised up liars on the Day of Resurrection, except he who abstaineth from that which is unlawful, and doth not swear falsely, but speaketh true in the price of his goods.

The holder of a monopoly is a sinner and offender.

He who desireth that God should redeem him from the sorrows and difficulties of the Day of Resurrection, must delay in calling on poor debtors, or forgive the debt in part or whole.

A martyr shall be pardoned every fault but debt.

Whosoever has a thing with which to discharge a debt, and refuseth to do it, it is right to dishonor and punish him.

A bier was brought to the Prophet, to say prayers over it. He said, "Hath he left any debts?" They said, "Yes." He said, "Hath he left anything to discharge them?" They said, "No." The Prophet said, "Say ye prayers over him, I shall not."

Give the laborer his wage before his perspiration be dry.

Of Fighting for the Faith.

We came out with the Prophet, with a part of the army, and a man passed by a cavern in which was water and verdure, and he said in his heart, "I shall stay here, and retire from the world." Then he asked the Prophet's permission to live in the cavern ; but he said, "Verily I have not been sent on the Jewish religion, nor the Christian, to quit the delights of society ; but I have been sent on the religion inclining to truth, and that which is easy, wherein is no difficulty or austerity. I swear by God, in whose hand is my life, that marching about morning and evening to fight for religion is better than the world and

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everything that is in it: and verily the standing of one of you in the line of battle is better than supererogatory prayers performed in your house for sixty years."

Of Judgments.

No judge must decide between two persons whilst he is angry.

Verily there will come on a just judge at the Day of Resurrection such fear and horror, that he will wish, Would to God that I had not decided between two persons in a trial for a single date.

Of Women and Slaves.

The world and all things in it are valuable, but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman.

I have not left any calamity more hurtful to man than woman.

Admonish your wives with kindness; for women were created out of a crooked rib of Adam, therefore if ye wish to straighten it, ye will break it; and if ye let it alone, it will be always crooked.

Every woman who dieth, and her husband is pleased with her, shall enter into paradise.

That which is lawful but disliked by God is divorce.

A woman may be married by four qualifications: one, on account of her money; another, on account of the nobility of her pedigree; another, on account of her beauty; a fourth, on account of her faith; therefore look out for religious women, but if ye do it from any other consideration, may your hands be rubbed in dirt.

Do not prevent your women from coming to the mosque; but their homes are better for them.

When ye return from a journey and enter your town at night, go not to your houses, so that your wives may have time to comb their disheveled hair.

God has ordained that your brothers should be your slaves: therefore him whom God hath ordained to be the slave of his brother, his brother must give him of the food

which he eateth himself, and of the clothes wherewith he clotheth himself, and not order him to do anything beyond his power, and if he doth order such a work, he must himself assist him in doing it.

He who beateth his slave without fault, or slappeth him in the face, his atonement for this is freeing him.

A man who behaveth ill to his slave will not enter into paradise.

Forgive thy servant seventy times a day.

Of Dumb Animals.

Fear God in respect of animals: ride them when they are fit to be ridden, and get off when they are tired.

A man came before the Prophet with a carpet, and said, "O Prophet! I passed through a wood, and heard the voices of the young of birds; and I took and put them into my carpet; and their mother came fluttering round my head, and I uncovered the young, and the mother fell down upon them, then I wrapped them up in my carpet; and there are the young which I have." Then the Prophet said, "Put them down." And when he did so, their mother joined them: and the Prophet said, "Do you wonder at the affection of the mother towards her young? I swear by Him who hath sent me, verily God is more loving to His servants than the mother to these young birds. Return them to the place from which ye took them, and let their mother be with them."

Verily there are rewards for our doing good to dumb animals, and giving them water to drink. An adultress was forgiven who passed by a dog at a well; for the dog was holding out his tongue from thirst, which was near killing him; and the woman took off her boot, and tied it to the end of her garment, and drew water for the dog, and gave him to drink; and she was forgiven for that act.

Of Government.

If a negro slave is appointed to rule over you, hear him, and obey him, though his head should be like a dried grape.

There is no obedience due to sinful commands, nor to any other than what is lawful.

The One Guide.

A man asked the Prophet what was the mark whereby a man might know the reality of his faith. He said, "If thou derive pleasure from the good which thou hast done, and be grieved for the evil which thou hast committed, thou art a true believer." The man said, "What doth a fault really consist in?" He said, "When anything pricketh thy conscience, forsake it."

Of Vanities and Sundry Matters.

A bell is the Devil's musical instrument.

The angels do not enter a house in which is a dog, nor that in which there are pictures.

Every painter is in Hell Fire; and God will appoint a person at the Day of Resurrection for every picture he shall have drawn, to punish him, and they will punish him in Hell. Then if you must make pictures, make them of trees and things without souls.

Whosoever shall tell a dream, not having dreamt, shall be put to the trouble at the Day of Resurrection of joining two barleycorns; and he can by no means do it; and he will be punished. And whosoever listeneth to others' conversation, who dislike to be heard by him, and avoid him, boiling lead will be poured into his ears at the Day of Resurrection. And whosoever draweth a picture shall be punished by ordering him to breathe a spirit into it, and this he can never do, and so he will be punished as long as God wills.

Of Death.

Wish not for death any one of you; either a doer of good works, for peradventure he may increase them by an increase of life; or an offender, for perhaps he may obtain the forgiveness of God by repentance.

Do not abuse or speak ill of the dead, because they have arrived at what they sent before them; they have received the rewards of their actions; if the reward is good, you must not mention them as sinful; and if it is bad, perhaps they may be forgiven, but if not, your mentioning their badness is of no use.

THE MOSLEM IN EGYPT.

By GEORG EBERS.

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany, but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

(From "The Bride of the Nile": a story of the Caliph Omar's time.)

In the course of the afternoon Orion paid his visit to the Arab governor. He crossed the bridge of boats on his finest horse.

Only two years since, the land where the new town of Fostat was now growing up under the old citadel of Babylon had been fields and gardens; but at Amrû's word it had started into being as by a miracle; house after house already lined the streets, the docks were full of ships and barges, the market was alive with dealers, and on a spot where, during the siege of the fortress, a sutler's booth had stood, a long colonnade marked out the site of a new mosque.

There was little to be seen here now of native Egyptian life; it looked as though some magician had transported a part of Medina itself to the shores of the Nile. Men and beasts, dwellings and shops, though they had adopted much of what they had found in this ancient land of culture, still bore the stamp of their origin; and wherever Orion's eye fell on one of his fellow-countrymen, he was a laborer or a scribe in the service of the conquerors who had so quickly made themselves at home.

Before his departure for Constantinople one of his father's palm groves had occupied the spot where Amrû's residence now stood opposite the half-finished mosque. Where, now, thousands of Moslems, some on foot, some on richly caparisoned steeds, were passing to and fro, turbaned and robed after the manner of their tribe, with such adornment as they had stolen or adopted from intercourse with splendor-loving nations, and where long

trains of camels dragged quarried stones to the building, in former times only an occasional oxcart with creaking wheels was to be seen, an Egyptian riding an ass or a barebacked nag, and now and then a few insolent Greek soldiers. On all sides he heard the sharper and more emphatic accent of the sons of the desert instead of the language of his forefathers and their Greek conquerors. Without the aid of the servant who rode at his side he could not have made himself understood on the soil of his native land.

He soon reached Amrû's house and was there informed by an Egyptian secretary that his master was gone out hunting and would receive him, not in the town, but at the citadel. There, on a pleasant site on the limestone hills which rose behind the fortress of Babylon and the newly founded city, stood some fine buildings, originally planned as a residence for the Prefect; and thither Amrû had transported his wives, children, and favorite horses, preferring it, with very good reason, to the palace in the town, where he transacted business, and where the new mosque intercepted the view of the Nile, while this eminence commanded a wide prospect.

The sun was near setting when Orion reached the spot, but the general had not yet come in from the chase, and the gatekeeper requested that he would wait.

Orion was accustomed to be treated in his own country as the heir of the greatest man in it; the color mounted to his brow and his Egyptian heart revolted at having to bend his pride and swallow his wrath before an Arab. He was one of the subject race, and the thought that one word from his lips would suffice to secure his reception in the ranks of the rulers forced itself suddenly on his mind; but he repressed it with all his might, and silently allowed himself to be conducted to a terrace screened by a vine-covered trellis from the heat of the sun.

He sat down on one of the marble seats by the parapet of this hanging garden and looked westward. He knew the scene well, it was the playground of his childhood and youth; hundreds of times the picture had spread before him, and yet it affected him to-day as it had never done before. Was there on earth — he asked himself — a more fertile and luxuriant land? Had not even the Greek poets sung of the Nile as the most venerable of rivers? Had not great Cæsar himself been so fascinated by the idea of discovering its source that to that end — so he had declared — he would have thought the dominion of the

world well lost? On the produce of those wide fields the weal and woe of the mightiest cities of the earth had been dependent for centuries; nay, imperial Rome and sovereign Constantinople had quaked with fears of famine, when a bad harvest here had disappointed the hopes of the husbandman.

And was there anywhere a more industrious nation of laborers, had there ever been, before them, a thriftier or a more skillful race? When he looked back on the fate and deeds of nations, on the remotest horizon where the thread of history was scarcely perceptible, that same gigantic Sphinx was there — the first and earliest monument of human joy in creative art — those Pyramids which still proudly stood in undiminished and inaccessible majesty beyond the Nile, beyond the ruined capital of his forefathers, at the foot of the Libyan range. He was the son of the men who had raised these imperishable works, and in his veins perchance there still might flow a drop of the blood of those Pharaohs who had sought eternal rest in these vast tombs, and whose greater progeny had overrun half the world with their armies, and had exacted tribute and submission. He, who had often felt flattered at being praised for the purity of his Greek — pure not merely for his time: an age of bastard tongues — and for the engaging Hellenism of his person, here and now had an impulse of pride of his Egyptian origin. He drew a deep breath, as he gazed at the sinking sun; it seemed to lend intentional significance to the rich beauty of his home as its magical glory transmuted the fields, the stream, and the palm groves, the roofs of the city, and even the barren desert range and the Pyramids to burning gold. It was fast going to rest behind the Libyan chain. The bare, colorless limestone sparkled like translucent crystal; the glowing sphere looked as though it were melting into the very heart of the mountains behind which it was vanishing, while its rays, shooting upwards like millions of gold threads, bound his native valley to heaven — the dwelling of the Divine Power who had blessed it above all other lands.

To free this beautiful spot of earth and its children from their oppressors — to restore to them the might and greatness which had once been theirs — to snatch down the crescent from the tents and buildings which lay below him and plant the cross which from his infancy he had held sacred — to lead enthusiastic troops of Egyptians against the Moslems — to quell their arrogance and drive them back to the East like Sesostris, the

hero of history and legend — this was a task worthy of the grandson of Menas, of the son of George the great and just Mukaukas [governor].

Paula would not oppose such an enterprise; his excited imagination pictured her indeed as a second Zenobia by his side, ready for any great achievement, fit to aid him and to rule.

Fully possessed by this dream of the future, he had long ceased to gaze at the glories of the sunset and was sitting with eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly his soaring visions were interrupted by men's voices coming up from the street just below the terrace. He looked over and perceived at its foot about a score of Egyptian laborers; free men, with no degrading tokens of slavery, making their way along, evidently against their will and yet in sullen obedience, with no thought of resistance or evasion, though only a single Arab held them under control.

The sight fell on his excited mood like rain on a smoldering fire, like hail on sprouting seed. His eye, which a moment ago had sparkled with enthusiasm, looked down with contempt and disappointment on the miserable creatures of whose race he came. A line of bitter scorn curled his lip, for this troop of voluntary slaves were beneath his anger — all the more so as he more vividly pictured to himself what his people had once been and what they were now. He did not think of all this precisely, but as dusk fell, one scene after another from his own experience rose before his mind's eye — occasions on which the Egyptians had behaved ignominiously, and had proved that they were unworthy of freedom and inured to bow in servitude. Just as one Arab was now able to reduce a host of his fellow-countrymen to subjection, so formerly three Greeks had held them in bondage. He had known numberless instances of almost glad submission on the part of freeborn Egyptians — peasants, village magnates, and officials, even on his father's estates and farms. In Alexandria and Memphis the sons of the soil had willingly borne the foreign yoke, allowing themselves to be thrust into the shade and humbled by Greeks, as though they were of a baser species and origin, so long only as their religious tenets and the subtleties of their creed remained untouched. Then he had seen them rise and shed their blood, yet even then only with loud outcries and a promising display of enthusiasm. But their first defeat had been fatal and it

had required only a small number of trained soldiers to rout them.

To make any attempt against a bold and powerful invader as the leader of such a race would be madness; there was no choice but to rule his people in the service of the enemy and so exert his best energies to make their lot more endurable. His father's wiser and more experienced judgment had decided that the better course was to serve his people as mediator between them and the Arabs rather than to attempt futile resistance at the head of Byzantine troops.

"Wretched and degenerate brood!" he muttered wrathfully, and he began to consider whether he should not quit the spot and show the arrogant Arab that one Egyptian, at any rate, still had spirit enough to resent his contempt, or whether he should yet wait for the sake of the good cause, and swallow down his indignation. No! he, the son of the Mukaukas, could not — ought not to brook such treatment. Rather would he lose his life as a rebel, or wander an exile through the world and seek far from home a wider field for deeds of prowess, than put his free neck under the feet of the foe. . . .

But his reflections were disturbed by the sound of footsteps, and looking round he saw the gleam of lanterns moving to and fro on the terrace, turned directly on him. These must be Amrû's servants come to conduct him to their master, who, as he supposed, would now do him the honor to receive him — tired out with hunting, no doubt, and stretched on his divan while he imperiously informed his guest, as if he were some freed slave, what his wishes were.

But the steps were not those of a messenger. The great general himself had come to welcome him; the lantern-bearers were not to show the way to Amrû's couch, but to guide Amrû to the "son of his dear departed friend." The haughty Vicar of the Khaliffs was the most cordial host, prompted by hospitality to make his guest's brief stay beneath his roof as pleasant as possible, and giving him the right hand of welcome.

He apologized for his prolonged absence in very intelligible Greek, having learnt it in his youth as a caravan leader to Alexandria; he expressed his regret at having left Orion to wait so long, blamed his servants for not inviting him indoors, and for neglecting to offer him refreshment. As they crossed the garden terrace he laid his hand on the youth's shoulder, explained to him that the lion he had been pursuing, though

wounded by one of his arrows, had got away, and added that he hoped to make good his loss by the conquest of a nobler quarry than the beast of prey.

There was nothing for it but that the young man should return courtesy for courtesy; nor did he find it difficult. The Arab's fine, pleasant voice, full of sincere cordiality, and the simple distinction and dignity of his manner, appealed to Orion, flattered him, gave him confidence, and attracted him to the older man, who was, besides, a valiant hero.

In his brightly lighted room hung with costly Persian tapestry, Amrû invited his guest to share his simple hunter's supper after the Arab fashion; so Orion placed himself on one side of the divan while the Governor and his Vekeel Obada — a Goliath with a perfectly black Moorish face squatted rather than sat on the other, after the manner of his people.

Amrû informed his guest that the black giant knew no Greek, and he only now and then threw in a few words which the general interpreted to Orion when he thought fit; but the negro's remarks were not more pleasing to the young Egyptian than his manner and appearance.

Obada had in his childhood been a slave and had worked his way up to his present high position by his own exertions; his whole attention seemed centered in the food before him, which he swallowed noisily and greedily, and yet that he was able to follow the conversation very well, in spite of his ignorance of Greek, his remarks sufficiently proved. Whenever he looked up from the dishes, which were placed in the midst on low tables, to put in a word, he rolled his big eyes so that only the whites remained visible; but when he turned them on Orion, their small, black pupils transfixed him with a keen and, as the young man thought, exceedingly sinister glare.

The presence of this man oppressed him; he had heard of his base origin, which to Orion's lofty ideas rendered him contemptible, of his fierce valor, and remarkable shrewdness; and though he did not understand what Obada said, more than once there was something in the man's tone that brought the blood into his face and made him set his teeth. The more kindly and delightful the effect of the Arab's speech and manner, the more irritating and repulsive was his subordinate; and Orion was conscious that he would have expressed himself more freely, and have replied more candidly to many questions, if he had been alone with Amrû.

At first his host made inquiries as to his residence in Constantinople and asked much about his father; and he seemed to take great interest in all he heard till Obada interrupted Orion, in the midst of a sentence, with an inquiry addressed to his superior. Amrû hastily answered him in Arabic, and soon after he gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

The Vekeel had asked why Amrû allowed that Egyptian boy to chatter so much before settling the matter about which he had sent for him, and his master had replied that a man is best entertained when he has most opportunity given him for hearing himself talk; that moreover the young man was well informed, and that all he had to say was interesting and important.

The Moslems drank nothing; Orion was served with capital wine, but he took very little, and at length Amrû began to speak of his father's funeral, alluding to the Patriarch's hostility, and adding that he had talked with him that morning and had been surprised at the marked antagonism he had confessed towards his deceased fellow-believer, who seemed formerly to have been his friend. Then Orion spoke out; he explained fully what the reasons were that had moved the Patriarch to display such conspicuous and far-reaching animosity towards his father. All that Benjamin cared for was to stand clear in the eyes of Christendom of the reproach of having abandoned a Christian land to conquerors who were what Christians termed "infidels"; and his aim at present was to put his father forward as the man wholly and solely responsible for the supremacy of the Moslems in the land.

"True, true; I understand," Amrû put in, and when the young man went on to tell him that the final breach between the Patriarch and the Mukaukas George had been about the convent of St. Cecilia, whose rights the prelate had tried to abrogate by an illegal interpretation of certain ancient and perfectly clear documents, the Arab exchanged rapid glances with the Vekeel and then broke in: —

"And you? Are you disposed to submit patiently to the blow struck at you and at your parent's worthy memory by this restless old man, who hates you as he did your father before you?"

"Certainly not," replied the youth, proudly.

"That is right!" cried the general. "That is what I expected of you; but tell me now with what weapons you, a

Christian, propose to defy this shrewd and powerful man, in whose hands — as I know full well — you have placed the weal and woe, not of your souls alone . . . "

"I do not know yet," replied Orion, and as he met a glance of scorn from the Vekeel, he looked down.

At this Amrû rose, went closer to him, and said: —

"And you will seek them in vain, my young friend; nor if you found them could you use them. It is easier to hit a woman, an eel, a soaring bird, than these supple, weak, unarmed, robed creatures, who have love and peace on their tongues and use their physical helplessness as a defense, aiming invisible but poisoned darts at those they hate — at you first and foremost, Son of the Mukaukas; I know it, and I advise you: Be on your guard! If indeed manly revenge for this slight on your father's memory is dear to your heart you can easily procure it — but only on one condition."

"Show it me!" cried Orion with flaming eyes.

"Become one of us."

"That is what I came here for. My brain and my arm from this day forth are at the service of the rulers of my country: yourself and our common master the Khaliff."

"*Ya Salaam* — that is well!" cried Amrû, laying his hand on Orion's shoulder. "There is but one God, and yours is ours too, for there is none other but he! you will not have to sacrifice much in becoming a Moslem, for we, too, count your lord Jesus as one of the prophets: and even you must confess that the last and greatest of them is Mohammed, the true prophet of God. Every man must acknowledge our lord Mohammed, who does not willfully shut his eyes to the events which have come about under his government and in his name. Your own father admitted . . . "

"My father?"

"He was forced to admit that we are more zealous, more earnest, more deeply possessed by our faith than you, his own fellow-believers."

"I know it."

"And when I told him that I had given orders that the desk for the reader of the Koran in our new mosque should be discarded, because when he stepped up to it he was uplifted above the other worshipers, the weary Mukaukas was quite agitated with satisfaction and uttered a loud cry of approbation. We Moslems — for that is what my commands implied — must all

be equal in the presence of God, the Eternal, the Almighty, the All-merciful; their leader in prayer must not be raised above them, even by a head; the teaching of the Prophet points the road to Paradise to all alike; we need no earthly guide to show us the way. It is our faith, our righteousness, our good deeds that open or close the gates of heaven; not a key in the hand of a priest. When you are one of us, no Benjamin can imbitter your happiness on earth, no Patriarch can abrogate your claims and your father's to eternal bliss. You have chosen well, boy! Your hand, my convert to the true faith!"

And he held out his hand to Orion with glad excitement. But the young man did not take it; he drew back a little and said rather uneasily: —

"Do not misunderstand me, great Captain. Here is my hand, and I can know no greater honor than that of grasping yours, of wielding my sword under your command, of wearing it out in your service and in that of my lord the Khaliff; but I cannot be untrue to my faith."

"Then be crushed by Benjamin — you and all your people!" cried Amrû, disappointed and angry. He waved his hand with a gesture of disgust and dismissal, and then turned to the Vekeel with a shrug, to answer the man's scornful exclamation.

Orion looked at them in dumb indecision; but he quickly collected himself, and said in a tone of modest but urgent entreaty: —

"Nay; hear me and do not reject my petition. It could only be to my advantage to go over to you; and yet I can resist so great a temptation: but for that very reason I shall keep faith with you as I do to my religion."

"Till the priests compel you to break it," interrupted the Arab roughly.

"No, no!" cried Orion. "I know that Benjamin is my foe; but I have lost a beloved parent, and I believe in a meeting beyond the grave."

"So do I," replied the Moslem. "And there is but one Paradise and one Hell, as there is but one God."

"What gives you this conviction?"

"My faith."

"Then forgive me if I cling to mine, and hope to see my father once more in that Heaven. . . ."

"The heaven to which, as you fools believe, no souls but your own are admitted! But supposing that it is open only to the immortal spirit of Moslems and closed against Christians? — What do you know of that Paradise? I know your sacred Scriptures — Is it described in them? But the All-merciful allowed our Prophet to look in, and what he saw he has described as though the Most High himself had guided his reed. The Moslem knows what Heaven has to offer him, — but you? Your Hell, you do know; your priests are more ready to curse than to bless. If one of you deviates by one hair's breadth from their teaching they thrust him out forthwith to the abode of the damned. — Me and mine, the Greek Christians, and — take my word for it, boy — first and foremost you and your father!"

"If only I were sure of finding him there!" cried Orion, striking his breast. "I really should not fear to follow him. I must meet him, must see him again, were it in Hell itself!"

At these words the Vekeel burst into loud laughter, and when Amrû reproved him sharply the negro retorted and a vehement dialogue ensued.

Obada's contumely had roused Orion's wrath; he was longing, burning, to reduce this insolent antagonist to silence. However, he contained himself by a supreme effort of will, till Amrû turned to him once more and said in a reserved tone, but not unkindly: —

"This clear-sighted man has mentioned a suspicion which I myself had already felt. A worldly minded young Christian of your rank is not so ready to give up earthly joys and happiness for the doubtful bliss of your Paradise, and when you do so and are prepared to forego all that a man holds most dear, honor, temporal possessions, a wide field of action, and revenge on your enemies, to meet the spirit of the departed once more after death, there must be some special reason in the background. Try to compose yourself, and believe my assurances that I like you and that you will find in me a zealous protector and a discreet friend if you will but tell me candidly and fully what are the motives of your conduct. I myself really desire that our interview should be fruitful of advantages on both sides. So put your trust in a man so much your senior and your father's friend, and speak."

"On no consideration in the presence of that man!" said Orion in a tremulous voice. "Though he is supposed not to

understand Greek, he follows every word I say with malicious watchfulness; he dared to laugh at me, he . . ."

"He is as discreet as he is brave, and my Vekeel," interrupted Amrû reprovingly. "If you join us you will have to obey him; and remember this, young man, I sent for you to impose conditions on you, not to have them dictated to me. I grant you an audience as the ruler of this country, as the Vicar of Omar, your Khaliff and mine."

"Then I entreat you to dismiss me, for in the presence of that man my heart and lips are sealed; I feel that he is my enemy."

"Beware of his becoming so!" cried the governor, while Obada shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

Orion understood this gesture, and although he again succeeded in keeping cool he felt that he could no longer be sure of himself; he bowed low, without paying any heed to the Vekeel, and begged Amrû to excuse him for the present.

Amrû, who had not failed to observe Obada's demeanor and who keenly sympathized with what was going on in the young man's mind, did not detain him; but his manner changed once more; he again became the pressing host and invited his guest, as it was growing late, to pass the night under his roof. Orion politely declined, and when at length he quitted the room — without deigning even to look at the negro — Amrû accompanied him into the anteroom. There he grasped the young man's hand, and said in a low voice full of sincere and fatherly interest: —

"Beware of the negro; you let him perceive that you saw through him — it was brave but rash. For my part I honestly wish you well."

"I believe it, I know it," replied Orion, on whose perturbed soul the noble Arab's warm, deep accents fell like balm. "And now we are alone I will gladly confide in you. I, my Lord, I — my father — you knew him. In cruel wrath, before he closed his eyes, he withdrew his blessing from his only son."

The memory of the most fearful hour of his life choked his voice for a moment, but he soon went on: "One single act of criminal folly roused his anger; but afterwards, in grief and penitence, I thought over my whole life, and I saw how useless it had been; and now, when I came hither with a heart full of glad expectancy to place all I have to offer of mind and gifts at your disposal, I did so, my Lord, because I long to achieve

great and noble and difficult or, if it might be, impossible deeds — to be active, to be doing . . ."

Here he was interrupted by Amrû, who said, laying his sinewy arm across the youth's shoulders : —

"And because you long to let the spirit of your dead father, that righteous man, see that a heedless act of youthful recklessness has not made you unworthy of his blessing; because you hope by valiant deeds to compel his wrath to turn to approval, his scorn to esteem . . ."

"Yes, yes, that is the thing, the very thing!" Orion broke in with fiery enthusiasm ; but the Arab eagerly signed to him to lower his voice, as though to cheat some listener, and whispered hastily, but with warm kindliness : —

"And I, I will help you in this praiseworthy endeavor. Oh, how much you remind me of the son of my heart who, like you, erred, and who was permitted to atone for all, for more than all, by dying like a hero for his faith on the field of battle ! — Count on me, and let your purpose become deed. In me you have found a friend. — Now, go. You shall hear from me before long. But, once more : Do not provoke the negro; beware of him ; and the next time you meet him subdue your pride and make as though you had never seen him before."

He looked sadly at Orion, as though the sight of him revived some loved image in his mind, kissed his brow, and as soon as the youth had left the anteroom he hastily drew open the curtain that hung across the door into the dining-room. — A few steps behind it stood the Vekeel, who was arranging the straps of his sword-belt.

"Listener ! " exclaimed the Arab with intense scorn, "you, a man of gifts, a man of deeds ! A hero in battle and in council ; lion, serpent, and toad in one ! When will you cast out of your soul all that is contemptible and base? Be what you have made yourself, not what you were ; do not constantly remind the man who helped you to rise that you were born of a slave ! "

"My Lord?" began the Moor, and the whites of his rolling eyes were ominously conspicuous in his black face. But Amrû took the words out of his mouth and went on in stern and determined reproof : —

"You behaved to that noble youth like an idiot, like a buffoon at a fair, like a madman."

"To Hell with him!" cried Obada. "I hate the gilded upstart."

"Envious wretch! Do not provoke him! Times change, and the day may come when you will have reason to fear him."

"Him?" shrieked the other. "I could crush the puppet like a fly! And he shall live to know it."

"Your turn first and then his!" said Amrû. "To us he is the more important of the two — yes, he, the upstart, the puppet. Do you hear? Do you understand? If you touch a hair of his head, it will cost you your nose and ears! Never for an hour forget that you live — and ought not to live — only so long as two pairs of lips are sealed. You know whose. That clever head remains on your shoulders only as long as they choose. Cling to it, man; you have only one to lose! It was necessary, my lord Vekeel, to remind you of that once more!"

The negro groaned like a wounded beast, and sullenly panted out: "This is the reward of past services; these are the thanks of Moslem to Moslem! — And all for the sake of a Christian dog."

"You have had thanks, and more than are your due," replied Amrû more calmly. "You know what you pledged yourself to before I raised you to be my Vekeel for the sake of your brains and your sword, and what I had to overlook before I did so — not on your behalf, but for the great cause of Islam. And, if you wish to remain where you are, you will do well to sacrifice your wild ambition. If you cannot, I will send you back to the army, and to-day rather than to-morrow; and if you carry it with too high a hand you will find yourself at Medina in fetters, with your death-warrant stuck in your girdle."

The negro again groaned sullenly; but his master was not to be checked.

"Why should you hate this youth? Why, a child could see through it! In the son and heir of George you see the future Mukaukas, while you are cherishing the insane wish to become the Mukaukas yourself."

"And why should such a wish be insane?" cried the other in a harsh voice. "Putting you out of the question, who is there here that is shrewder or stronger than I?"

"No Moslem, perhaps. But neither you nor any other true believer will succeed to the dead man's office, but an Egyptian

and a Christian. Prudence requires it, and the Khaliff commands it."

"And does he also command that this curled ape shall be left in possession of his millions?"

"So that is what you covet, you greedy curmudgeon — that is it? Do not all the crimes you have committed out of avarice weigh upon you heavily enough? Gold, and yet more gold — that is the end, the foul end, of all your desires. A fat morsel, no doubt: the Mukaukas' estates, his talents of gold, his gems, slaves, and horses; I admit that. But, thank God the All-merciful, we are not thieves and robbers!"

"And who was it that dug out the hidden millions from beneath the reservoir of Peter the Egyptian, and who made him bite the dust?"

"I — I. But — as you know — only to send the money to Medina. Peter had hidden it before we killed him. The Mukaukas and his son have declared all their possessions to the uttermost *dinar* and hide of land; they have faithfully paid the taxes, and consequently their property belongs to them as our swords, our horses, our wives belong to you or me. What will not your grasping spirit lead you to! — Take your hand from your dagger! — Not a copper coin from them shall fall into your hungry maw, so help me God! Do not again cast an evil eye on the Mukaukas' son! Do not try my patience too far, man, or else — Hold your head tight on your shoulders or you will have to seek it at your feet; and what I say I mean! — Now, good-night! To-morrow morning in the divan you are to explain your scheme for the new distribution of the land; it will not suit me in any way, and I shall have other projects to propose for discussion."

With this the Arab turned his back on the Vekeel; but no sooner had the door closed on him than Obada clenched his fist in fury at his lord and master, who had hitherto said nothing of his having had purloined a portion of the consignment of gold which Amrû had charged him to escort to Medina. Then he rushed up and down the room, snorting and foaming, till slaves came in to clear the tables.

THE STORY OF ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY ROBBERS DESTROYED BY A SLAVE.

(From the "Arabian Nights.")

[The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or "Thousand and One Nights," is a collection of ancient stories from Persian, Hindoo, and Arabian sources, put together in its present form (that is, a framework of story — that of Shahriar and Shahrzad — to account for the telling of the minor tales and make them less chippy) in Egypt in 1450. The original nucleus seems to have been Persian, and previous to the tenth century. The oldest known MS. of the present collection is of 1548; it was first translated, with great changes and omissions, into French by Antoine Galland in 1704–1708, and this old version, translated into other languages, is still the source of the general popular knowledge of the work.

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises; so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labor, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on; and though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove so; and, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree, whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another, that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock,

which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy, that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted, and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and, by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion; for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighborhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous; and what confirmed him in this opinion was, every man unbridled his horse, and tied him to some shrub or other, and hung about his neck a bag of corn, which they brought behind them. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver by their weight. One, who was most personable amongst them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words so distinctly, *Open, Sesame*, that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened; and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, should come out and catch him, if he should endeavor to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down, and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words, *Shut, Sesame*. Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again; and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree: For, said he to himself, They may have forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and after that stayed a considerable time before he came down. Remembering the words

the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, *Open, Sesame.* The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; and, above all, gold and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, at several times, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, *Shut, Sesame*, the door closed after him, for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing, insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying, Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to— Be quiet, wife, interrupted Ali Baba; do not frighten yourself: I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me, when I shall tell you my good fortune. Then he emptied the bags, which raised such a

great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes: and when he had done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end; and, above all, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece. — Wife, replied Ali Baba, You do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost. — You are in the right of it, husband, replied the wife, but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighborhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole. — What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife, said Ali Baba; if you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please.

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home; and, addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done: and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. — While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. Sister, said she, giving it to her again, You see that I have not kept your measure long: I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks.

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy

immediately possessed her breast. What! said she, has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold? Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age; so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it. Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise. — Now Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. Ali Baba, said he, accosting him, you are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. — How, brother! replied Ali Baba; I do not know what you mean: explain yourself. — Do you pretend ignorance, replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. How many of these pieces, added he, have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was; and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret. — I expect as much, replied Cassim, haughtily; but I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information.

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother,

told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests, which he designed to fill; proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found; and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks his brother had given him. — When he came to the door, he pronounced these words, *Open, Sesame*, and it opened; and when he was in, shut again. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him, and loading his mules, had not hindered him. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry away at the door, and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of *Sesame*, said *Open, Barley*, and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, all but the right, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word *Sesame*, the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard to all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and at some distance from it saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this novelty they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and they strayed away through the forest so far, that they were soon out of sight. The robbers never gave themselves the trouble to pursue the

mules, they were more concerned to know who they belonged to. And while some of them searched about the rock, the captain and the rest went directly to the door, with their naked sabers in their hands, and pronouncing the words it opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet from the middle of the cave, never doubted of the coming of the robbers and his approaching death, but resolved to make one effort to escape from them. To this end he stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word *Sesame*, which he had forgotten, and saw the door open, but he jumped briskly out, and threw the captain down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabers soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to go into the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be more ready to load his mules with, and carried them all back again to their places, without perceiving what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this matter, they guessed that Cassim when he was in, could not get out again; but then could not imagine how he got in. It came into their heads that he might have got down by the top of the cave; but the opening by which it received light was so high, and the top of the rock so inaccessible without, besides that nothing showed that he had done so, that they believed it impracticable for them to find out. That he came in at the door they could not satisfy themselves, unless he had the secret of making it open. — In short, none of them could imagine which way he entered; for they were all persuaded that nobody knew their secret, little imagining that Ali Baba had watched them. But, however it happened, it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches. They agreed, therefore, to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave, to terrify any person that should attempt the same thing, determining not to return to the cave till the stench of the body was completely exhaled.

[When Cassim does not return, his wife gets Ali Baba to go in search of him. Ali Baba, finding him and bringing back his body, gets his slave Morgiana to devise some means of concealing the manner of his death. She bribes Baba Mustapha, an old cobbler, to go with her.]

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had

bound his eyes with a handkerchief, at the place she told him of, carried him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he came into the room where she had put the corpse together. — Baba Mustapha, said she, you must make haste, and sew these quarters together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold.

After Baba Mustapha had done, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold, as she promised, recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned to his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her, and then went home.

By the time Morgiana had warmed some water to wash the body, Ali Baba came with incense to embalm it, and bury it with the usual ceremonies. Not long after, the joiner, according to Ali Baba's orders, brought the coffin, which Morgiana, that he might find out nothing, received at the door, and helped Ali Baba to put the body into it; and as soon as he had nailed it up, she went to the mosque to tell the iman that they were ready. The people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, but she told them it was done already.

Morgiana had scarce got home before the iman and the other ministers of the mosque came. Four neighbors carried the corpse on their shoulders to the burying ground, following the iman, who recited some prayers. Morgiana, as a slave to the deceased, followed the corpse, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair; and Ali Baba came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying the corpse to the burying ground.

Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came according to custom during the funeral, and, joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed and hushed up between Ali Baba, his wife, Cassim's widow, and Morgiana, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of it.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods to his brother's widow's house; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night; and

soon after the marriage with his sister-in-law was published, and as these marriages are common in our religion, nobody was surprised.

As for Cassim's shop, Ali Baba gave it to his own eldest son, who had been some time out of his apprenticeship to a great merchant, promising him withal, that if he managed well, he would soon give him a fortune to marry very advantageously according to his situation.

Let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the beginning of his good fortune, and return to the forty robbers.

They came again at the appointed time to visit their retreat in the forest; but how great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and some of their bags of gold. We are certainly discovered, said the captain, and shall be undone, if we do not take care and speedily apply some remedy; otherwise we shall insensibly lose all the riches which our ancestors have been so many years amassing together with so much pains and danger. All that we can think of this loss which we have sustained is, that the thief whom we have surprised had the secret of opening the door, and we came luckily as he was coming out: but his body being removed, and with it some of our money, plainly shows that he has an accomplice; and as it is likely that there were but two who had got this secret, and one has been caught, we must look narrowly after the other. What say you to it, my lads!

All the robbers thought the captain's proposal so reasonable, that they unanimously approved of it, and agreed that they must lay all other enterprises aside, to follow this closely, and not give it up till they had succeeded.

I expected no less, said the captain, from your courage and bravery: but, first of all, one of you who is bold, artful, and enterprising must go into the town dressed like a traveler and stranger, and exert all his contrivance to try if he can hear any talk of the strange death of the man whom we have killed, as he deserved, and to endeavor to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance for us to know, that we may do nothing which we may have reason to repent of, by discovering ourselves in a country where we have lived so long unknown, and where we have so much reason to continue; but to warn that man who shall take upon himself this commission, and to prevent our being deceived by his giving us a false report, which may be the cause of our ruin, I ask

you all, if you do not think it fit that in that case he shall submit to suffer death?

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, I submit to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life, by taking such a commission upon me; but remember, at least, if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good will to serve the troop.

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down till he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops of the town.

Baba Mustapha was set on his seat with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was very old, he said, Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that any one of your age can see so well? I question, if it was somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch.

Certainly, replied Baba Mustapha, you must be a stranger, and do not know me; for, old as I am, I have extraordinarily good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.

The robber was overjoyed to think that he had addressed himself, at his first coming into the town, to a man who gave him the intelligence he wanted, without asking him. — A dead body! replied he with amazement, to make him explain himself. What could you sew up a dead body for? added he: you mean, you sewed up his winding sheet. — No, no, answered Baba Mustapha, I know what I say; you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more.

The robber wanted no greater insight to be persuaded that he had discovered what he came about. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, I do not want to know your secret, though I can assure you that I would not divulge it, if you trusted me with it. The only thing which I desire of you, is to do me the favor to show the house where you stitched up the dead body.

If I would do you that favor which you ask of me, replied Baba Mustapha, holding the money in his hand, ready to return it, I assure you I cannot; and you may believe me, on my word,

I was carried to a certain place, where they first blinded me, and then led me to the house, and brought me back again after the same manner; therefore you see the impossibility of doing what you desire.

Well, replied the robber, you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together by the same way and turnings; perhaps you may remember some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you: gratify me in what I ask you. So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, thinking with himself what he should do; but at last he pulled out his purse, and put them in. I cannot assure you, said he to the robber, that I remember the way exactly; but, since you desire it, I will try what I can do. At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great satisfaction of the robber, and without shutting up his shop, where he had nothing valuable to lose, he led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. — It was here, said Baba Mustapha, I was blindfolded; and I turned as you see me. The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped, partly leading him, and partly guided by him. I think, said Baba Mustapha, I went no farther, and he had now stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived then; upon which the thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand; and when he pulled it off, he asked him if he knew whose house that was: to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighborhood he could not tell.

The robber, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had given him, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house for something, and coming home again, seeing the mark the robber had made, she stopped to observe it. What is the meaning of this mark? said she to herself; somebody intends my master no good, or else some boy has been playing the rogue with it: with whatever inten-

tion it was done, added she, it is good to guard against the worse. Accordingly she went and fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time the thief rejoined his troop again in the forest, and told them the good success he had, — expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction, when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, Comrades, we have no time to lose: let us all set off well armed, without its appearing who we are; and that we may not give any suspicion, let one or two go privately into the town together, and appoint the rendezvous in the great square; and in the mean time our comrade, who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house, that we may consult what is best to be done.

This speech and plan were approved by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in small parcels of two or three, at the proper distance from each other; and all got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he that came in the morning as a spy, came in last of all. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's house, and when they came to one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But going a little farther, to prevent being taken notice of, the captain observed that the next door was chalked after the same manner, and in the same place: and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make; and much less, when he and the captain saw five or six houses besides marked after the same manner. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest so like to that which he marked, and owned, in that confusion, he could not distinguish it.

The captain, finding that their design proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told the first of his troop that he met, that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave the same way as they came. He himself set the example, and they all returned as they came.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was

declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and kneeled down to receive the stroke from him that was appointed to cut off his head.

But as it was the safety of the troop that an injury should not go unpunished, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it, in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing after the same manner with herself, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself very much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from his neighbors'; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town in the same manner as before; and when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty, at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; and the robber, as the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information about Ali Baba's house. He found, by their example, that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions, and therefore resolved to take upon himself this important commission.

Accordingly he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same piece of service he had done to the former. He never amused himself with setting any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, very well satisfied with his journey, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for

him, he said, Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge; I am certain of the house, and in my way hither I have thought how to put it in execution, and if any one knows a better expedient, let him communicate it. Then he told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the towns and villages about, and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, one full, and the others all empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there, after supper, to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, and addressed himself to him, and said, I have brought some oil here, a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late, that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible for him to know him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, not only to put them into the stable, but to give them corn and hay; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good hot supper for his guest, and make him a good bed.

He did more. To make his guest as welcome as possible, when he saw the captain had unloaded his mules, and that they were put into the stable as he ordered, and he was looking for a place to pass the night in the air, he brought him into the hall where he received his company, telling him he would not

suffer him to be in the court. The captain excused himself, on pretense of not being troublesome, but really to have room to execute his design; and it was not till after the most pressing importunity that he yielded. Ali Baba, not content to keep company with the man who had a design on his life, till supper was ready, continued talking with him till it was ended, and repeating his offer of service.

The captain rose up at the same time, and went with him to the door; and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the yard, under pretense of looking at his mules. Ali Baba, after charging Morgiana afresh to take great care of his guest, said to her, To-morrow I design to go to the bath before day: take care my bathing linen be ready, and give them to Abdallah, — which was the slave's name, — and make me some good broth against I come back. After this he went to bed.

In the mean time, the captain of the robbers went from the stable to give his people orders what to do; and beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, said to each man, As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to cut the jar open with the knife you have about you, pointed and sharpened for the purpose, and come out, and I will be presently with you. — After this he returned into the kitchen, and Morgiana taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where, after she had asked him if he wanted anything, she left him; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise again.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdallah, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth; but while she skimmed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdallah seeing her very uneasy, said, Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars.

Morgiana thanked Abdallah for his advice; and while he went to bed, near Ali Baba's room, that he might be the better able to rise and follow Ali Baba to the bath, she took the oil pot, and went into the yard; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, Is it time?

Though the robber spoke low, Morgiana was struck with the

voice the more, because the captain, when he unloaded the mules, opened this and all the other jars, to give air to his men, who were ill enough at their ease, without wanting room to breathe.

Any other slave but Morgiana, so surprised as she was to find a man in a jar, instead of the oil she wanted, would have made such a noise, as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the importance of keeping the secret, and the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself, were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself without showing the least emotion, answered, Not yet, but presently. — She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means, Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house; looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned into her kitchen; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood fire to boil; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out also the lamp, and remained silent; resolving not to go to bed till she had observed what was to follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard, as far as the darkness of the night permitted.

She had not waited a quarter of an hour, before the captain of the robbers waked, got up, and opened the window; and finding no light, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring in the house, gave the signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. Then he listened, and neither hearing nor perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and threw stones again a second and third

time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer to his signal: cruelly alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, and asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was asleep, he smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar, and knew thereby that his plot to murder Ali Baba and plunder his house was discovered. Examining all the jars one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and by the oil he missed out of the last jar, he guessed at the means and manner of their deaths. Enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and, climbing over the walls of several gardens, at last made his escape.

When Morgiana heard no noise, and found, after waiting some time, that the captain did not return, she guessed that he chose rather to make his escape by the gardens than by the street door, which was double locked; satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well, and secured the house, she went to bed and fell asleep.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the amazing accident that had happened at home; for Morgiana did not think it right to wake him before for fear of losing her opportunity; and afterwards she thought it needless to disturb him.

When he returned from the baths, and the sun had risen, he was very much surprised to see the oil jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, and had let all things stand as they were, that he might see them, the reason of it. — My good master, answered she, God preserve you and all your family! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will give yourself the trouble to follow me.

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her; and when she brought him into the yard, she bade him look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back frightened, and cried out. Do not be afraid, said Morgiana; the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead. — Ah, Morgiana! said Ali Baba, what is it you show me? Explain the meaning of it to me. — I will, replied Morgiana; moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your

neighbors; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look in all the other jars.

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, he found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking on the jars, and sometimes on Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise: at last, when he had recovered himself, he said, And what is become of the merchant?

Merchant! answered she: he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing.

While Ali Baba went into his chamber, Morgiana went into the kitchen to fetch the broth, and carry it to him: but before he would drink it, he first bade her satisfy his impatience, and tell him the story with all its circumstances; and she obeyed him.

Last night, sir, said she, when you were gone to bed, I got your bathing linen ready, and gave them to Abdallah; afterwards I set on the pot for the broth, and as I was skimming the pot, the lamp, for want of oil, went out; and as there was not a drop more in the house, I looked for a candle, but could not find one. Abdallah, seeing me vexed, put me in mind of the jars of oil which stood in the yard. I took the oil pot, and went directly to the jar which stood nearest to me; and when I came to it, I heard a voice within it say, Is it time? Without being dismayed, and comprehending immediately the malicious intention of the pretended oil merchant, I answered, Not yet, but presently. Then I went to the next, and another voice asked me the same question, and I returned the same answer; and so on, till I came to the last, which I found full of oil; with which I filled my pot.

When I considered that there were thirty-seven robbers in the yard, who only waited for a signal to be given by the captain, whom you took to be an oil merchant, and entertained so handsomely, I thought there was no time to be lost: I carried my pot of oil into the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and afterwards took the biggest kettle I had, went and filled it full of oil, and set it on the fire to boil, and then went and poured as much into each jar as was sufficient to prevent them from executing the pernicious design they came about: after this I retired into the kitchen, and put out the lamp; but before I

went to bed, I waited at the window to know what measures the pretended merchant would take.

After I had watched some time for the signal, he threw some stones out of the window against the jars, and neither hearing nor perceiving anybody stirring, after throwing three times, he came down, and I saw him go to every jar, after which, through the darkness of the night, I lost sight of him. I waited some time longer, and finding that he did not return, I never doubted but that, seeing he had missed his aim, he had made his escape over the walls of the garden. Persuaded that the house was now safe, I went to bed.

This, said Morgiana, is the account you asked of me; and I am convinced it is the consequence of an observation which I had made for two or three days before, but did not think fit to acquaint you with; for when I came in one morning early, I found our street door marked with white chalk, and the next morning with red; and both times, without knowing what was the intention of those chalks, I marked two or three neighbors' doors on each hand after the same manner. If you reflect on this, and what has since happened, you will find it to be a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whose gang there are two wanting, and now they are reduced to three: all this shows that they had sworn your destruction, and it is proper you should stand upon your guard, while there is one of them alive: for my part I shall not neglect anything necessary to your preservation, as I am in duty bound.

When Morgiana had left off speaking, Ali Baba was so sensible of the great service she had done him, that he said to her, I will not die without rewarding you as you deserve: I owe my life to you, and for the first token of my acknowledgment I will give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend. I am persuaded with you that the forty robbers have laid all manner of snares for me: God, by your means, has delivered me from them, and I hope will continue to preserve me from their wicked designs, and by averting the danger which threatened me, will deliver the world from their persecution and their cursed race. All that we have to do is to bury the bodies of these pests of mankind immediately, and with all the secrecy imaginable, that nobody may suspect what has become of them. But that Abdallah and I will undertake.

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther

end by a great number of large trees. Under these trees he and the slave went and dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold all the robbers, and as the earth was light, they were not long doing it. Afterwards they lifted the bodies out of the jars, took away their weapons, carried them to the end of the garden, laid them in the trench, and leveled the ground again. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as for the mules, as he had no occasion for them, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

[The captain of the robbers lays a plot to kill Ali Baba, by pretending to be an oil merchant under the name of Cogia Houssain, and gaining admission to his house as a guest; but is again foiled by Morgiana, who kills him.]

Ali Baba forbore, a long time after this marriage, from going again to the robbers' cave, from the time he brought away his brother Cassim, and some bags of gold on three asses, for fear of finding them there, and being surprised by them. He kept away after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, supposing the other two robbers, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

But at the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave, and saw no footsteps of men or horses, he looked upon it as a good sign. He alighted off his horse, and tied him to a tree; and presenting himself before the door, and pronouncing these words, *Open, Sesame*, the door opened. He went in, and by the condition he found things in, he judged that nobody had been there since the false Cogia Houssain, when he fetched the goods for his shop, and that the gang of forty robbers was completely destroyed, and never doubted he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was solely at his disposal; and having brought with him a wallet, into which he put as much gold as his horse would carry, he returned to town.

Afterward Ali Babi carried his son to the cave, taught him the secret, which they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor, serving the greatest offices of the city.

LAUNCELOT AND GUINEVERE.

By Sir THOMAS MALORY.

(From "The Historie of King Arthur.")

[Sir Thomas Malory says in the preface to his book that it was finished in the ninth year of Edward the Fourth (1469–1470); nothing else can be discovered about him, and the name may be a fiction of Caxton's, who printed the book. The stories are rewritten and condensed from various sources, and some invented.]

How sir Agravaine and sir Mordred were busie upon sir Gawaine for to disclose the love betweene sir Launcelot and queene Guenever.

At that season of the merry moneth of May, when every heart flourisheth and burgeneth; for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoyce and be glad of summer comming with his fresh floures; for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth a lusty man and woman to coure and sit by the fire; so in this season as the month of May, it hapned there befell a great anger, the which stinted not till the floure of chivalrie of all the world was destroyed and slaine. And all was long of two unhappie knights the which were named sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, that were brethren unto sir Gawaine; for these too knights, sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, had ever a privie hate unto the queene dame Guenever and unto sir Launcelot, and dayly and nightly they ever watched upon sir Launcelot. So it mishapned sir Gawaine and his brethren were in king Arthurs chamber; and then sir Agravaine said thus openly, and not in counsaile, that many knights might heare it, "I mervaile that we all be not ashamed, both to see and know how sir Launcelot lieth dayly and nightly by the queene, and all wee know it so, and it is shamefully suffred of us all, that we al should suffer so noble a king as king Arthur is so to bee shamed." Then speake sir Gawaine, and said, "Brother sir Agravaine, I pray you and charge you moove no such matter no more before me; for wit you well," said sir Gawaine, "I will not be of your counsaile." "So God mee helpe," said sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, "wee will not bee

knowne, brother sir Agravaine, of your deeds." "Then will I," said sir Mordred. "I beleeve that well," sayed sir Gawaine, "for ever unto all unhappinesse, brother sir Mordred, thereto will yee graunt, and I would that ye left all this and made you not so busie, for I know well enough," said sir Gawaine, "what will befall of it." "Fall of it what fall may," said sir Agravaine, "I will disclose it unto the king." "Yee shall not doe it by my counsaile," said sir Gawaine, "for if there rise any war and wrath betweene sir Launcelot and us, wit you well, brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with sir Launcelot. Also, brother sir Agravaine," said sir Gawaine, "ye must remember how oftentimes sir Lancelot hath rescewed the king and the queene, and the best of us all had beene full cold at the heart roote had not sir Lancelot beene a better knight then we; and that hath he proved himself so oft. And as for my part," said sir Gawaine, "I wil never bee against sir Lancelot for one daies deede, as when he rescewed me from king Carados of the dolorous toure, and slew him and saved my life. Alas, brother sir Agravaine, and sir Mordred, in likewise sir Lancelot rescewed you both, and three score and two, from sir Torquine. Me thinketh, brother, such kind deeds and kindnesse should be remembred." "Do as ye list," said sir Agravaine, "for I will hide it no longer." With these words came to them king Arthur. "Now, brother, stint your noise," said sir Gawaine. "We will not," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. "Will ye so?" said sir Gawaine; "then God speede you, for I wil not hear your tales, nor be of your counsaile." "No more will I," said sir Gareth and sir Gaheris, "for we wil never say evil by that man; for because," said sir Gareth, "sir Lancelot made me knight, by no maner ought I to say evill of him." And therewith they three departed, making great dole. "Alas!" said sir Gawaine and sir Gareth, "now is the realme hole mischived, and the noble felowship of the round table shal be dispersed." So they departed.

How sir Agravaine disclosed their love unto king Arthur, and how that king Arthur gave them licence for to take him.

And then king Arthur asked them what noise they made. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "I shall tell you that which I may keepe no longer. Heere is I and my brother sir Mordred

brake unto my brother sir Gawaine, sir Gaheris, and sir Gareth, how this we know all, that sir Launcelot houldeth your queene, and hath done long, and wee be your sisters sonnes, and wee may suffer it no longer. And we know all that ye should be above sir Launcelot, and yee are the king that made him knight; and therefore wee will prove it that he is a traitour to your person." "If it be so," said king Arthur, "wit yee well hee is none other; but I would bee loth to begin such a thing but if I might have prooves upon it, for I tell you sir Launcelot is an hardy knight, and all yee know hee is the best knight among us all: and but if he be taken with the deede, hee will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore, and it bee sooth as yee say, I would hee were taken with the deed." For king Arthur was loth thereto that any noise should bee upon sir Launcelot and his queene; for the king had a deeming, but he would not here of it, for sir Launcelot had done so much for him and for his queene so many times, that wit ye well king Arthur loved him passingly well. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "ye shal ride to morrow on hunting, and doubt yee not sir Launcelot will not goe with you; then when it draweth toward night, yee may send the queene word that ye will lie out all that night; and so may yee send for your cookes: and then upon paine of death we shall take him that night with the queene, and either wee shall bring him to you dead or quicke." "I will well," said the king. "Then I counsaile you," said the king, "take with you sure feloweship." "Sir," said sir Agravaine, "my brother sir Mordred and I will take with us twelve knights of the round table." "Be well ware," said king Arthur, "for I warne you ye shall find him full waighty." "Let us deale," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. So upon the morrow king Arthur rode on hunting, and sent word unto the queene that he would lie out all that night. Then sir Agravaine and sir Mordred gate unto them twelve knights, and hid them selves in a chamber of the castle of Caerlell, and these were their names: first, sir Colgrevaunce, sir Mador de la Port, sir Gingaline, sir Meliot de Logris, sir Petipace of Winchelsee, sir Galleron of Galway, sir Melion of the mountaine, sir Astamore, sir Gromore Somor-jour, sir Curselaine, sir Florence, sir Lovell. So these twelve knights were with sir Mordred and sir Agravaine; and all they were of Scotland, either of sir Gawaines kinne, either well willers of his bretheren. So when the night

came, sir Launcelot told sir Bors how hee would goe that night and speake with queene Guenever. "Sir," said sir Bors, "yee shall not goe this night by my counsaile." "Why?" said sir Launcelot. "Sir," said sir Bors, "I alway dread me much of sir Agravaine, which waiteth you daily for to doe you shame and us all, and never gave my heart against your going that ever yee went to the queene so much as now; for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queene, because peradventure hee hath layen some watch for you and the queen, and therfore I dread me sore of treason." "Have yee no doubt," said sir Launcelot, "for I shall goe and come againe, and make no tarying." "Sir," said sir Bors, "that me sore repenteth, for I dread my greatly that your going out this night shall wrath us all." "Faire nephew," said sir Launcelot, "I mervaile me much why yee say thus, sithence the queene hath sent for me; and wit yee well that I will not bee so much a coward but that shee shall understand I will see her good grace." "God speed you well," said sir Bors, "and send you safe and sound againe."

How sir Launcelot was espied in the queenes chamber, and how sir Agravaine and sir Mordred came with twelve knights to slay him.

So sir Launcelot departed, and tooke his sword underneath his arme. And so that noble knight went foorth in his mantell, and put himselfe in great jeopardy; and so hee passed till hee came unto the queenes chamber; and then sir Launcelot was lightly put into the chamber, and the queene and sir Launcelot were together, and whether they were a bed or at other manner of disports, me list not thereof to make mention; for love that time was not as it is now a dayes. But thus as they were together, there came sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, with twelve knights with them of the round table, and with a crying voice they said thus: "Traitour knight sir Launcelot du Lake, now art thou taken!" And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might heere it; and they al were fourteen armed at all points, as they should fight in a battaile. "Alas!" said queene Guenever, "now are we mischieved both." "Madame," said sir Launcelot, "is here any armour within your chamber that I might cover my body withall? and if there be any, I pray you heartely let me have it, and I shall

soone stint their malice by the grace of God." "Truely," said the queene, "I have none armour, shield, sword, nor speare, wherefore I dread mee sore our long love is come to a mischievous end, for I heere by their noise there bee many valiaunt knights, and wel I wot they be surely armed, against them yee may not resist. Wherfore yee are like to bee slaine, and then shall I bee brent; for and yee might escape them," said the queene, "I would not doubt but that yee would rescew me in what danger so ever I stand in." "Alas!" said sir Launcelot, "in all my life was I never thus bestood that I should be thus shamefully slaine for lacke of mine armour." But alwayes sir Agravaine and sir Mordred cried, "Traitour knight, come out of the queenes chamber, for wit thou well that thou art so beset that thou shalt not escape!" "O Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "this shamefull crie and noise we may not suffer, for better were death at once, then thus to endure this paine." Then hee tooke the queene in his armes and kissed her, and said, "Most noble christian queene, I beseech you, as ye have ever beene my speciall good lady, and I at all times your true and poore knight to my power, and as I never failed you in right nor yet in wrong sithence the first day that king Arthur made me knight, that yee will pray for my soule if that I heere bee slaine; for well I am assured that sir Bors my nephew, and all the remnant of my kinne, with sir Lavaine and sir Urre, that they will not faile you for to reschew you from the fire, and therfore, mine owne deare lady, recomfort your selfe, whatsoever come of me, that ye goe with sir Bors my nephew and sir Urre; and they all will doe you all the pleasure they can or may, that ye shall live like a queene upon my lands." "Nay, sir Lancelot," said the queen, "wit thou well I will never live a day after thy dayes; but and thou be slaine, I will take my death as meekly, for Jesu Christs sake, as ever did any christian queene." "Well, madame," said sir Launcelot, "sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well that I shall sell my life as deare as I may; and a thousand fold," said sir Launcelot, "I am more heavier for you then for my selfe. And now I had leaver then to be lord of all Christendome, that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or I were slaine." "Truly," said queene Guenever, "I would, and it might please God, that they would take me and sley me, and suffer you to escape." "That shal never be," said sir Lancelot; "God

defend me from such a shame, but, Lord Jesu, be thou my shield and mine armour."

How sir Launcelot slew sir Colgrevaunce, and armed him in his armour, and after slew sir Agravaine and twelve of his felowes.

And therewithall sir Launcelot wrapped his mantell round about his arme well and surely. And by then they had gotten a great forme out of the hall, and therewithall they dashed at the chamber doore. "Faire lords," said sir Launcelot, "leave your noise and your dashing, and I shal set open the doore, and then may yee doe with mee what it liketh you to doe." "Come off then," said they all, "and doe it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all, and therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life untill thou come to king Arthur." Then sir Launcelot unbarred the dore, and with his lift hand hee held it open a little, so that but one man might come in at once. And so anon there came in striding a good knight, a big man and a large, which was called sir Colgrevaunce of Gore, and hee with a sword strake at sir Launcelot mightely, and he put aside the strooke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helme that hee fell downe dead, groveling within the chamber doore. And then sir Launcelot with his great might drew that dead knight within the chamber doore; and then sir Launcelot, with the helpe of the queene and her ladies, was lightly armed in sir Colgrevaunce armour. And ever stood sir Agravaine and sir Mordred crying, "Traitour knight, come out of the queenes chamber!" "Let be your noise," said sir Launcelot unto sir Agravaine, "for wit yee well, sir Agravaine, yee shall not prison me this night, and therefore doe yee by my counsaile, go ye all from this chamber doore, and make no such crying and such manner of slaunder as yee doe; for I promise you by my knighthood, and ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to morrow appeare before you all, and before the king, and then let it be seene which of you all will accuse me of treason; and there I shall answere you as a knight ought to do, that hither I came unto the queen for no manner of male engine, and that I will prove and make good upon you with mine owne hands." "Fie on the, false traitour!" said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, "we will have thee maugre thy head, and sley thee if we list, for

we will let thee to wit that wee have the choise of king Arthur to save thee or to sley thee." "Ah, sirs," said sir Launcelot, "is there none other grace with you? then keepe your selfe." So then sir Launcelot set the chamber doore wide open, and mightely and knightly hee strood in among them, and anon at the first buffet hee slew sir Agravaine and twelve of his fellowes, within a little while after he had laid them to the cold earth; and there was none of all the twelve that might stand with sir Launcelot a buffet; also sir Launcelot wounded sir Mordred, and he fled with all his might. And then sir Launcelot returned againe unto the queene, and said, "Madame, now wit yee wel that al our true love is brought unto end, for now will king Arthur ever bee my foe, and therfore, madame, and if it like you that I may have you with me, and I shall save you from all manner of ill adventures and daungers." "That is not best," said the queene; "me seemeth now yee have done so much harme, it will be best yee hold you still with this; and if ye see that as to morrow they will put me unto the death, then may ye rescew me as ye thinke best." "I will well," said sir Launcelot, "for have ye no doubt, while I am living, I shall rescew you." And then hee kissed her, and either gave other a ring; and so there hee left the queene, and went to his lodging.

How sir Launcelot came to sir Bors, and told him how hee had sped, and in what adventure he had beene, and how he escaped.

So when sir Bors saw sir Launcelot, hee was never so glad of his home comming as he was at that time. "Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "what may this meane?" "Sir," said sir Bors, "after that ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood and your well willers were so dreaming, that some of us lept out of our beds naked; and some in their dreames caught naked swords in their hands; therfore," said sir Bors, "we deeme there is some great strife at hand; and then we all deemed that yee were betrayed with some treason, and therefore wee made us thus ready, what neede soever ye had beene in." "My faire nephew," said sir Launcelot unto sir Bors, "now shall ye wit all that this night I was more harder besteed than ever I was in my life, and yet I escaped." And so hee told them all, how and in what manner, as yee have heard before.

"And therefore, my fellowes," said sir Launcelot, "I beseech you all that yee will bee of good heart in what neede soever that I stand in, for now is warre come to us all." "Sir," said sir Bors, "all is welcome that God sendeth us, and wee all have had much wealth with you and much worship, and therefore wee will take the woe with you as wee have taken the wealth; and therefore," they said all, which were many good knights, "looke that ye take no discomfort, for there is no band of knights under heaven but that we shall bee able to greeve them as much as they may us; and therefore discomfort not your selfe by no meanes, and we shall gather together those that wee love, and that loveth us, and what yee will have done shall be done; and therefore, sir Launcelot," said they, "wee will take the woe with the wealth." "Gramercy," said sir Launcelot, "of your good comfort; for in my great distresse, my faire nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholden unto you. But this, my faire nephew, I would that ye did in all haste that yee may, or it bee forth days, that yee will looke in their lodgings that beene lodged heere nigh about the king, which will hold with me, and which will not, for now I would faine know which were my friends from my foes." "Sir," said sir Bors, "I shall doe what I may; and or it be seven of the clocke I shall wit of such, as yee have said before, who will hold with you or not." Then sir Bors called to him sir Lionell, sir Ector de Maris, sir Blamor de Ganis, sir Bleodoris de Ganis, sir Galahantine, sir Galihodine, sir Galihud, sir Menadewke, with sir Villiers the valiaunt, sir Hebes le Renomes, sir Lavaine, sir Urre of Hungary, sir Neroveus, and sir Plenorius, these two sir Launcelot made knights, and the one of them he wanne upon a bridge, and therefore they would never bee against him; and sir Harry le fise de Lake, and sir Selises of the dolorous toure, and sir Melias de Lile, and sir Bellangere le Beuse, which was sir Alisaunder Lorphelins son, because his mother, dame Alis le beale Pilgrim, was of kin unto sir Launcelot, hee held with him. So there came sir Palomides and sir Safire his brother to hold with sir Launcelot, and sir Clegis of Sadocke, and sir Dinas, and sir Clarius of Claremount. So these two and twentie knights drew them together, and anon they were armed and on horsebacke, and promised sir Launcelot to doe what hee would. Then there fell to them what of Northwalis and what of Cornewaile, for sir Lamoracks sake and for sir Tristrams sake, to the number of fourescore good and



valiant knights. "My lords," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye well that I have beene ever sithence I came into this countrey well willing unto my lord king Arthur and unto my lady queene Guenever unto my power; and this night, because my lady the queene sent for mee to speake with her, I suppose it was by treason, how be it I dare largely excuse her person; notwithstanding I was there by a forecast nigh slaine, but, as Jesu provided mee, I escaped all their malice." And then that noble knight sir Launcelot told them all how he was hard bested in the queenes chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them. "And therefore," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye wel, my faire lords, I am sure there is nought but warre unto me and mine; and for because I have slaine this night these knights, as sir Agravaine, sir Gawaines brother, and at the least twelve of his fellowes, and for this cause now I am sure of mortall war. These knights were sent and ordained by king Arthur to betray mee, and therefore the king will in his heate and malice judge the queene to the fire, and that may I not suffer, that shee should bee burnt for my sake. For and I may be heard and suffered, and so taken, I will fight for the queene, that she is a true lady unto her lord; but the king in his heat, I dread me, will not take me as I ought to be taken."

Of the counsaile and advise which was taken by sir Launcelot and his friends for to save the Queene.

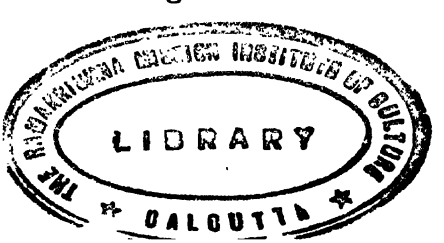
"My lord sir Launcelot," said sir Bors, "by mine advise yee shall take the woe with the wealth, and take it patiently, and thanke our Lord God of it; and sithence it is fallen as it is, I counsaile you to keepe your selfe, for if yee will your selfe, there is no fellowship christned of knights that shall doe you any wrong. Also I will counsaile you, my lord sir Launcelot, that and my lady queene Guenever be in distresse, in so much as she is in paine for your sake, that yee knightly rescew her; and if yee did otherwise, all the world will speake of you shame to the worlds end, in so much as yee were taken with her. Whether ye did right or wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queene, that shee bee not slaine and put to a mischievous death; for and the queene die so, the shame shall be yours." "Oh, good Lord Jesu, defend mee from shame," said sir Launcelot, "and keepe and save my lady the queene from

vilany and from shamefull death, and that she never be destroyed in my default; and therefore, my faire lords, ye that be of my kinne and my friends," said sir Launcelot, "what will ye doe?" Then they said all, "We will doe as ye will doe your selfe." "I put this to you," said sir Launcelot, "that if my lord king Arthur, by evill counsaile, will to morrow in his heate put my lady the queene to the fire, there to be burnt, now I pray you counsaile mee what is best to bee done." Then they said all at once with one voice, "Sir, wee thinke that the best that yee may doe is this: that yee knightly rescew the queene; in so much as shee shall bee burnt, it is for your sake; and it is to be supposed that if ye might be handled ye should have the same death, or else a more shamefuller death. And, sir, wee say all, that many times yee have rescewed the queene from death for other mens quarrels, us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescew the queene from this peril, in so much as she hath it for your sake." Then sir Launcelot stood stil, and said, "My faire lords, wit ye well that I would be loth to doe that thing that should dishonour you or my blood; and wit yee well I would be right loth that my lady the queene should die a shamefull death. But and it be soe that ye will counsaile me for to rescew her, I must doe much harme or I rescew her, and peradventure I shall ther destroy some of my best friends, which would repent me much; and peradventure there be some and they could well bring it about, or disobey my lord king Arthur, they would full soone come to mee, the which I were loth to hurt. And if so be that I should rescew her, where should I keepe her?" "That shall be the least care of us all," said sir Bors; "how did the noble knight sir Tristram, by your good will? did not he keepe with him La beale Isoud nigh three yeares in Joyous-guard, the which was done by both your advises, and that same place is your owne; and in likewise may ye doe as ye list, and take the queene lightly away, if it bee so that the king will judge her to be burnt; and in Joyous-gard yee may keepe her long enough, untill the heate of the king be past, and then shall yee bring againe the queene unto the king with great worshippe; and then peradventure ye shall have thanks for her bringing home againe, where other shall have mauger." "That is hard to doe," said sir Launcelot, "for by sir Tristram I may have a warning; for when, by meanes of the treatise, sir Tristram brought againe La beale Isoud unto king Marke from Joyous-gard, looke what fell on the end, how

shamefully that false traitour king Marke slew that noble knight as he sat harping before his lady La beale Isoud, with a sharpe grounded glaive thrust him behind to the heart; "it greeveth mee," said sir Launcelot, "to speake of his death, for all the world may not find such a knight." "All this is truth," said sir Bors, "but there is one thing shall courage you and us all; yee know well that king Arthur and king Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man that could prove king Arthur untrue of his promise." So to mak short tale, they were all consented that for better or worse, if it were so that the queene were on the morrow brought to the fire, shortly they all would rescew her. And so by the advise of sir Launcelot they put them all to an ambushment in a little wood as nigh Caerleill as they might, and there they abode still for to wit what the king would doe.

How sir Mordred rode hastely unto the king for to tell him of the fray and death of sir Agravaine his brother, and of other things.

Now turne wee againe unto sir Mordred, which, when hee was escaped from the noble knight sir Launcelot, he anon gat his horse, and mounted upon him, and rode straight to king Arthur, sore wounded and beaten, and all beebled; and there he told the king al how it was, and how "they were al slaine but me." "Jesu, mercy! how may this be?" said the king; "did yee take him in the queenes chamber?" "Yee, so God me helpe," said sir Mordred, "there we found him unarmed, and there he slew sir Colgrevaunce, and armed him in his armour." And all this hee told the king, from the beginning to the ending. "Ah, Jesu, mercy!" said the king, "he is a mervailous knight of prowesse. Alas! me sore repenteth," said the king, "that ever sir Launcelot should bee against mee; now I am sure the noble fellowship of the round table is broken for ever, for with him will hold many a noble knight; and now it is befallen so," said king Arthur, "that I may not with my worship but that the queen must suffer death." So then there was made great ordeinance in this heate that the queene must bee judged to death. And the law was such in those dayes, that what soever they were, of what estate or degree, if that they were found guiltie of treason, there should be none other remedie but death, and either the men or the taking with the deed should bee the


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causer of their hastie judgement. And right so was it ordained for queene Guenever; because sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of twelve knights of the round table, these proves and experiences caused king Arthur to command the queene to the fire, there to bee burnt. Then spake sir Gawaine, and said, "My lord king Arthur, I would counsaile you not to be over hastie, but that ye would put in respite this judgement of my lady the queene for many causes: one is, though it were so that sir Launcelot were found in the queenes chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evill; for yee know, my lord," said sir Gawaine, "that the queene is much beholden unto sir Launcelot, more than to any other knight alive, for often-times he hath saved her life, and done battaile for her when all the court refused the queene; and peradventure she sent for him for goodnesse, and for none evill, to reward him for the good deeds he had done to her in time past. And peradventure my lady the queen sent for him to that intent, that sir Launcelot should come to her good grace prively and secretly, weening to her that it was best so to doe, in eschewing and dreading of slaunder; for often-times we doe many things that we weene it is for the best, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say," said sir Gawaine, "that my lady your queene is to you both good and true; and as for sir Launcelot," said sir Gawaine, "he will make it good upon any knight living that will put on himselfe any vilanie or shame, and in likewise he will make good for my lady dame Guenever." "That I beleeve well," said king Arthur, "but I will not that way with sir Launcelot, for hee trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man; and therefore for the queene hee shall never fight more, for shee shall have the law; and if that I may get sir Launcelot, wit yee well hee shall have a shamefull death." "Jesu defend," said sir Gawaine, "that I may never see it." "Wherefore say yee so?" said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "for truely ye have no great cause to love sir Lancelot, for this night last past hee slew your owne brother sir Agravaine, a ful good knight, and also hee had almost slaine your other brother sir Mordred; and also there he slew twelve good knights; and also, sir Gawain, remember you how he slew two sonnes of yours, sir Florence and sir Lovell." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "of all this I have knowledge, of whose death I repent me sore; but in so much as I gave them warning, and told my brethren and my sonnes before hand what would fall in

the end, in so much as they would not do by my counsaile, I will not medle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths, for I told them it was no bote to strive with sir Launcelot; how be it I am sory of the death of my brother and of my sonnes, for they were the causers of their owne death, for oft times I warned my brother sir Agravaine, and told him the perrils the which bee now beefallen."

How sir Launcelot and his kinsmen rescewed the queene from the fire, and how hee slew many knights.

Then said the noble king Arthur to sir Gawaine, "My deare nephew, I pray you that ye wil make you ready in your best aray, with your brethren sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, to bring my queene to the fire, there to have her judgement, and receive her death." "Nay, my most noble lord," said sir Gawaine, "that wil I never doe in my life, for wit you well that I will never bee in the place where so noble a queene as is my lady queene Guenever shall take such a shamefull ending; for wit you wel," said sir Gawaine, "that my heart will never serve mee to see her dye, and it shall never bee said that ever I was of your counsell of her death." Then said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "Suffer your brother sir Gaheris and sir Gareth to be there." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "wit you well that they will bee loth to bee there present, because of many adventures which bee like to fall there, but they are young, and full unable to say you nay." Then spake sir Gaheris and the good knight sir Gareth unto king Arthur: "Sir, yee may well commande us to be there, but wit yee well it shall be sore against our will; but and wee bee there by your straite commandement, yee shall plainely hold us there excused, wee will bee there in peaceable wise, and bear no harneis of warre upon us." "In the name of God," said the king, "then make you ready, for she shall soone have her judgement." "Alas!" said sir Gawaine, "that ever I should endure to see this wofull day." So sir Gawaine turned him, and wept heartely, and so hee went into his chamber. And then the queene was led foorth without Caerleyll, and there shee was despoiled unto her smocke; and so then her ghostly father was brought to her, to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then there was weeping

and wailing, and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies; but there was but few in comparison that would beare any armour for to strength the death of the queen. Then was there one which sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espie what time the queene should goe unto her judgement. And anon, as he saw that the queene was despoiled unto her smocke, and also that shee was shriven, then he gave sir Launcelot warning thereof. Then was there spurring and plucking up of horses; and right so they came to the fire, and who that stood against them there they were slaine, there might none withstand sir Launcelot. So all that beare armes and withstood them, there were they slaine, many a noble knight; for there was slaine sir Belias le Orgulous, sir Segwarides, sir Griflet, sir Brandiles, sir Aglovaile, sir Tor, sir Gauter, sir Guillimere, sir Reinolds, three brethren, sir Damas, sir Priamus, sir Kay the stranger, sir Driaunt, sir Lambegus, sir Herminde, sir Pertelopoe, sir Perimones, two brethren which were called the greene knight and the red knight. And in this rashing and hurling, as sir Launcelot thrangh heere and ther, it mishapned him to sley sir Gaheris and the noble knight sir Gareth, for they were unarmed and unaware; for sir Launcelot smote sir Gareth and sir Gaheris upon the brain pans, wherethrough they were both slaine in the field; how bee it in very truth sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the presse. Then when sir Launcelot had thus done, and had put them to flight all they that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto queene Guenever, and made a kirtell and a gowne to bee cast upon her, and then hee made her to bee set behind him, and praied her to be of good cheare. Wit you wel that the queene was glad that shee was escaped from death; and then shee thanked God and sir Launcelot. And so hee rode his way with the queene unto Joyous-gard, and there hee kep her as a noble knight should doe, and many great lords and some kings sent sir Launcelot many good knights; and many noble knights drew unto sir Launcelot. When this was knowen openly, that king Arthur and sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many knights were sory of their debate.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles, in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" (1869), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), "The Cup" (1884), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone" (1892).]

A storm was coming, but the winds were still;
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
It looked a tower of ruined masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

Whence came she? One that bare in bitter grudge
The scorn of Arthur and his Table, Mark
The Cornish King, had heard a wandering voice,
A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storm
Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say
That out of naked knightlike purity
Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl
But the great Queen herself, fought in her name,
Sware by her — vows like theirs, that high in heaven
Love most, but neither marry, nor are given
In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then — for Vivien sweetly said
(She sat beside the banquet nearest Mark),
"And is the fair example followed, Sir,
In Arthur's household?" — answered innocently:

"Ay, by some few — ay, truly — youths that hold
It more beseems the perfect virgin knight
To worship woman as true wife beyond
All hopes of gaining, than as maiden girl.

They place their pride in Lancelot and the Queen.
So passionate for an utter purity
Beyond the limit of their bond, are these,
For Arthur bound them not to singleness,
Brave hearts and clean! and yet — God guide them — young."

Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup
Straight at the speaker, but forbore: he rose
To leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,
Turned to her: "Here are snakes within the grass;
And you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear
The monkish manhood, and the mask of pure
Worn by this court, can stir them till they sting."

And Vivien answered, smiling scornfully,
"Why fear? because that fostered at *thy* court
I savor of thy — virtues? fear them? no.
As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.
My father died in battle against the King,
My mother on his corpse in open field;
She bore me there, for born from death was I
Among the dead and sown upon the wind —
And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes,
That old true filth, and bottom of the well,
Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine
And maxims of the mud! 'This Arthur pure!
Great Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made
Gives him the lie! There is no being pure,
My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?' —
If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.
Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back,
When I have ferreted out thy burrowings,
The hearts of all this Order in mine hand —
Ay — so that fate and craft and folly close,
Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden beard.
To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine
Is cleaner-fashioned — Well, I loved thee first,
That warps the wit."

Loud laughed the graceless Mark;
But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged
Low in the city, and on a festal day
When Guinevere was crossing the great hall
Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wailed.

"Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought?
Rise!" and the damsel bidden rise arose
And stood with folded hands and downward eyes
Of glancing corner, and all meekly said,
"None wrought, but suffered much, an orphan maid!
My father died in battle for thy King,
My mother on his corpse — in open field,
The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse —
Poor wretch — no friend! — and now by Mark the King
For that small charm of feature mine, pursued —
If any such be mine — I fly to thee.
Save, save me thou — Woman of women — thine
The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,
Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's own white
Earth angel, stainless bride of stainless King —
Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!
O yield me shelter for mine innocency
Among thy maidens!"

Here her slow sweet eyes
Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose
Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen who stood
All glittering like May sunshine on May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed with green, replied,
Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame
We choose the last. Our noble Arthur, him
Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear and know.
Nay — we believe all evil of thy Mark —
Well, we shall test thee farther; but this hour
We ride a hawking with Sir Lancelot.
He hath given us a fair falcon which he trained;
We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while."

She past; and Vivien murmured after "Go!
I bide the while." Then thro' the portal arch
Peering askance, and muttering broken-wise,
As one that labors with an evil dream,
Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to horse.

"Is that the Lancelot? goodly — ay, but gaunt:
Courteous — amends for gauntness — takes her hand —
That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been
A clinging kiss — how hand lingers in hand!
Let go at last! — they ride away — to hawk
For waterfowl. Royaler game is mine.

For such a supersensual sensual bond
As that gray cricket chirpt of at our hearth —
Touch flax with flame — a glance will serve — the liars!
Ah little rat that borest in the dike
Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep
Down upon far-off cities while they dance —
Or dream — of thee they dreamed not — nor of me
These — ay, but each of either: ride, and dream
The mortal dream that never yet was mine —
Ride, ride and dream until ye wake — to me!
Then, narrow court and lubber King, farewell!
For Lancelot will be gracious to the rat,
And our wise Queen, if knowing that I know,
Will hate, loathe, fear — but honor me the more."

Yet while they rode together down the plain
Their talk was all of training, terms of art,
Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
"She is too noble," he said, "to check at pies,
Nor will she rake: there is no baseness in her."
Here when the Queen demanded as by chance
"Know ye the stranger woman?" "Let her be,"
Said Lancelot and unhooded casting off
The goodly falcon free; she towered; her bells,
Tone under tone, shrilled; and they lifted up
Their eager faces, wondering at the strength,
Boldness and royal knighthood of the bird
Who pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time
As once — of old — among the flowers — they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen
Among her damsels broidering sat, heard, watched
And whispered: thro' the peaceful court she crept
And whispered: then as Arthur in the highest
Leavened the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
Arriving at a time of golden rest,
And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear,
While all the heathen lay at Arthur's feet,
And no quest came, but all was joust and play,
Leavened his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has left
Death in the living waters, and withdrawn,
The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court.

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their lavish comment when her name was named.

For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumor issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his knights,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last
With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most; at which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by;
But one had watched, and had not held his peace:
It made the laughter of an afternoon
That Vivien should attempt the blameless King.
And after that, she sat herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
The people called him Wizard; whom at first
She played about with slight and sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly venomed points
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer
Would watch her at her petulance, and play,
Even when they seemed unlovable, and laugh
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times
Would flutter his own wish in age for love,
And half believe her true, for thus at times
He wavered; but that other clung to him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walked with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gained the beach;
There found a little boat, and stept into it;
And Vivien followed, but he marked her not.
She took the helm and he the sail; the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,
And touching Breton sands, they disembarked.
And then she followed Merlin all the way,
Even to the wild woods of Broceliande.
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
From which was no escape for evermore;
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched.

There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March:
And while she kissed them, crying, "Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have followed thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread me down
And I will kiss you for it;" he was mute:
So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and again,
"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and once more,
"Great Master, do ye love me?" he was mute;
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curved an arm about his neck,

Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes: then he spoke and said,
Not looking at her, "Who are wise in love
Love most, say least," and Vivien answered quick,
"I saw the little elf god eyeless once
In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot:
But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid child!
Yet you are wise who say it; let me think
Silence is wisdom; I am silent then,
And ask no kiss;" then added all at once,
"And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
And called herself a gilded summer fly
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
Without one word. So Vivien called herself,
But rather seemed a lovely baleful star
Veiled in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:
"To what request for what strange boon," he said,
"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,
O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,
For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answered smiling saucily,
"What, O my Master, have ye found your voice?
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!
But yesterday you never opened lip,
Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:
In mine own lady palms I culled the spring
That gathered trickling dropwise from the cleft,
And made a pretty cup of both my hands
And offered you it kneeling: then you drank
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;
O no more thanks than might a goat have given
With no more sign of reverence than a beard.
And when we halted at that other well,
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom dust of those
Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know
That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?
And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood
And all this morning when I fondled you:

Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so strange —
How had I wronged you? surely ye are wise,
But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said:
"O did ye never lie upon the shore,
And watch the curled white of the coming wave
Glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks?
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.
And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court
To break the mood. You followed me unasked;
And when I looked, and saw you following still,
My mind involved yourself the nearest thing
In that mind mist: for shall I tell you truth?
You seemed that wave about to break upon me
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.
Your pretty sports have brightened all again.
And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,
Once for wrong done you by confusion, next
For thanks it seems till now neglected, last
For these your dainty gambols: wherefore ask;
And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
"O not so strange as my long asking it,
Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,
Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.
I ever feared ye were not wholly mine;
And see, yourself have owned ye did me wrong.
The people call you prophet: let it be:
But not of those that can expound themselves.
Take Vivien for expounder: she will call
That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours
No presage, but the same mistrustful mood
That makes you seem less noble than yourself,
Whenever I have asked this very boon,
Now asked again: for see you not, dear love,
That such a mood as that, which lately gloomed
Your fancy when ye saw me following you,
Must make me fear still more you are not mine,
Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,
And make me wish still more to learn this charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,

As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it me.
The charm so taught will charm us both to rest.
For, grant me some slight power upon your fate,
I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,
Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine,
And therefore be as great as ye are named,
Not muffled round with selfish reticence.
How hard you look and how denyingly!
O, if you think this wickedness in me,
That I should prove it on you unawares,
That makes me passing wrathful; then our bond
Had best be loosed forever: but think or not,
By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth,
As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk:
O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,
Even in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,
Have tript on such conjectural treachery—
May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell
Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,
If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,
Till which I scarce can yield you all I am;
And grant my re-reiterated wish,
The great proof of your love: because I think,
However wise, ye hardly know me yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
"I never was less wise, however wise,
Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of trust,
Than when I told you first of such a charm.
Yea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this,
Too much I trusted when I told you that,
And stirred this vice in you which ruined man
Thro' woman the first hour; for howsoe'er
In children a great curiousness be well,
Who have to learn themselves and all the world,
In you, that are no child, for still I find
Your face is practiced when I spell the lines,
I call it,—well, I will not call it vice:
But since you name yourself the summer fly,
I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,
That settles, beaten back, and beaten back
Settles, till one could yield for weariness:
But since I will not yield to give you power
Upon my life and use and name and fame,

Why will ye never ask some other boon?
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided tryst at village stile,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:
"Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;
Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.
I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'Trust me not at all or all in all.'
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

"'The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly molders all.

"'It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

"O Master, do ye love my tender rhyme?"

And Merlin looked and half-believed her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower:
And yet he answered half indignantly:

"Far other was the song that once I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,
To chase a creature that was current then
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.
It was the time when first the question rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and men
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.
And each incited each to noble deeds.

And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,
We could not keep him silent, out he flashed,
And into such a song, such fire for fame,
Such trumpet blowings in it, coming down
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
That when he stopt we longed to hurl together;
And should have done it; but the beauteous beast
Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,
And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land; and all day long we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden horns
Until they vanished by the fairy well
That laughs at iron — as our warriors did —
Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,
'Laugh, little well!' but touch it with a sword,
It buzzes fiercely round the point; and there
We lost him: such a noble song was that.
But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed charm,
Were proving it on me, and that I lay
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
"O mine have ebbed away for evermore,
And all thro' following you to this wild wood,
Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.
Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood.
And touching fame, howe'er ye scorn my song,
Take one verse more — the lady speaks it — this:

"'My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,
And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine
So trust me not at all or all in all.'

"Says she not well? and there is more — this rhyme
Is like the fair pearl necklace of the Queen,
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt;
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.
But nevermore the same two sister pearls
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other
On her white neck — so is it with this rhyme:

It lives dispersedly in many hands,
And every minstrel sings it differently;
Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:
'Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.'
Yea! Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves
A portion from the solid present, eats
And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame,
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us;
And what is Fame in life but half disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness? ye yourself
Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,
And since ye seem the Master of all Art,
They fain would make you Master of all vice."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said,
"I once was looking for a magic weed,
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
And then was painting on it fancied arms,
Azure, an Eagle rising, or the Sun
In dexter chief: the scroll 'I follow fame.'
And speaking not, but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
And made a Gardener putting in a graft,
With this for motto, 'Rather use than fame.'
You should have seen him blush; but afterwards
He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,
For you, methinks you think you love me well;
For me, I love you somewhat; rest: and Love
Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,
Not ever be too curious for a boon,
Too prurient for a proof against the grain
Of him ye say ye love: but Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love,
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.
Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!
What other? for men sought to prove me vile,
Because I fain had given them greater wits:
And then did Envy call me Devil's son:
The sick weak beast seeking to help herself
By striking at her better, missed, and brought
Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up, the storm
Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it.
Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,
Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,
To one at least who hath not children, vague,
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,
I cared not for it: a single misty star,
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
Of some vast charm concluded in that star
To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,
Giving you power upon me thro' this charm,
That you might play me falsely, having power,
However well ye think ye love me now
(As sons of kings loving in pupilage
Have turned to tyrants when they came to power)
I rather dread the loss of use than fame;
If you — and not so much from wickedness,
As some wild turn of anger, or a mood
Of overstrained affection, it may be,
To keep me all to your own self, — or else
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy, —
Should try this charm on whom ye say ye love."

And Vivien answered, smiling as in wrath:
"Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;
And being found take heed of Vivien.
A woman and not trusted, doubtless I
Might feel some sudden turn of anger born
Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet
Is accurate too, for this full love of mine
Without the full heart back may merit well
Your term of overstrained. So used as I,
My daily wonder is, I love at all.
And as to woman's jealousy, O why not?
O to what end, except a jealous one,
And one to make me jealous if I love,
Was this fair charm invented by yourself?
I well believe that all about this world
Ye cage a buxom captive here and there,
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower
From which is no escape for evermore."

Then the great Master merrily answered her:
"Full many a love in loving youth was mine;
I needed then no charm to keep them mine
But youth and love; and that full heart of yours
Whereof ye prattle, may now assure you mine;
So live uncharmed. For those who wrought it first,
The wrist is parted from the hand that waved,
The feet unmortised from their ankle bones
Who paced it, ages back: but will ye hear
The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme?

"There lived a king in the most Eastern East,
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood
Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.
A tawny pirate anchored in his port,
Whose bark had plundered twenty nameless isles;
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
He saw two cities in a thousand boats
All fighting for a woman on the sea.
And pushing his black craft among them all,
He lightly scattered theirs and brought her off,
With loss of half his people arrow-slain;
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved;
And since the pirate would not yield her up,
The King impaled him for his piracy:
Then made her Queen: but those isle-nurtured eyes
Waged such unwilling tho' successful war
On all the youth, they sickened; councils thinned,
And armies waned, for magnetlike she drew
The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts;
And beasts themselves would worship; camels knelt
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles bowed black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden ankle bells.
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
His horns of proclamation out thro' all
The hundred underkingdoms that he swayed
To find a wizard who might teach the King
Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen
Might keep her all his own: to such a one
He promised more than ever king has given,
A league of mountain full of golden mines,
A province with a hundred miles of coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him:
But on all those who tried and failed, the King
Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it
To keep the list low and pretenders back,
Or like a king, not to be trifled with —
Their heads should molder on the city gates.
And many tried and failed, because the charm
Of nature in her overbore their own:
And many a wizard brow bleached on the walls:
And many weeks a troop of carrion crows
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers."

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:
"I sit and gather honey; yet, methinks,
Thy tongue has tript a little: ask thyself.
The lady never made *unwilling* war
With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it,
And made her good man jealous with good cause.
And lived there neither dame nor damsel then
Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame,
I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,
Or make her paler with a poisoned rose?
Well, those were not our days: but did they find
A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck
Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's
On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answered laughing, "Nay, not like to me.
At last they found — his foragers for charms —
A little glassy-headed hairless man,
Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;
Read but one book, and ever reading grew
So grated down and filed away with thought,
So lean his eyes were monstrous; while the skin
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.
And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
Nor owned a sensual wish, to him the wall
That sunders ghost and shadow-casting men
Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it,

And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
And learnt their elemental secrets, powers
And forces; often o'er the sun's bright eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,
And lashed it at the base with slanting storm;
Or in the noon of mist and driving rain,
When the lake whitened and the pinewood roared,
And the cairned mountain was a shadow, sunned
The world to peace again: here was the man.
And so by force they dragged him to the King.
And then he taught the King to charm the Queen
In suchwise, that no man could see her more,
Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm,
Coming and going, and she lay as dead,
And lost all use of life: but when the King
Made proffer of the league of golden mines,
The province with a hundred miles of coast,
The palace and the princess, that old man
Went back to his old wild, and lived on grass,
And vanished, and his book came down to me."

And Vivien answered, smiling saucily:
"Ye have the book: the charm is written in it:
Good: take my counsel: let me know it at once:
For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest,
With each chest locked and padlocked thirtyfold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound
As after furious battle turfs the slain
On some wild down above the windy deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudden means
To dig, pick, open, find, and read the charm:
Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then?"

And smiling as a master smiles at one
That is not of his school, nor any school
But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long, he answered her:

"Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien!
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge inclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas;
And every square of text an awful charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone by.
So long, that mountains have arisen since
With cities on their flanks — thou read the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost, and crammed
With comment, densest condensation, hard
To mind and eye; but the long sleepless nights
Of my long life have made it easy to me.
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself;
And in the comment did I find the charm.
O, the results are simple; a mere child
Might use it to the harm of any one,
And never could undo it: ask no more:
For tho' you should not prove it upon me,
But keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance,
Assay it on some one of the Table Round,
And all because ye dream they babble of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said:
"What dare the full-fed liars say of me?
They ride abroad redressing human wrongs!
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn!
They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand
The shame that cannot be explained for shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!"

Then answered Merlin, careless of her words:
"You breathe but accusation vast and vague,
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If ye know,
Set up the charge ye know, to stand or fall!"

And Vivien answered, frowning wrathfully:
"O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands;
Was one year gone, and on returning found
Not two but three? there lay the reckling, one
But one hour old! What said the happy sire?
A seven months' babe had been a truer gift.
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood."

Then answered Merlin, "Nay, I know the tale.
Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame:
Some cause had kept him sundered from his wife:

One child they had: it lived with her: she died:
His kinsman traveling on his own affair
Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.
He brought, not found it therefore: take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a tale.
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,
That ardent man? 'to pluck the flower in season,'
So says the song, 'I trow it is no treason.'
O Master, shall we call him overquick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour?"

And Merlin answered, "Overquick art thou
To catch a loathly plume fallen from the wing
Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
Is man's good name: he never wronged his bride.
I know the tale. An angry gust of wind
Puffed out his torch among the myriad-roomed
And many-corridored complexities
Of Arthur's palace: then he found a door,
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament
That wreathen round it made it seem his own;
And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
A stainless man beside a stainless maid;
And either slept, nor knew of other there;
Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
In Arthur's casement glimmered chastely down,
Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
He rose without a word and parted from her:
But when the thing was blazed about the court,
The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
And as it chanced they are happy, being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were likely too.
What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,
The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold?
What, in the precincts of the chapel yard.
Among the knightly brasses of the graves,
And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead!"

And Merlin answered, careless of her charge,
"A sober man is Percivale and pure;
But once in life was flustered with new wine,
Then paced for coolness in the chapel yard;

Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
And meant to stamp him with her master's mark;
And that he sinned is not believable;
For, look upon his face! — but if he sinned,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:
Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns
Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.
But is your spleen frothed out, or have ye more?"

And Vivien answered, frowning yet in wrath:
"O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend?
Traitor or true? that commerce with the Queen,
I ask you, is it clamored by the child,
Or whispered in the corner? do ye know it?"

To which he answered sadly, "Yea, I know it.
Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,
To fetch her, and she watched him from her walls.
A rumor runs, she took him for the King,
So fixt her fancy on him: let them be.
But have ye no one word of loyal praise
For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?"

She answered with a low and chuckling laugh:
"Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks?
Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks?
By which the good King means to blind himself,
And blinds himself and all the Table Round
To all the foulness that they work. Myself
Could call him (were it not for womanhood)
The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,
Could call him the main cause of all their crime;
Yea, were he not crowned King, coward, and fool."

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:
"O true and tender! O my liege and King!
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure;
How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
From overfineness not intelligible
To things with every sense as false and foul
As the poached filth that floods the middle street,
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!"

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she willed.
He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,
And muttered in himself, "Tell *her* the charm!
So, if she had it, would she rail on me
To snare the next, and if she have it not
So will she rail. What did the wanton say?
'Not mount as high;' we scarce can sink as low:
For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.
She cloaks the scar of some repulse with lies;
I well believe she tempted them and failed,
Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail,
Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face
With colors of the heart that are not theirs.
I will not let her know: nine tithes of times
Face flatterer and backbiter are the same.
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness; and in this
Are harlots like the crowd, and if they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire,
And touching other worlds. I am weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,
Half suffocated in the hoary fell
And many-wintered fleece of throat and chin.
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,

And hearing "harlot" muttered twice or thrice,
Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood
Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight,
How from the rosy lips of life and love,
Flashed the bare-grinning skeleton of death!
White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puffed
Her fairy nostril out; her hand, half clenched,
Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,
And feeling; had she found a dagger there
(For in a wink the false love turns to hate)
She would have stabbed him; but she found it not;
His eye was calm, and suddenly she took
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
A long, long weeping, not consolable.
Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

"O crueler than was ever told in tale,
Or sung in song! O vainly lavished love!
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,
Or seeming shameful — for what shame in love,
So love be true, and not as yours is — nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust
Who called her what he called her — all her crime,
All — all — the wish to prove him wholly hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands
Together with a wailing shriek, and said:
"Stabbed through the heart's affections to the heart!
Seethed like the kid in its own mother's milk!
Killed with a word worse than a life of blows!
I thought that he was gentle, being great:
O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart.
O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw
The knights, the court, the King, dark in your light,
Who loved to make men darker than they are,
Because of that high pleasure which I had
To seat you sole upon my pedestal
Of worship — I am answered, and henceforth
The course of life that seemed so flowery to me
With you for guide and master, only you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,
And ending in a ruin — nothing left,
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,
Killed with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turned away, she hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid
Slipt and uncoiled itself, she wept afresh,
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm
In silence, while his anger slowly died
Within him, till he let his wisdom go
For ease of heart, and half believed her true:
Called her to shelter in the hollow oak,
"Come from the storm," and having no reply,
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame;
Then thrice essayed, by tenderest-touching terms,
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in vain.
At last she let herself be conquered by him,
And as the cageling newly flown returns,
The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing
Came to her old perch back, and settled there.
There while she sat, half falling from his knees,
Half nestled at his heart, and since he saw
The slow tear creep from her closed eyelids yet,
About her, more in kindness than in love,
The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.
But she dislinked herself at once and rose,
Her arms upon her breast across, and stood,
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged,
Upright and flushed before him; then she said:

"There must be now no passages of love
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore;
Since, if I be what I am grossly called,
What should be granted which your own gross heart
Would reckon worth the taking? I will go.
In truth, but one thing now — better have died
Thrice than have asked it once — could make me stay —
That proof of trust — so often asked in vain!
How justly, after that vile term of yours,
I find with grief! I might believe you then,
Who knows? once more. Lo! what was once to me
Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown
The vast necessity of heart and life.
Farewell; think gently of me, for I fear
My fate or folly, passing gayer youth
For one so old, must be to love thee still.
But ere I leave thee let me swear once more
That if I schemed against thy peace in this,

May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send
One flash, that, missing all things else, may make
My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt
(For now the storm was close above them) struck
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.
But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps
That followed, flying back and crying out,
"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,
Yet save me!" clung to him and hugged him close;
And called him dear protector in her fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close.
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed.
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales;
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river rain
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying "I have made his glory mine,"
And shrieking out "O fool!" the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echoed "fool."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[James Russell Lowell, American poet and man of letters, was born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Mass. He graduated from Harvard in 1838; was admitted to the bar in 1840, but never practiced, devoting himself to literature. He began writing for the antislavery cause in 1843, and "The Biglow Papers" appeared in the Boston *Courier* 1846–1848. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (his first critical work) came in 1845, and the "Fable for Critics" in 1848. He traveled in Europe in 1851; in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, traveled two years more to qualify himself, and became a leading authority on Italian, Old French, and Provençal poetry and art. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* edited the *North American Review* with Charles Eliot Norton, 1863–1872. The second series of the "Biglow Papers," on the Civil War, published in the *Atlantic*, were collected in 1867; "Fireside Travels," 1864; "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows," collected essays, 1870. He also published a "Life of Keats," three commemoration odes, 1875–1876, "Democracy and other Addresses," and other volumes. He was minister to Spain, 1877–1880; to England, 1880–1885. He died August 12, 1891.]

Prelude to Part First.

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

  Not only around our infancy
  Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
  Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
  We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of a year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow.

Part First.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,

And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees,
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;

Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Prelude to Part Second.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek:

It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Sending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,

Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,
  Singing, in dreary monotone,
  A Christmas carol of its own,
  Whose burden still, as he might guess,
  Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch.
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree top bleak
  From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun,
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played
And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink, —
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

x.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

GERAINT AND ENID.

(From the "Mabinogion," edited by Lady Charlotte Guest.)

THEREUPON, behold the earl came to visit Geraint, and his twelve honorable knights with him. And Geraint rose up and welcomed him. "Heaven preserve thee," said the earl. Then they all sat down according to their precedence in honor. And the earl conversed with Geraint and inquired of him the object of his journey. "I have none," he replied, "but to seek adventures and to follow my own inclination." Then the earl cast his eye upon Enid, and he looked at her steadfastly. And he thought he had never seen a maiden fairer or more comely than she. And he set all his thoughts and his affections upon her.

Then he asked of Geraint, "Have I thy permission to go and converse with yonder maiden, for I see that she is apart from thee?" "Thou hast it gladly," said he. So the earl went to the place where the maiden was, and spake with her. "Ah, maiden," said he, "it cannot be pleasant to thee to journey thus with yonder man!" "It is not unpleasant to me," said she, "to journey the same road that he journeys." "Thou hast neither youths nor maidens to serve thee," said he. "Truly," she replied,

"it is more pleasant for me to follow yonder man than to be served by youths and maidens." "I will give thee good counsel," said he. "All my earldom will I place in thy possession, if thou wilt dwell with me." "That will I not, by Heaven," she said; "yonder man was the first to whom my faith was ever pledged; and shall I prove inconstant to him!" "Thou art in the wrong," said the earl; "if I slay the man yonder, I can keep thee with me as long as I choose; and when thou no longer pleases me, I can turn thee away. But if thou goest with me by thy own good-will, I protest that our union shall continue eternal and undivided as long as I remain alive." Then she pondered these words of his, and she considered that it was advisable to encourage him in his request. "Behold, then, chieftain, this is most expedient for thee to do to save me any needless imputation; come here to-morrow, and take me away as though I knew nothing thereof." "I will do so," said he. So he arose, and took his leave, and went forth with his attendants. And she told not then to Geraint any of the conversation which she had had with the earl, lest it should rouse his anger and cause him uneasiness and care.

And at the usual hour they went to sleep. And at the beginning of the night Enid slept a little; and at midnight she arose, and placed all of Geraint's armor together, so that it might be ready to put on. And although fearful of her errand, she came to the side of Geraint's bed and she spoke to him softly and gently, saying, "My lord, arise, and clothe thyself, for these were the words of the earl to me, and his intention concerning me." So she told Geraint all that had passed. And although he was wroth with her, he took warning, and clothed himself. And she lighted a candle, that he might have light to do so. "Leave there the candle," said he, "and desire the man of the house to come here." Then she went, and the man of the house came to him. "Dost thou know how much I owe thee?" asked Geraint. "I think thou owest but little." "Take the eleven horses and the eleven suits of armor." "Heaven reward thee, lord," said he, "but I spent not the value of one suit of armor upon thee." "For that reason," said he, "thou wilt be richer, and now, wilt thou come to guide me out of the town?" "I will, gladly," said he, "and in which direction dost thou intend to go?" "I wish to leave the town by a different way from that by which I entered it." So the man of the lodgings accompanied him as far as he desired. Then he bade the maiden to go on before him; and

she did so, and went straight forward, and his host returned home. And he had only just reached his house, when, behold, the greatest tumult approached that was ever heard. And when he looked out, he saw fourscore knights in complete armor around the house, with the Earl Dwrm at their head. "Where is the knight that was here?" said the earl. "By thy hand," said he, "he went hence some time ago." "Wherefore, villain," said he, "did'st thou let him go without informing me?" "My lord, thou did'st not command me to do so, else would I not have allowed him to depart." "What way dost thou think that he took?" "I know not, except that he went along the highroad." And they turned their horses' heads that way, and seeing the tracks of the horses upon the highroad, they followed. And when the maiden beheld the dawning of the day, she looked behind her, and saw vast clouds of dust coming nearer and nearer to her. And thereupon she became uneasy, and she thought that it was the earl and his host coming after them. And thereupon she beheld a knight appearing through the mist. "By my faith," said she, "though he should slay me, it were better for me to receive my death at his hands, than to see him killed without warning him. My lord," she said to him, "seest thou yonder man hastening after thee, and many others with him?" "I do not see him," said he, "and in despite of all my orders, I see that thou wilt never keep silence." Then he turned upon the knight, and with the first thrust he threw him down under his horse's feet. And as long as there remained one of the fourscore knights, he overthrew every one of them at the first onset. And from the weakest to the strongest, they all attacked him one after the other, except the earl: and last of all the earl came against him also. And he broke his lance, and then he broke a second. But Geraint turned upon him, and struck him with his lance upon the center of his shield, so that by that single thrust the shield was split, and all his armor broken, and he himself was brought over his horse's crupper to the ground, and was in peril of his life. And Geraint drew near to him; and at the noise of the trampling of his horse the earl revived. "Mercy, lord," said he to Geraint. And Geraint granted him mercy. But through the hardness of the ground where they had fallen, and the violence of the stroke which they had received, there was not a single knight amongst them that escaped without receiving a fall, mortally severe, and grievously painful, and desperately wounding, from the hand of Geraint. And

Geraint journeyed along the highroad that was before him, and the maiden went on first; and near them they beheld a valley which was the fairest ever seen, and which had a large river running through it; and there was a bridge over the river, and the highroad led to the bridge. And above the bridge, upon the opposite side of the river, they beheld a fortified town, the fairest ever seen. And as they approached the bridge, Geraint saw coming toward him from a thick copse a man mounted upon a large and lofty steed, even of pace and spirited, though tractable. "Ah, knight," said Geraint, "whence comest thou?" "I come," said he, "from the valley below us." "Canst thou tell me," said Geraint, "who is the owner of this fair valley and yonder walled town?" "I will tell thee, willingly," said he, "Gwiffert Petit he is called by the Franks, but the Welsh call him the Little King." "Can I go by yonder bridge," said Geraint, "and by the lower highway that is beneath the town?" Said the knight, "Thou canst not go by his tower on the other side of the bridge, unless thou dost intend to combat him; because it is his custom to encounter every knight that comes upon his lands." "I declare to Heaven," said Geraint, "that I will, nevertheless, pursue my journey that way." "If thou dost so," said the knight, "thou wilt probably meet with shame and disgrace in reward for thy daring." Then Geraint proceeded along the road that led to the town, and the road brought him to a ground that was hard, and rugged, and high, and ridgy. And as he journeyed thus, he beheld a knight following him upon a war-horse, strong, and large, and proudly stepping, and wide-hoofed, and broad-chested. And he never saw a man of smaller stature than he who was upon the horse. And both he and his horse were completely armed. When he had overtaken Geraint he said to him, "Tell me, chieftain, whether it is through ignorance or through presumption that thou seekest to insult my dignity and to infringe my rules." "Nay," answered Geraint, "I knew not that this road was forbidden to any." "Thou didst know it," said the other: "come with me to my court, to do me satisfaction." "That will I not, by my faith," said Geraint; "I would not go even to thy lord's court, excepting Arthur were thy lord." "By the hand of Arthur himself," said the knight, "I will have satisfaction of thee, or receive my overthrow at thy hands." And immediately they charged one another. And a squire of his came to serve him with lances as he broke them. And they gave each other such hard and severe

strokes, that their shields lost all their color. But it was very difficult for Geraint to fight with him on account of his small size, for he was hardly able to get a full aim at him with all the efforts he could make. And they fought thus until their horses were brought down upon their knees; and at length Geraint threw the knight headlong to the ground, and then they fought on foot, and they gave one another blows so boldly fierce, so frequent, and so severely powerful, that their helmets were pierced, and their skull-caps were broken, and their arms were shattered, and the light of their eyes was darkened by sweat and blood. At the last Geraint became enraged, and he called to him all his strength; and boldly angry, and swiftly resolute, and furiously determined, he lifted up his sword, and struck him on the crown of his head a blow so mortally painful, so violent, so fierce, and so penetrating, that it cut through all his head armor, and his skin, and his flesh, until it wounded the very bone, and the sword flew out of the hand of the Little King to the farthest end of the plain, and he besought Geraint that he would have mercy and compassion upon him. "Though thou hast been neither courteous or just," said Geraint, "thou shalt have mercy, upon condition that thou wilt become my ally, and engage never to fight against me again, but to come to my assistance whenever thou hearest of my being in trouble."

"This will I do gladly, lord," said he. So he pledged him his faith thereof. "And now, lord, come with me," said he, "to my court yonder, to recover from thy weariness and fatigue." "That will I not, by Heaven," said he. Then Gwiffert Petit beheld Enid where she stood, and it grieved him to see one of her noble mien appear so deeply afflicted. And he said to Geraint: "My lord, thou doest wrong not to take repose, and refresh thyself awhile; for, if thou meetest with any difficulty in thy present condition, it will not be easy for thee to surmount it." But Geraint would do no other than proceed on his journey, and he mounted his horse in pain, and all covered with blood. And the maiden went on first, and they proceeded toward the wood which they saw before them. And the heat of the sun was very great, and through the blood and sweat, Geraint's armor cleaved to his flesh; and when they came into the wood, he stood under a tree to avoid the sun's heat; and his wounds pained him more than they had done at the time when he received them. And the maiden stood under another tree. And lo! they heard the

sound of horns, and a tumultuous noise, and the occasion of it was that Arthur and his company had come down to the wood. And while Geraint was considering which way he should go to avoid them, behold, he was espied by a foot-page, who was an attendant on the steward of the household, and he went to the steward, and told him what kind of a man he had seen in the wood. Then the steward caused his horse to be saddled, and he took his lance and his shield, and went to the place where Geraint was. "Ah, knight!" said he, "what dost thou here?" "I am standing under a shady tree, to avoid the heat and the rays of the sun." "Wherefore is thy journey, and who art thou?" "I seek adventures, and go where I list." "Indeed," said Kai, "then come with me to see Arthur, who is here hard by." "That will I not, by Heaven," said Geraint. "Thou must needs come," said Kai. Then Geraint knew who he was, but Kai did not know Geraint. And Kai attacked Geraint as best he could. And Geraint became wroth, and he struck him with the shaft of his lance, so that he rolled headlong to the ground. But chastisement worse than this would he not inflict on him.

Scared and wildly Kai rose, and he mounted his horse and went back to his lodging. And thence he proceeded to Gwalchmai's tent. "Oh, sir," said he to Gwalchmai, "I was told by one of the attendants that he saw in the wood above a wounded knight, having on battered armor, and if thou dost right thou wilt go and see if this be true." "I care not if I do so," said Gwalchmai. "Take, then, thy horse, and some of thy armor," said Kai, "for I hear that he is not over courteous to those who approach him." So Gwalchmai took his spear and his shield, and mounted his horse, and came to the spot where Geraint was. "Sir knight," said he, "wherefore is thy journey?" "I journey for my own pleasure, and to seek the adventures of the world." "Wilt thou tell me who thou art, or wilt thou come and visit Arthur, who is near at hand?" "I will make no alliance with thee, nor will I go and visit Arthur," said he. And he knew that it was Gwalchmai, but Gwalchmai knew him not. "I purpose not to leave thee," said Gwalchmai, "till I know who thou art." And he charged him with his lance, and struck him on his shield, so that the shaft was shivered into splinters, and their horses were front to front. Then Gwalchmai gazed fixedly upon him, and he knew him. "Ah, Geraint," said he, "is it thou that art here?" "I am not Geraint," said

he. "Geraint thou art, by Heaven," he replied, "and a wretched and insane expedition is this." Then he looked around and beheld Enid, and he welcomed her gladly. "Geraint," said Gwalchmai, "come thou and see Arthur, he is thy lord and thy cousin." "I will not," said he, "for I am not in a fit state to go and see any one." Thereupon, behold, one of the pages came after Gwalchmai, to speak to him. So he sent him to apprise Arthur that Geraint was there wounded, and that he would not go to visit him; and that it was pitiable to see the plight that he was in. And this he did without Geraint's knowledge, inasmuch as he spoke in a whisper to the page. "Entreat Arthur," said he, "to have his tent brought near to the road, for he will not meet him willingly, and it is not easy to compel him in the mood he was in." So the page came to Arthur and told him this. And he caused his tent to be removed unto the side of the road. And the maiden rejoiced in her heart. And Gwalchmai led Geraint onward along the road till they came to the place where Arthur was encamped, and the pages were pitching his tent by the roadside. "Lord," said Geraint, "all hail unto thee." "Heaven prosper thee, and who art thou?" said Arthur. "It is Geraint," said Gwalchmai, "and of his own free will would he not come to meet thee." "Verily," said Arthur, "he is bereft of his reason." Then came Enid and saluted Arthur. "Heaven protect thee," said he. And thereupon he caused one of the pages to take her from her horse. "Alas! Enid," said Arthur, "what expedition is this?" "I know not, lord," said she, "save that it behooves me to journey by the same road that he journeys." "My lord," said Geraint, "with thy permission we will depart." "Whither wilt thou go?" said Arthur. "Thou canst not proceed now, unless it be unto thy death." "He will not suffer himself to be invited by me," said Gwalchmai. "But by me he will," said Arthur; "and, moreover, he does not go from here until he is healed." "I had rather, lord," said Geraint, "that thou wouldest let me go forth." "That will I not, I declare to Heaven," said he. Then he caused a maiden to be sent for to conduct Enid to the tent where Gwenhwyvar's chamber was. And Gwenhwyvar and all her women were joyful at her coming, and they took off her riding-dress, and placed other garments upon her. Arthur also called Kadyrieith, and ordered him to pitch a tent for Geraint, and the physicians and he enjoined him to provide him with abundance of all that might

be requisite for him. And Kadyrieith did as he had commanded him. And Morgan Tud and his disciples were brought to Geraint. And Arthur and his hosts remained there nearly a month, whilst Geraint was being healed. And when he was fully recovered, Geraint came to Arthur and asked his permission to depart. "I know not if thou art quite well." "In truth I am, lord," said Geraint. "I shall not believe thee concerning that, but the physicians that were with thee." So Arthur caused the physicians to be summoned to him, and asked them if it were true. "It is true, lord," said Morgan Tud. So the next day Arthur permitted him to go forth, and he pursued his journey. And on the same day Arthur removed thence. And Geraint desired Enid to go on and to keep before him, as she had formerly done. And she went forward along the highroad. And as they journeyed thus, they heard an exceeding loud wailing near to them. "Stay thou here," said he, "and I will go and see what is the cause of this wailing." "I will," said she. Then he went forward unto an open glade that was near the road. And in the glade he saw two horses, one having a man's saddle and the other a woman's saddle upon it. And, behold, there was a knight lying dead in his armor, and a young damsel in a riding-dress standing over him lamenting. "Ah! lady," said Geraint, "what hath befallen thee?" "Behold," she answered, "I journeyed here with my beloved husband, when, lo! three giants came upon us, and without any cause in the world they slew him." "Which way went they hence?" said Geraint. "Yonder by the highroad," she replied. So he returned to Enid. "Go," said he, "to the lady that is below yonder, and await me there till I come." She was sad when he ordered her to do thus, but nevertheless she went to the damsel, whom it was ruth to hear, and she felt certain that Geraint would never return. Meanwhile, Geraint followed the giants, and overtook them. And each of them was greater in stature than three other men, and a huge club was on the shoulder of each. Then he rushed upon one of them, and thrust his lance through his body. And having drawn it forth again, he pierced another of them through likewise. But the third turned upon him, and struck him with his club, so that he split his shield, and crushed his shoulder, and opened his wounds anew, and all his blood began to flow from him. But Geraint drew his sword, and attacked the giant, and gave him a blow on the crown of his head so severe and fierce

and violent that his head and his neck were split down to his shoulders, and he fell dead. So Geraint left him thus, and returned to Enid. And when he saw her, he fell down lifeless from his horse. Piercing and loud and thrilling was the cry that Enid uttered. And she came and stood over him where he had fallen. And at the sound of her cries came the Earl of Limours and the host that journey with him, whom her lamentations brought out of their road. And the earl said to Enid, "Alas, lady, what hath befallen thee?" "Ah! good sir," said she, "the only man I have loved, or ever shall love, is slain." Then he said to the other, "And what is the cause of thy grief?" "They have slain my beloved husband also," said she. "And who was it that slew them?" "Some giants," she answered, "slew my best beloved, and the other knight went in pursuit of them, and came back in the state thou seest, his blood flowing excessively; but it appears to me that he did not leave the giants without killing some of them, if not all." The earl caused the knight that was dead to be buried, but he thought that there still remained some life in Geraint; and to see if he yet would live, he had him carried with him in the hollow of his shield and upon a bier. And the two damsels went to the court, and when they arrived there, Geraint was placed upon a litter-couch in front of the table that was in the hall. Then they all took off their traveling gear, and the earl besought Enid to do the same, and to clothe herself in other garments. "I will not, by Heaven," said she. "Ah! lady," said he, "be not so sorrowful for this matter." "It were hard to persuade me to be otherwise," said she. "I will act toward thee in such wise that thou needest not be sorrowful, whether yonder knight live or die. Behold, a good earldom, together with myself, will I bestow on thee; be, therefore, happy and joyful." "I declare to Heaven," said she, "that henceforth I shall never be joyful while I live." "Come, then," said he, "and eat." "No, by Heaven, I will not," she answered. "But, by Heaven, thou shalt," said he. So he took her with him to the table against her will, and many times desired her to eat. "I call Heaven to witness," said she, "that I will not eat until the man that is upon yonder bier shall eat likewise." "Thou canst not fulfill that," said the earl, "yonder man is dead already." "I will prove that I can," said she. Then he offered her a goblet of liquor. "Drink this goblet," he said, "and it will cause thee to change thy mind." "Evil betide me," she answered, "if I

drink ought until he drink also." "Truly," said the earl, "it is of no more avail for me to be gentle with thee than ungentle." And he gave her a box in the ear. Thereupon she raised a loud and piercing shriek, and her lamentations were much greater than they had been before, for she considered in her mind that had Geraint been alive he durst not have struck her thus. But, behold, at the sound of her cry Geraint revived from his swoon, and he sat up on the bier, and finding his sword in the hollow of his shield, he rushed to the place where the earl was, and struck him a fiercely wounding, severely venomous, and sternly smiting blow upon the crown of his head, so that he clove him in twain, until his sword was stayed by the table. Then all left the board and fled away. And this was not so much through fear of the living as through the dread they felt at seeing the dead man rise up to slay them. And Geraint looked upon Enid, and he was grieved for two causes; one was, to see that Enid had lost her color and her wonted aspect, and the other, to know that she was in the right. "Lady," said he, "knowest thou where our horses are?" "I know, lord, where thy horse is," she replied, "but I know not where is the other. Thy horse is in the house yonder." So he went to the house, and brought forth his horse and mounted him, and took up Enid from the ground and placed her upon the horse with him. And he rode forward. And their road lay between two hedges. And the night was gaining on the day. And, lo! they saw behind them the shafts of spears betwixt them and the sky, and they heard the trampling of horses and the noise of a host approaching. "I hear something following us," said he, "and I will put thee on the other side of the hedge." And thus he did. And thereupon, behold, a knight pricked toward him, and couched his lance. When Enid saw this, she cried out, saying, "Oh! chieftain, whoever thou art, what renown wilt thou gain by slaying a dead man?" "Oh! Heaven," said he, "is it Geraint?" "Yes, in truth," said she. "And who art thou?" "I am the Little King," he answered, "coming to thy assistance, for I heard thou wast in trouble. And if thou hadst followed my advice, none of these hardships would have befallen thee." "Nothing can happen," said Geraint, "without the will of Heaven, though much good results from counsel." "Yes," said the Little King, "and I know good counsel for thee now. Come with me to the court of a son-in-law of my sister, which is near here, and thou shalt have the best medical assistance in

the kingdom." "I will do so gladly," said Geraint. And Enid was placed upon the horse of one of the Little King's squires, and they went forward to the baron's palace. And they were received there with gladness, and they met with hospitality and attention. And the next morning they went to seek physicians; and it was not long before they came, and they attended Geraint until he was perfectly well. And while Geraint was under medical care, the Little King caused his armor to be repaired until it was as good as it had ever been. And they remained there a fortnight and a month.

Then the Little King said to Geraint, "Now will we go toward my own court, to take rest, and amuse ourselves." "Not so," said Geraint, "we will first journey for one day more, and return again." "With all my heart," said the Little King, "do thou go then." And early in the day they set forth. And more gladly and more joyfully did Enid journey with them that day than she had ever done. And they came to the main road. And when they reached a place where the road divided in two, they beheld a man on foot coming toward them along one of these roads, and Gwiffert asked the man whence he came. "I come," said he, "from an errand in the country." "Tell me," said Geraint, "which is the best for me to follow of these two roads?" "That is the best for thee to follow," answered he, "for if thou goest by this one, thou wilt never return. Below us," said he, "there is a hedge of mist, and within it are enchanted games, and no one who has gone there has ever returned. And the court of the Earl Owain is there, and he permits no one to go to lodge in the town except he will go to his court." "I declare to Heaven," said Geraint, "that we will take the lower road." And they went along it until they came to the town. And they took the fairest and pleasantest place in the town for their lodging. And while they were thus, behold, a young man came to them, and greeted them. "Heaven be propitious to thee," said they. "Good sirs," said he, "what preparations are you making here?" "We are taking up our lodging," said they, "to pass the night." "It is not the custom with him who owns the town," he answered, "to permit any of gentle birth, unless they come to stay in his court, to abide here; therefore, come you to the court." "We will come, gladly," said Geraint. And they went with the page, and they were joyfully received. And the earl came to the hall to meet them, and he commanded the tables to be laid. And they

washed and sat down. And this is the order in which they sat, Geraint on one side of the earl, and Enid on the other side, and next to Enid the Little King, and then the countess next to Geraint; and all after that as became their rank. Then Geraint recollected the games, and thought that he should not go to them; and on that account he did not eat.

Then the earl looked upon Geraint, and considered, and he bethought him that his not eating was because of the games, and it grieved him that he had ever established those games, were it only on account of losing such a youth as Geraint. And if Geraint had asked him to abolish the games, he would gladly have done so. Then the earl said to Geraint: "What thought occupies thy mind, that thou dost not eat? If thou hesitatest about going to the games, thou shalt not go, and no other of thy rank shall ever go either." "Heaven reward thee," said Geraint, "but I wish nothing better than to go to the games, and to be shown the way thither." "If that is what thou dost prefer, thou shalt obtain it willingly." "I do prefer it, indeed," said he. Then they ate, and they were amply served, and they had a variety of gifts and abundance of liquor. And when they had finished eating, they arose. And Geraint called for his horse and his armor, and he accoutered both himself and his horse. And all the hosts went forth until they came to the side of the hedge, and the hedge was so lofty that it reached as high as they could see in the air, and upon every stake in the hedge, except two, there was the head of a man, and the number of stakes throughout the hedge was very great. Then said the Little King, "May no one go in with the chieftain?" "No one may," said Earl Owain. "Which way can I enter?" inquired Geraint. "I know not," said Owain, "but enter by the way that thou wilt and that seemeth easiest to thee."

Then fearlessly and unhesitatingly Geraint dashed forward into the mist. And on leaving the mist, he came to a large orchard, and in the orchard he saw an open space, wherein was a tent of red satin, and the door of the tent was open, and an apple tree stood in front of the door of the tent, and on a branch of the apple tree hung a huge hunting-horn. Then he dismounted, and went into the tent, and there was no one in the tent save one maiden sitting in a golden chair, and another chair was opposite to her, empty. And Geraint went to the empty chair and sat down therein. "Ah! chieftain," said the maiden, "I would not counsel thee to sit in that chair."

"Wherefore?" said Geraint. "The man to whom that chair belongs has never suffered another to sit in it." "I care not," said Geraint, "though it displease him that I sit in the chair." And thereupon they heard a mighty tumult around the tent; and Geraint looked to see what was the cause of the tumult. And he beheld without a knight mounted upon a war-horse, proudly snorting, high-mettled, and large of bone, and a robe of honor in two parts was upon him and upon his horse, and beneath it was plenty of armor. "Tell me, chieftain," said he to Geraint, "who it was that bade thee sit there?" "Myself," answered he. "It was wrong of thee to do me this shame and disgrace. Arise, and do me satisfaction for thine insolence." Then Geraint arose, and they encountered immediately, and they broke a set of lances; and a second set; and a third; and they gave each other fierce and frequent strokes, and at last Geraint became enraged, and he urged on his horse and rushed upon him, and gave him a thrust on the center of his shield so that it was split, and so that the head of his lance went through his armor, and his girths were broken, and he himself was borne headlong to the ground the length of Geraint's lance and arm, over his horse's crupper. "Oh, my lord!" said he, "thy mercy, and thou shalt have what thou wilt." "I only desire," said Geraint, "that this game shall no longer exist here, nor the hedge of mist, nor magic, nor enchantment." "Thou shalt have this gladly, lord," he replied. "Cause, then, the mist to disappear from this place," said Geraint. "Sound yonder horn," said he, "and when thou soundest it the mist will vanish; but it will not go hence unless the horn be blown by the knight by whom I am vanquished." And sad and sorrowful was Enid where she remained, through anxiety concerning Geraint. Then Geraint went and sounded the horn. And at the first blast he gave, the mist vanished. And all the hosts came together, and they all became reconciled to each other. And the earl invited Geraint and the Little King to stay with him that night. And the next morning they separated. And Geraint went toward his own dominions; and thenceforth he reigned prosperously, and his warlike fame and splendor lasted with renown and honor both to him and to Enid from that time forward.

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

[JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, English diplomat, poet, and humorist, was born in London, 1769, and educated at Cambridge; died January 7, 1846. He filled important positions in public life at home and abroad, till 1809, when he retired in offense at the unjust blame for his conduct as minister to Spain. He was one of the collaborators in the famous *Anti-Jacobin*, a Tory periodical, with Canning, Ellis, and others. His best works are the unmatched translations from Aristophanes (see Vols. 3 and 4 of this work) and the unfinished poem from which the following extract is made.]

CANTO I.

THE Great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the Vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe —
The din of manful oaths and female squalling:

The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victualers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting maids, and waiting women.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation,
Of minstrels, menials, and courtesans, and boors
(Although appropriate to their meaner station),
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honor, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette forever on the watch:

Their manners were refined and perfect — saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad and square and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies looked of an heroic race:
At first a general likeness struck your eye, —
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woolen.

In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever-welcome guest;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print, —
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appeared
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and reared
To rustic labors or to loose amours;
He moved amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;

And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charmed the wintry day;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely seemed a voucher for the truth)
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives.

Song, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill and stratagems of wars;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt.

From realm to realm he ran — and never stayed;
Kingdoms and crowns he won — and gave away;
It seemed as if his labors were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray:

No conquests nor acquirements had he made;
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
When overmatched, entangled, and outnumbered.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
For sieges, and constructions for defense,
Inventions some of them that have survived,
Others were deemed too cumbrous and immense:
Minstrels he loved and cherished while he lived,
And patronized them both with praise and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word —
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, "As brave as his own sword;"
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never failed to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension:

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer:

Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand —
But his success in war was strangely various;
In executing schemes that others planned,
He seemed a very Cæsar or a Marius:
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious;
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realized them better far than he did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It seemed an emanation from his mind;
The coarsest natures that approached him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point of honor like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succor where the battle reeled:
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

Canto II.

Before the Feast was ended, a Report
Filled every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort —
An unknown Fort — for Government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

A waiting damsel, crooked and misshaped,
Herself the witness of a woful scene,

From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen;
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
"Excuse us, madam, — we've no time to waste ——"
And at the palace gate you saw him sallying,
With other knights equipped and armed in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor misshapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
And wandered up and down till break of day,
When they discovered, by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
They found unleavened fragments, scorched and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses;
He felt the embers, but the heat was out:
He stood contemplating the roasted horses,
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces: —
"The Giants must be somewhere here about!"
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows;

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest:
Their usual habitation must be near —
They feed at sunset and retire to rest —
A moment's search will set the matter clear."
The fact turned out precisely as he guessed;
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

He found a Valley, closed on every side,
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;

Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient Fortress undescried:
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man:

So Horace said — and so the Giants found,
Expelled by fresh invaders in succession;
But they maintained tenaciously the ground
Of ancient, indefeasible possession,
And robbed and ransacked all the country round;
And ventured on this horrible transgression,
Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,
As lords and lawful owners of the soil.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level Valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very River vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground;
That Vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
That with its strange construction seemed to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when—
Hewn inward in the huge suspended Rock,
The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men:
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base!

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased:
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village
Within the lonely Valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a Reign:

A Rock was in the center, like a Cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,

Where they beheld a Pile of massy stone,
  Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of Giant hands alone,
  With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

But on the other side a River went,
  And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent;
  Time and the wearing stream had worked its fall:
The modern Giants had repaired the Rent,
  But, poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patched it up, contriving as they could
With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain,—
  A true-bred Giant never trusts a Knight;
He sent a Herald, who returned again
  All torn to rags and perishing with fright;
A Trumpeter was sent, but he was slain,—
  To Trumpeters they bear a mortal spite:
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The Castle and the Fortress were assailed.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
  They shoveled down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
  Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder;
  Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

A Council then was called, and all agreed
  To call in succor from the Country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
  Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede:
  It seems his Falcon was not to be found;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

At Gawain's summons all the Country came;
  At Gawain's summons all the people aided;

They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
They dug, they delved, intrenched, and palisaded,
Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

Sir Tristram found his Falcon, bruised and lame,
After a tedious search, as he averred,
And was returning back the way he came
When in the neighboring thicket something stirred,
And flashed across the path, as bright as flame;
Sir Tristram followed it, and found a Bird
Much like a Pheasant, only crimson-red,
With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

Sir Tristram's mind — invention — powers of thought,
Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
Devising ways and means to have it caught
Alive — entire — to see it safely caged:
The Giants and their siege he set at naught
Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
He gained his object after three days wandering,
And three nights watching, meditating, pondering.

And to the Camp in triumph he returned:
He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
And praise and magnify the prize he earned.
Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
But here his heart with indignation burned: —
"Good Cousin, yonder stands an Eagle's nest!
A Prize for Fowlers such as you and me." —
Sir Tristram answered mildly, "We shall see."

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forbore, it was that in reality
His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shocked his worthy friend's formality —
He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
He walks apart with him — and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces —

Approving everything that had been done:
"It serves to put the Giants off their guard —

Less hazard and less danger will be run —
I doubt not we shall find them unprepared —
The Castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spared;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell)
That his whole system was entirely wrong;
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

"Indeed!" Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know —
For aught that we can tell — this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
And we may starve and perish here outright.
'Tis better risking a decided blow —
I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
Inundated the vales and depths below,
When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
Ascending through the vapors dim and hoar,
A secret track, which he descried before.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
To walk across the playground or the yard
Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reached the spot, was your reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Tristram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

They climbed an hour or more with hand and knee
(The distance of a fathom or a rood

Was farther than the keenest eye could see);
  At last the very ground on which they stood,
The broken turf, and many a battered tree —
  The crushed and shattered shrubs and underwood —
Apprised them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelmed the time before.

Sir Tristram saw the people in a fluster;
  He took them to a sheltered hollow place:
They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
  And Tristram, with an unembarrassed face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muster —
  To take a muster, and to state the case:
"It was," he said, "an unexpected error,
Enough to strike inferior minds with terror;

"But since they were assembled and collected"
  (All were assembled except nine or ten),
He thought that their design might be effected;
  All things were easy to determined men.
If they would take the track which he directed,
  "And try their old adventure once again,"
He slapped his breast, and swore within an hour
That they should have the Castle in their power.

This mountain was like others I have seen;
  There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
  From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between —
  A Copperplate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore with permission,
I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

Thither Sir Tristram with his comrades went;
  For now the misty cloud was cleared away,
And they must risk the perilous ascent,
  Right in the Giants' front, in open day:
They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
  Before the battery should begin to play.
Their manner of ascending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge;

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
  Always afraid to lose your hold halfway;

And as they clambered each successive tier
Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
It was not altogether without fear —
Just fear enough to make brave people gay:
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
"They wound with toilsome march their long array."

The more alert and active upward sprung,
And let down ropes to drag their comrades after;
Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
Stripped off and twisted with such mirth and laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung:
Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to pass a raging wintry flood,
Such was the situation where they stood:

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
Of the last rock, and threatened and defied —
"Down with the mangy dwarfs there! Dash them down!
Down with the dirty pismires!" Thus they cried.
Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
In their own Giant jargon thus replied: —
"Mullinger! Cacamole! and Mangonell!
You cursed cannibals — I know you well —

"I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
And your left-handed squinting brother's too —
By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most
I'll give the crows a meal of him and you —
The wolves shall have you, either raw or roast —
I'll make an end of all your cursed crew."
These words he partly said, and partly sang,
As usual with the Giants in their slang.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow;
The Giants ran away — they knew not why;

Sir Tristram gained the point — he knew not how;
He could account for it no more than I.
Such strange effects we witness often now;
Such strange experiments true Britons try
In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell —
It looks, I think, like an instinctive Law
By which superior natures daunt and quell
Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philosophers can tell —
Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
I can't explain it — but the fact is so,
A fact which every midshipman must know.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
To show Sir Gawain that the coast was clear:
They heard his Camp reëcho with a shout —
"In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here."
But still Sir Tristram was perplext with doubt —
The crisis of the Ladies' fate drew near —
He dreaded what those poor defenseless creatures
Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half dismantled all the new-built Wall.
They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Tristram formed a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

"My Lads," he cried, "an effort must be made
To keep those Monsters half an hour in play,
While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
Or else the Ladies will be made away.
By mounting close within the palisade,
You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway —
Their Clubs and Maces: recollect my words,
And use your daggers rather than your swords."

That service was most gallantly performed:
The Giants still endeavored to repel

And drive them from the breech that they had stormed:
The foremost of the Crew was Mangonell.
At sight of him Sir Tristram's spirit warmed;
With aim unerring Tristram's falchion fell,
Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus disabled that stupendous Chuckle.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade;
Sir Tristram swerved aside, and reaching round,
Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade:
His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragged him forth, and tost him in the Ditch.

Sir Tristram, in the warfare that he waged,
Strove to attract the Giants' whole attention:
To keep it undivided and engaged,
He racked his fiery brain and his invention;
And taunted and reviled, and stormed and raged,
In terms far worse and more than I can mention.
In the mean while, in a more sober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

But first I must commemorate in rhyme
Sir Tristram's dextrous swordsmanship and might;
This incident appears to me sublime:
He struck a Giant's head off in the fight:
The head fell down of course, but for some time
The stupid, headless trunk remained upright;
For more than twenty seconds there it stood,
But ultimately fell from loss of blood.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band;
He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

Facing your Entrance, just three yards behind,
There was a Mass of Stone of moderate height,

It stood before you like a screen or blind:
And there — on either hand to left and right —
Were sloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
On which two massy Stones were placed upright,
Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

"Cousin, those Dogs have some device or gin! —
I'll run the gantlet — and I'll stand a knock ——"
He dashed into the Gate through thick and thin —
He hewed away the bands which held the block —
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
And closed the entrance with a thundering shock
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the Classics in their seas).

This was Sir Tristram (as you may suppose):
He found some Giants wounded, others dead —
He shortly equalizes these with those;
But one poor Devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose;
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague fever.

The Ladies? — They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered
Only two fat Duenuas were devoured.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the Fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the Wall
(Meaning to leap into the outer Court);
But when he came, he saved himself the fall:
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
The Giants were demolished one and all:
He pulled them up the Wall — they climb and enter —
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

The only real sufferer in the fight
Was a poor neighboring Squire of little fame,

That came and joined the party overnight;
He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
Which he received in tumbling from a height:
The Knights from Court had never heard his name,
Nor recollected seeing him before—
Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

Thus Tristram, without loss of life or limb,
Conquered the Giants' Castle in a day;
But whether it were accident or whim
That kept him in the Woods so long away,
In any other mortal except him
I should not feel a doubt of what to say;
But he was wholly guided by his humor,
Indifferent to report and public rumor.

It was besides imagined and suspected
That he had missed his course by deep design,
To take the track which Gawain had neglected—
I speak of others' notions, not of mine:
I question even if he recollected—
He might have felt a moment's wish to shine:
I only know that he made nothing of it,
Either for reputation or for profit.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
Proceeded instantaneously to Court,
To thank their Majesties for their protection.
Sir Gawain followed with a grand escort,
And was received with favor and affection.
Sir Tristram remained loitering in the Fort;
He thought the building and the scenery striking,
And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

THE GILLA DACKER.

(From "Old Celtic Romances," by P. W. Joyce.)

ONE day in the beginning of summer, Finn, the son of Cumal, the son of Trenmore O'Baskin, feasted the chief people of Erin at Allen of the broad hill-slopes. And when the feast was over the Fena reminded him that it was time to begin the chase through the plains and the glens and the wildernesses of Erin.

Now it chanced at one time during the chase, while they were hunting over the plain of Cliach, that Finn went to rest on the hill of Collkilla, which is now called Knockainy; and he had his hunting-tents pitched on a level spot near the summit. Some of his chief heroes tarried with him; namely, his son Oisin; the valiant Oscar, the son of Oisin; Gaul Mac Morna of the Mighty Deeds; Finn's shieldbearer, Skeabrac; Kylta Mac Rowan; Dermat O'Dyna of the Bright Face; Ligan Lumina the Swift-footed; Conan Mail of the Foul Tongue; and Finn Ban Mac Bresal.

When the King and his companions had taken their places on the hill the Fena unleashed their gracefully shaped, sweet-voiced hounds through the woods and sloping glens. And it was sweet music to Finn's ear, the cry of the long-snouted dogs as they routed the deer from their covers and the badgers from their dens; the pleasant, emulating shouts of the youths; the whistling and signaling of the huntsmen; and the encouraging cheers of the mighty heroes as they spread themselves through the glens and woods and over the broad green plain of Cliach. Then did Finn ask who of all his companions would go to the highest point of the hill directly over them, to keep watch and ward, and to report how the chase went on. For he said the Dedannans were ever on the watch to work the Fena mischief by their Druidical spells, and more so during the chase than at other times.

Finn Ban Mac Bresal stood forward and offered to go; and, grasping his broad spears, he went to the top and sat viewing the plain to the four points of the sky. And the King and his companions brought forth the chessboard and chessmen, and sat them down to a game. Finn Ban Mac Bresal had been watching only a little time when he saw on the plain to the

east a Fomor of vast size coming toward the hill, leading a horse. As he came nearer, Finn Ban observed that he was the ugliest looking giant his eyes ever lighted on. He had a large, thick body, bloated and swollen out to a great size; clumsy, crooked legs; and broad, flat feet, turned inwards. His hands and arms and shoulders were bony and thick and very strong looking; his neck was long and thin; and whiles his head was poked forward, his face was turned up, as he stared straight at Finn Mac Bresal. He had thick lips, and long, crooked teeth; and his face was covered all over with bushy hair.

He was fully armed; but all his weapons were rusty and soiled and slovenly looking. A broad shield of a dirty, sooty color, rough and battered, hung over his back; he had a long, heavy, straight sword at his left hip, and he held in his left hand two thick-handled, broad-headed spears, old and rusty, and seeming as if they had not been handled for years. In his right hand he held an iron club, which he dragged after him with its end on the ground, and, as it trailed along, it tore up a track as deep as the furrow a farmer plows with a team of oxen. The horse he led was even larger in proportion than the giant himself, and quite as ugly. His great carcass was covered all over with tangled, scraggy hair, of a sooty black; you could count his ribs and all the points of his big bones through his hide; his legs were crooked and knotty; his neck was twisted; and as for his jaws, they were so long and heavy that they made his head look twice too large for his body.

The giant held him by a thick halter, and seemed to be dragging him forward by main force, the animal was so lazy and so hard to move. Every now and then, when the beast tried to stand still, the giant would give him a blow on the ribs with his big iron club, which sounded as loud as the thundering of a great billow against the rough-headed rocks of the coast. When he gave him a pull forward by the halter, the wonder was that he did not drag the animal's head away from his body; and, on the other hand, the horse often gave the halter such a tremendous tug backward that it was equally wonderful how the arm of the giant was not torn away from his shoulder.

Now it was not an easy matter to frighten Finn Ban Mac Bresal; but when he saw the giant and his horse coming straight towards him in that wise, he was seized with such fear and horror that he sprang from his seat, and snatching up his arms, he ran down the hill-slope with his utmost speed towards

the king and his companions, whom he found sitting round the chessboard, deep in their game. They started up when they saw Finn Ban looking so scared; and, turning their eyes towards where he pointed, they saw the big man and his horse coming up the hill. They stood gazing at him in silent wonder, waiting till he should arrive; but although he was no great way off when they first caught sight of him, it was a long time before he reached the spot where they stood, so slow was the movement of himself and his horse.

When at last he had come up, he bowed his head, and bended his knee, and saluted the king with great respect. Finn addressed him, and after having given him leave to speak, he asked who he was and what was his name; from which of the three chief divisions of the world he had come, and whether he belonged to one of the noble or ignoble races; also, what was his profession or craft, and why he had no servant to attend to his horse — if, indeed, such an ugly old specter of an animal could be called a horse at all.

The big man made answer and said: "King of the Fena, I will answer everything you ask me, as far as lies in my power. Whether I come of a noble or of an ignoble race, that, indeed, I cannot tell, for I know not who my father and mother were. As to where I came from, I am a Fomor of Lochlann in the north; but I have no particular dwelling-place, for I am continually traveling about from one country to another, serving the great lords and nobles of the world, and receiving wages for my service.

"In the course of my wanderings I have often heard of you, O king, and of your greatness and splendor and royal beauty; and I have come now to visit you, and to ask you to take me into your service for one year; and at the end of that time I shall fix my own wages, according to my custom.

"You ask me also why I have no servant for this great horse of mine. The reason of that is this: at every meal I eat, my master must give me as much food and drink as would be enough for a hundred men; and whosoever the lord or chief may be that takes me into his service, it is quite enough for him to have to provide for me, without having also to feed my servant.

"Moreover, I am so very heavy and lazy that I should never be able to keep up with a company on march if I had to walk; and this is my reason for keeping a horse at all.

"My name is the Gilla Dacker, and it is not without good reason that I am so called. For there never was a lazier, a worse servant than I am, or one that grumbles more at doing a day's work for his master. And I am the hardest person in the whole world to deal with; for, no matter how fond or noble I may think my master, or how kindly he may treat me, it is hard words and foul reproaches I am likely to give him for thanks in the end.

"This, O Finn, is the account I have to give of myself, and these are my answers to your questions."

"Well," answered Finn, "according to your own account, you are not a very pleasant fellow to have anything to do with; and of a truth there is not much to praise in your appearance. But things may not be so bad as you say, and, anyhow, as I have never yet refused any man service and wages, I will not refuse you."

Whereupon, Finn and the Gilla Dacker made covenants, and the Gilla Dacker was taken into service for a year.

Then the big man turned to Conan Mail, and asked him whether the foot-service or the horse-service had the better pay among the Fena; and Conan answered that the horsemen had twice as much pay as the footmen.

"If that be so," replied the Gilla Dacker, "I will join the horse-service, as I have a fine steed of my own; and indeed, if I had known this before, I would certainly have come hither on horseback, instead of walking.

"And now, as to this same horse of mine, I find I must attend to him myself, as I see no one here worthy of putting a hand near him. So I will lead him to the nearest stud, as I am wont to do, and let him graze among your horses. I value him greatly, however, and it would grieve me very much if any harm were to befall him; so," continued he, turning to the king, "I put him under your protection, O king, and under the protection of all the Fena that are here present."

At this speech the Fena all burst out laughing, to see the Gilla Dacker showing such concern for his miserable, worthless skeleton of a horse.

Howbeit, the big man, giving not the least heed to their merriment, took the halter off the horse's head, and turned him loose among the horses of the Fena.

But now, this same wretched-looking old animal, instead of beginning to graze, as every one thought he would, ran in among

the horses of the Fena, and began straightway to work all sorts of mischief. He cocked his long, hard, switchy tail straight out like a rod, and throwing up his hind legs, he kicked about on this side and on that, maiming and disabling several of the horses. Sometimes he went tearing through the thickest of the herd, butting at them with his hard, bony forehead; and he opened out his lips with a vicious grin, and tore all he could lay hold on with his sharp, crooked teeth, so that none were safe that came in his way either before or behind. And the end of it was, that not an animal of the whole herd escaped without having a leg broken, or an eye knocked out, or his ribs fractured, or his ear bitten off, or the side of his face torn open, or without being in some other way cut or maimed beyond cure.

At last he left them, and was making straight across to a small field where Conan Mail's horses were grazing by themselves, intending to play the same tricks among them. But Conan, seeing this, shouted in great alarm to the Gilla Dacker, to bring away his horse, and not let him work any more mischief; and threatening, if he did not do so at once, to go himself and knock the brains out of the vicious old brute on the spot.

But the Gilla Dacker took the matter quite cool; and he told Conan that he saw no way of preventing his horse from joining the others, except some one put the halter on him and hold him, which would, of course, he said, prevent the poor animal from grazing, and would leave him with a hungry belly at the end of the day.

He said, moreover, that as he had no horse-boy and must needs do everything for himself, he thought it quite time enough to look after his horse when he had to make ready for a journey. "But," said he to Conan, "there is the halter; and if you are in any fear for your own animals, you may go yourself and bring him away from the field."

Conan was in a mighty rage when he heard this; and as he saw the big horse just about to cross the fence, he snatched up the halter, and running forward with long strides, he threw it over the animal's head and thought to lead him back. But in a moment the horse stood stock still, and his body and legs became as stiff as if they were made of wood; and though Conan pulled and tugged with might and main, he was not able to stir him an inch from his place. He gave up pulling at last, when

he found it was no use; but he still kept on holding the halter, while the big horse never made the least stir, but stood as if he had been turned into stone; the Gilla Dacker all the time looking on quite unconcernedly, and the others laughing at Conan's perplexity. But no one offered to relieve him.

At last Fergus Finnvel, the poet, spoke to Conan, and said:

"I never would have believed, Conan Mail, that you could be brought to do horse-service for any knight or noble in the whole world; but now, indeed, I see that you have made yourself a horse-boy to an ugly foreign giant, so hateful-looking and low-born that not a man of the Fena would have anything to say to him. As you have, however, to mind this old horse in order to save your own, would it not be better for you to mount him, and revenge yourself for all the trouble he is giving you, by riding him across the country, over the hill-tops and down into the deep glens and valleys, and through stones and bogs and all sorts of rough places, till you have broken the heart in his big, ugly body?"

Conan, stung by the cutting words of the poet and by the jeers of his companions, jumped upon the horse's back, and began to beat him mightily with his heels and with his two big, heavy fists to make him go; but the horse seemed not to take the least notice and never stirred.

"I know the reason he does not go," said Fergus Finnvel. "He has been accustomed to carry a horseman far heavier than you, that is to say, the Gilla Dacker; and he will not move till he has the same weight on his back."

At this Conan Mail called out to his companions, and asked which of them would mount with him and help to avenge the damage done their horses.

"I will go," said Coil Croda the Battle Victor, son of Criffin; and up he went. But the horse never moved.

Dara Donn Mac Morna next offered to go, and mounted behind the others, and after him Angus Mac Art Mac Morna. And the end of it was that fourteen men of the Clann Baskin and Clann Morna got up along with Conan; and all began to thrash the horse together, with might and main. But they were none the better of it, for he remained standing stiff and immovable as before. They found, moreover, that their seat was not at all an easy one—the animal's back was so sharp and bony.

When the Gilla Dacker saw the Fena beating his horse at such a rate, he seemed very angry, and addressed the king in these words: —

"King of the Fena, I now see plainly that all the fine accounts I heard about you and the Fena are false, and I will not stay in your service — no, not another hour. You can see for yourself the ill usage these men are giving my horse without cause; and I leave you to judge whether any one could put up with it — any one who had the least regard for his horse. The time is, indeed, short since I entered your service, but I now think it a great deal too long; so pay me my wages and let me go my ways."

But Finn said: "I do not wish you to go; stay on until the end of your year, and then I will pay you all I promised you."

"I swear," answered the Gilla Dacker, "that if this were the very last day of my year, I would not wait till morning for my wages, after this insult. So, wages or no wages, I will now seek another master; but from this time forth, I shall know what to think of Finn Mac Cumal and his Fena!"

With that the Gilla Dacker stood up as straight as a pillar, and, turning his face toward the southwest, he walked slowly away.

When the horse saw his master leaving the hill, he stirred himself at once and walked quietly after him, bringing the fifteen men away on his back.

And when the Fena saw this, they raised a loud shout of laughter, mocking them.

The Gilla Dacker, after he had walked some little way, looked back, and, seeing that his horse was following, he stood for a moment to tuck up his skirts. Then, all at once changing his pace, he set out with long, active strides; and if you know what the speed of a swallow is, flying across a mountain side, or the dry, fairy wind of a March day sweeping over the plains, then you can understand the swiftness of the Gilla Dacker as he ran down the hillside toward the southwest.

Neither was the horse behindhand in the race; for, though he carried a heavy load, he galloped like the wind after his master, plunging and bounding forward with as much freedom as if he had nothing at all on his back.

The men now tried to throw themselves off; but this, indeed, they were not able to do, for the good reason that they

found themselves fastened firmly, hands and feet and all, to the horse's back.

And now Conan, looking round, raised his big voice and shouted to Finn and the Fena, asking them were they content to let their friends be carried off in that manner by such a horrible, foul-looking old specter of a horse.

Finn and the others, hearing this, seized their arms and started off in pursuit. Now the way the Gilla Dacker and his horse took was first through Fermorc, which is at the present day called Hy Conall Gavre; next over the wide, healthy summit of Slieve Lougher; from that to Corca Divna; and they ran along by Slieve Mish till they reached Cloghan Kincat, near the deep, green sea.

During all this time Finn and his people kept them in view, but were not able to overtake them; and Ligan Lumina, one of the swiftest of the Fena, kept ahead of the others.

The horse now passed by Cloghan Kincat without in the least abating his speed; and when he had arrived on the beach, even at the very water's edge, Ligan overtook him, and caught him by the tail with his two hands, intending to hold him till the rest of the Fena came up. He gave a mighty pull back; but the horse, not in the least checked by this, made no more ado, but plunged forward through the waves, dragging Ligan after him hanging at his tail.

And Ligan now found that he could neither help his friends nor free himself, for his two hands clung fast to the tail of the horse.

And so the great horse continued his course without stop or stay, bringing the sixteen Fena with him through the sea. Now this is how they fared in the sea, while the horse was rushing swiftly farther and farther to the west: they had always a dry, firm strand under them, for the waters retired before the horse while behind them was a wild, raging sea which followed close after, and seemed ready every moment to topple over their heads. But, though the billows were tumbling and roaring all round, neither horse nor riders were wetted by as much as a drop of brine or a dash of spray.

Now as to Finn and the others. They stood on the bank over the beach, watching the horse and men till they lost sight of them in the sea afar off; and then they sat them down, weary after their long chase, and full of sadness for the loss of their companions.

After a long silence, Finn spoke and asked the chiefs what they thought best to be done. But they replied that he was far beyond them all in knowledge and wisdom; and they told him they would follow whatsoever counsel he and Fergus Finnvel, the poet, gave them. Then Finn told Fergus to speak his mind; and Fergus said: —

"My counsel is that we go straightway to Ben Edgar, where we shall find a ship ready to sail. For our forefathers, when they wrested the land from the gifted, bright-complexioned Dedannans, bound them by covenant to maintain this ship forever, fitted with all things needful for a voyage, even to the smallest article, as one of the privileges of Ben Edgar; so that if at any time one of the noble sons of Gael Glas wished to sail to distant lands from Erin, he should have a ship lying at hand in the harbor ready to begin his voyage."

They agreed to this counsel, and turned their steps without delay northward toward Ben Edgar. They had not gone far when they met two noble-looking youths, fully armed, and wearing over their armor beautiful mantles of scarlet silk, fastened by brooches of gold. The strangers saluted the king with much respect; and the king saluted them in return. Then, having given them leave to converse, he asked them who they were, whither they had come, and who the prince or chief was that they served. And the elder answered: —

"My name is Feradach and my brother's name is Foltlebar; and we are the two sons of the king of Innia. Each of us professes an art; and it has long been a point of dispute between us, which art is the better, my brother's or mine. Hearing that there is not in the world a wiser or more far-seeing man than thou art, O king, we have come to ask thee to take us into thy service among thy household troops for a year, and at the end of that time to give judgment between us in this matter."

Finn asked them what were the two arts they professed.

"My art," answered Feradach, "is this: If at any time a company of warriors need a ship, give me only my joiner's ax and my crann-tavall, and I am able to provide a ship for them without delay. The only thing I ask them to do is this — to cover their heads close, and keep them covered, while I give the crann-tavall three blows of my ax. Then I tell them to uncover their heads; and lo, there lies the ship in harbor ready to sail!"

Then Foltlebar spoke and said: "This, O King, is the art I profess: On land I can track the wild duck over nine ridges and nine glens, and follow her without being once thrown out, till I drop upon her in her nest. And I can follow up a track on sea quite as well as on land, if I have a good ship and crew."

Finn replied: "You are the very men I want; and I now take you both into my service. At this moment I need a good ship and a skillful pilot more than any two things in the whole world. And though our own track-men, namely, the Clann Navin, are good, yet we now need some one still more skillful, to follow the Gilla Dacker through unknown seas."

Then the two brothers asked Finn what strait he was in at that moment, and why he wanted a ship and pilot so much. Whereupon Finn told them the whole story of the Gilla Dacker's doings from beginning to end. "And we are now," said he, "on our way to Ben Edgar, to seek a ship, that we may follow this giant and his horse, and rescue our companions."

Then Feradach said, "I will get you a ship — a ship that will sail as swiftly as a swallow can fly!"

And Foltlebar said, "I will guide your ship in the track of the Gilla Dacker till we lay hands on him, in whatsoever quarter of the world he may have hidden himself!"

And so they turned back to Cloghan Kincat. And when they had come to the beach, Feradach told them to cover their heads; and they did so. Then he struck three blows of his ax on the crann-tavall; after which he bade them look. And lo, they saw a ship, fully fitted out with oars and sails, and with all things needed for a long voyage, riding before in the harbor!

Then Kylta Mac Ronan went to the top of a high hill, and, turning his face inland, he uttered three mighty shouts, which were taken up by the people of the next valley, and after them by those of the next valley beyond. And so the signal spread, till a shout of alarm was heard in every plain and hillside, glen and valley, wood and wilderness, in the two provinces of Munster. And when the Fena heard these shouts, they ceased anon from their sports and pastimes; for they knew their king was in danger or strait of some kind. And they formed themselves into ranks and troops and battalions, and began their march; and it is not told how they fared till they reached Cloghan Kincat.

Finn told them the whole story of the Gilla Dacker and his horse, and how he had carried away Conan and fifteen others to

some far-off island in the western ocean. He also showed them the ship, and told them that he himself and a chosen band of the Fena were about to sail westward in quest of their friends.

And Oisin asked him how many of the chief men of the Fena he wished to take with him.

Finn replied: "I foresee that this will be a perilous quest; and I think all the chiefs here present few enough to bring with me."

"Say not so, O king," said Oisin; "too many have gone already, and some must be left behind to guard the country, and to keep order. If fifteen good men go with you, and that you find the others, the whole party will be a match for any foe you are like to meet in these western lands."

And Oscar and Gaul Mac Morna spoke in like manner.

To this Finn agreed. Then he picked out fifteen men, the bravest and best, the most dexterous at the sword, and the swiftest of foot among the Fena.

The question then arose, who should lead the Fena in the king's absence; and what they agreed on was that Oisin should remain behind and take command, as he was the eldest and bravest and wisest of the king's sons.

Of those who were chosen to go with Finn, the chief men were Dermat O'Dyna, Gaul Mac Morna, Oscar the son of Oisin, Aed Beg the son of Finn, Fergus Finnvel the poet, the three sons of Encarda, and Feradach and Foltlebar the two sons of the king of Innia.

So the king and his party took leave of Oisin and the rest. And sad indeed were they on both sides, for no one knew how far the king might have to sail among unknown seas and islands, or how long he should be away from Erin, or the spells and dangers he and his men might encounter in this pursuit.

Then they went on board and launched their ship on the cold, bright sea; and Foltlebar was their pilot and steersman. And they set their sail and plied their slender oars, and the ship moved swiftly westward till they lost sight of the shores of Erin; and they saw nothing all round them but a wide girdle of sea. After some days' sailing, a great storm came from the west, and the black waves rose up against them, so that they had much ado to keep their vessel from sinking. But through all the roaring of the tempest, through the rain and blinding spray, Foltlebar never stirred from the helm or changed his course, but still kept close on the track of the Gilla Dacker.

At length the storm abated, and the sea grew calm. And when the darkness had cleared away, they saw to the west, a little way off, a vast, rocky cliff, towering over their heads to such a height that its head seemed hidden away among the clouds. It rose up sheer from the very water, and looked at that distance as smooth as glass, so that at first sight there seemed no way to reach the top.

Foltlebar, after examining to the four points of the sky, found the track of the Gilla Dacker as far as the cliff, but no farther. And he accordingly told the heroes that he thought it was on the top of that rock the giant lived; and that anyhow, the horse must have made his way up the face of the cliff with their companions.

When the heroes heard this they were greatly cast down and puzzled what to do, for they saw no way of reaching the top of the rock, and they feared they should have to give up the quest and return without their companions. And they sat down and looked up the cliff with sorrow and vexation in their hearts.

THE DREAM OF RHONABWY.

(From the "Mabinogion," edited by Lady Charlotte Guest.)

MADAWC, the son of Maredudd, possessed Powys within its boundaries, from Porfœd to Gwauan in the uplands of Arwystli. And at that time he had a brother, Iorwerth, the son of Maredudd, in rank not equal to himself. And Iorwerth had great sorrow and heaviness because of the honor and power that his brother enjoyed, which he shared not. And he sought his fellows and his foster-brothers, and took counsel with them what he should do in this matter. And they resolved to dispatch some of their number to go and seek a maintenance for him. Then Madawc offered him to become Master of the Household and to have horses, and arms, and honor, and to fare like as himself. But Iorwerth refused this.

And Iorwerth made an inroad into England, slaying the inhabitants, and burning houses, and carrying away prisoners. And Madawc took counsel with the mén of Powys, and they

determined to place an hundred men in each of the three Commots of Powys to seek for him. And thus did they in the plains of Powys from Aber Ceirawc, and in Allictwn Ver, and in Rhyd Wilure, on the Vyrnwy, the three best Commots of Powys. So he was none the better, he nor his household, in Powys, nor in the plains thereof. And they spread these men over the plains as far as Nillystwn Trevan.

Now one of the men who was upon this quest was called Rhonabwy. And Rhonabwy and Kynwrig Vrychgoch, a man of Mawddwy, and Cadwgan Vras, a man of Moelvre in Kynlleith, came together to the house of Heilyn Goch, the son of Cadwgan, the son of Iddon. And when they came near to the house they saw an old hall, very black and having an upright gable, whence issued a great smoke; and on entering they found the floor full of puddles and mounds; and it was difficult to stand thereon, so slippery was it with the mire of cattle. And where the puddles were, a man might go up to his ankles in water and dirt. And there were boughs of holly spread over the floor, whereof the cattle had browsed the sprigs. When they came to the hall of the house, they beheld cells full of dust and very gloomy, and on one side an old hag making a fire. And whenever she felt cold, she cast a lapful of chaff upon the fire, and raised such a smoke that it was scarcely to be borne as it rose up the nostrils. And on the other side was a yellow calfskin on the floor. A main privilege was it to any one who should get upon that hide.

And when they had sat down, they asked the hag where were the people of the house. And the hag spoke not but muttered. Thereupon behold the people of the house entered; a ruddy, clownish, curly-headed man, with a burthen of fagots on his back, and a pale, slender woman, also carrying a bundle under her arm. And they barely welcomed the man, and kindled a fire with the boughs. And the woman cooked something, and gave them to eat, barley bread and cheese and milk and water.

And there arose a storm of wind and rain, so that it was hardly possible to go forth with safety. And being weary with their journey, they laid themselves down and sought to sleep. And when they looked at the couch, it seemed to be made but of a little coarse straw full of dust and vermin, with the stems of boughs sticking up therethrough, for the cattle had eaten all the straw that was placed at the head and the foot. And upon it was stretched an old russet-colored rug,

threadbare and ragged; and a coarse sheet, full of slits, was upon the rug, and an ill-stuffed pillow, and a worn-out cover upon the sheet. And after much suffering from the vermin, and from the discomfort of their couch, a heavy sleep fell on Rhonabwy's companions. But Rhonabwy, not being able to either sleep or to rest, thought he should suffer less if he went to lie on the yellow calfskin that was stretched out on the floor. And there he slept.

As soon as sleep had come upon his eyes, it seemed to him that he was journeying with his companions across the plain of Argyngroeg, and he thought that he went towards Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. As he journeyed he heard a mighty noise, the like whereof heard he never before; and looking behind him, he beheld a youth with yellow, curling hair, and with his beard newly trimmed, mounted on a chestnut horse, whereof the legs were gray from the top of the fore legs, and from the bend of the hind legs downwards. And the rider wore a coat of yellow satin sewn with green silk, and on his thigh was a gold-hilted sword with a scabbard of new leather of Cordova, belted with the skin of the deer, and clasped with gold. And over this was a scarf of yellow satin wrought with green silk, the borders whereof were likewise green. And the green of the caparison of the horse and of his rider was as green as the leaves of the fir tree, and the yellow was as yellow as the blossom of the broom. So fierce was the aspect of the knight that fear seized upon them, and they began to flee. And the knight pursued them. And when the horse breathed forth the men became distant from him, and when he drew in his breath they were drawn near to him, even to the horse's chest. And when he had overtaken them they besought his mercy. "You have it gladly," said he; "fear naught." "Ha, chieftain, since thou hast mercy upon me, tell me also who thou art," said Rhonabwy. "I will not conceal my lineage from thee. I am Iddawc the son of Mynyo; yet not by my name, but by my nickname am I best known." "And wilt thou tell us what thy nickname is?" "I will tell you; it is Iddawc Cordd Prydain." "Ha, chieftain," said Rhonabwy, "why art thou called thus?" "I will tell thee. I was one of the messengers between Arthur and Medrawd, his nephew, at the battle of Camlan; and I was then a reckless youth, and through my desire for battle I kindled strife between them, and stirred up wrath, when I was sent by Arthur, the emperor, to reason with Medrawd, and to

show him that he was his foster-father and his uncle, and to seek for peace, lest the sons of the kings of the Island of Britain and of the nobles should be slain. And whereas Arthur charged me with the fairest sayings he could think of, I uttered unto Medrawd the harshest I could devise. And therefore am I called Iddawc Cordd Prydain, for from this did the battle of Camlan ensue. And three nights before the end of the battle of Camlan I left them, and went to the Llech Las in North Britain to do penance. And there I remained doing penance seven years, and after that I gained pardon."

Then lo! they heard a mighty sound which was much louder than that which they had heard before; and when they looked round towards the sound, behold a ruddy youth, without beard or whiskers, noble of mien, and mounted on a stately courser. And from the shoulders and the front of the knees downwards the horse was bay. And upon the man was a dress of red satin wrought with yellow silk, and yellow were the borders of his scarf. And such parts of his apparel and of the trappings of his horse as were yellow, as yellow were they as the blossom of the broom, and such as were red, were as ruddy as the ruddiest blood in the world.

Then behold the horseman overtook them, and he asked of Iddawc a share of the little men that were with him. "That which is fitting for me to grant I will grant, and thou shalt be a companion to them as I have been." And the horseman went away. "Iddawc," inquired Rhonabwy, "who was that horseman?" "Rhuvawn Pebyr, the son of Prince Deorthach."

And they journeyed over the plain of Argyngroeg as far as the ford of Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. And for a mile around the ford on both sides of the road they saw tents and encampments, and there was the clamor of a mighty host. And they came to the edge of the ford, and there they beheld Arthur sitting on a flat island below the ford, having Bedwini, the bishop, on one side of him, and Gwarthegyd, the son of Kaw, on the other. And a tall, auburn-haired youth stood before him, with his sheathed sword in his hand, and clad in a coat and a cap of jet black satin. And his face was white as ivory, and his eyebrows black as jet, and such part of his wrist as could be seen between his glove and his sleeve was whiter than the lily and thicker than a warrior's ankle.

Then came Iddawc and they that were with him, and stood before Arthur and saluted him. "Heaven grant thee good,"

said Arthur. "And where, Iddawc, didst thou find these little men?" "I found them, lord, up yonder on the road." Then the emperor smiled. "Lord," said Iddawc, "wherefore dost thou laugh?" "Iddawc," replied Arther, "I laugh not; but it pitieth me that men of such stature as these should have this island in their keeping, after the men that guarded it of yore." Then said Iddawc, "Rhonabwy, dost thou see the ring with a stone set in it, that is upon the emperor's hand?" "I see it," he answered. "It is one of the properties of that stone to enable thee to remember that thou seest here to-night, and hadst thou not seen the stone, thou wouldst never have been able to remember aught thereof."

After this they saw a troop coming towards the ford. "Iddawc," inquired Rhonabwy, "to whom does yonder troop belong?" "They are the fellows of Rhuvawn Pebyr, the son of Prince Deorthach. And these men are honorably served with mead and bragget, and are freely beloved by the daughters of the kings of the Island of Britain. And this they merit, for they were ever in the front and the rear in every peril." And he saw but one hue upon the men and the horses of this troop, for they were all as red as blood. And when one of the knights rode forth from the troop, he looked like a pillar of fire glancing athwart the sky. And this troop encamped above the ford.

Then they beheld another troop coming towards the ford, and these from their horse's chests upwards were whiter than a lily, and below blacker than jet. And they saw one of these knights go before the rest, and spur his horse into the ford in such a manner that the water dashed over Arthur and the bishop and those holding counsel with them, so that they were as wet as if they had been drenched in the river. And as he turned the head of his horse, the youth who stood before Arthur struck the horse over the nostrils with his sheathed sword, so that had it been with the bare blade it would have been a marvel if the bone had not been wounded as well as the flesh. And the knight drew his sword half out of the scabbard, and asked of him: "Wherefore didst thou strike my horse? Whether was it in insult or in counsel unto me?" "Thou didst indeed lack counsel. What madness caused thee to ride so furiously as to dash the water of the ford over Arthur and the consecrated bishop and their counselors, so that they were as wet as if they had been dragged out of the river?" "As counsel then will

I take it." So he turned his horse's head round towards his army.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who was yonder knight?" "The most eloquent and the wisest youth that is in this island; Adaon, the son of Taliesin." "Who was the man that struck his horse?" "A youth of froward nature; Elphin, the son of Gwyddno."

Then spake a tall and stately man, of noble and flowing speech, saying that it was a marvel that so vast a host should be assembled in so narrow a space, and that it was a still greater marvel that those should be there at that time who had promised to be by mid-day in the battle of Badon, fighting with Osla Gyllellvawr. "Whether thou mayest choose to proceed or not, I will proceed." "Thou sayest well," said Arthur, "and we will go all together." "Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who was the man who spoke so marvelously unto Arthur erewhile?" "A man who may speak as boldly as he listeth, Caradawc Vreichvras, the son of Llyr Marini, his chief counselor and his cousin."

Then Iddawc took Rhonabwy behind him on his horse, and that mighty host moved forward, each troop in its order, towards Cevndigoll. And when they came to the middle of the ford of the Severn, Iddawc turned his horse's head, and Rhonabwy looked along the valley of the Severn. And he beheld two fair troops coming towards the ford. One troop there came of brilliant white, whereof every one of the men had a scarf of white satin with jet black borders. And the knees and the tops of the shoulders of their horses were jet black, though they were of a pure white in every other part. And their banners were pure white, with black points to them all.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who are yonder pure white troop?" "They are the men of Norway; and March, the son of Meirchion, is their prince. And he is cousin unto Arthur."

And further on he saw a troop, whereof each man wore garments of jet black, with borders of pure white to every scarf; and the tops of the shoulders and the knees of their horses were pure white. And their banners were jet black with pure white at the point of each.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who are the jet black troop yonder?" "They are the men of Denmark, and Edeyrn, the son of Nudd, is their prince."

And when they had overtaken the host, Arthur and his

army of mighty ones dismounted below Caer Badon, and he perceived that he and Iddawc journeyed the same road as Arthur. And after they had dismounted, he heard a great tumult and confusion amongst the host, and such as were then at the flanks turned to the center, and such as had been in the center moved to the flanks. And then, behold, he saw a knight coming, clad, both he and his horse, in mail, of which the rings were whiter than the whitest lily, and the rivets redder than the ruddiest blood. And he rode amongst the host.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "will yonder host flee?" "King Arthur never fled, and if this discourse of thine were heard, thou wert a lost man. But as to the knight whom thou seest yonder, it is Kai. The fairest horseman is Kai in all Arthur's court; and the men who are at the front of the army hasten to the rear to see Kai ride, and the men who are in the center flee to the side, from the shock of his horse. And this is the cause of the confusion of the host."

Thereupon they heard a call made for Kadwr, Earl of Cornwall, and behold he arose with the sword of Arthur in his hand. And the similitude of two serpents was upon the sword in gold. And when the sword was drawn from its scabbard, it seemed as if two flames of fire burst forth from the jaws of the serpents, and then so wonderful was the sword that it was hard for any one to look upon it. And the host became still, and the tumult ceased, and the earl returned to the tent.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who is the man who bore the sword of Arthur?" "Kadwr, the Earl of Cornwall, whose duty is to arm the king on the days of battle and warfare."

And they heard a call made for Eirynwych Amheibyn, Arthur's servant, a red, rough, ill-favored man, having red whiskers with bristly hairs. And behold he came upon a tall red horse with the mane parted on each side, and he brought with him a large and beautiful sumpter pack. And the huge red youth dismounted before Arthur, and he drew a golden chair out of the pack, and a carpet of diapered satin. And he spread the carpet before Arthur, and there was an apple of ruddy gold at each corner thereof, and he placed the chair upon the carpet. And so large was the chair that three armed warriors might have sat therein. Gwenn was the name of the carpet, and it was one of its properties, that whoever was upon it no one could see him, and he could see every one. And it would retain no color but its own.

And Arthur sat within the carpet, and Owain, the son of Urien, was standing before him. "Owain," said Arthur, "wilt thou play chess?" "I will, Lord," said Owain. And the red youth brought the chess for Arthur and Owain; golden pieces and a board of silver. And they began to play.

And while they were thus, and when they were best amused with their game, behold they saw a white tent with a red canopy, and the figure of a jet black serpent on the top of the tent, and red, glaring, venomous eyes in the head of the serpent, and a red, flaming tongue. And there came a young page with yellow, curling hair and blue eyes, and a newly springing beard, wearing a coat and a surcoat of yellow satin, and hose of thin, greenish-yellow cloth upon his feet, and over his hose, shoes of party-colored leather; fastened at the insteps with golden clasps. And he bore a heavy three-edged sword with a golden hilt, in a scabbard of black leather tipped with fine gold. And he came to the place where the emperor and Owain were playing at chess.

And the youth saluted Owain. And Owain marveled that the youth should salute him and should not have saluted the Emperor Arthur. And Arthur knew what was in Owain's thought. And he said to Owain: "Marvel not that the youth salutes thee now, for he saluted me erewhile; and it is unto thee that his errand is." Then said the youth unto Owain: "Lord, is it with thy leave that the young pages and attendants of the emperor harass and torment and worry thy ravens? And if it be not with thy leave, cause the emperor to forbid them." "Lord," said Owain, "thou hearest what the youth says; if it seem good to thee, forbid them from my ravens." "Play thy game," said he. Then the youth returned to the tent.

That game did they finish, and another they began, and when they were in the midst of the game, behold, a ruddy young man with auburn, curling hair and large eyes, well grown, and having his beard new shorn, came forth from a bright yellow tent, upon the summit of which was the figure of a bright red lion. And he was clad in a coat of yellow satin, falling as low as the small of his leg, and embroidered with threads of red silk. And on his feet were hose of fine white buckram, and buskins of black leather were over his hose, whereon were golden clasps. And in his hand a huge, heavy, three-edged sword, with a scabbard of red deerhide, tipped

with gold. And he came to the place where Arthur and Owain were playing at chess. And he saluted him. And Owain was troubled at his salutation, but Arthur minded it no more than before. And the youth said unto Owain: "Is it not against thy will that the attendants of the emperor harass thy ravens, killing some and worrying others? If against thy will it be, beseech him to forbid them." "Lord," said Owain, "forbid thy men, if it seem good to thee." "Play thy game," said the emperor. And the youth returned to the tent.

And that game was ended and another begun. And as they were beginning the first move of the game, they beheld at a small distance from them a tent speckled yellow, the largest ever seen, and the figure of an eagle of gold upon it, a precious stone on the eagle's head. And coming out of the tent, they saw a youth with thick, yellow hair upon his head, fair and comely, and a scarf of blue satin upon him, and a brooch of gold in the scarf upon his right shoulder as large as a warrior's middle finger. And upon his feet were hose of fine Totness, and shoes of party-colored leather, clasped with gold, and the youth was of noble bearing, fair of face, with ruddy cheeks and large hawk's eyes. In the hand of the youth was a mighty lance, speckled yellow, with a newly sharpened head; and upon the lance a banner displayed.

Fiercely angry, and with rapid pace, came the youth to the place where Arthur was playing at chess with Owain. And they perceived that he was wroth. And thereupon he saluted Owain, and told him that his ravens had been killed, the chief part of them, and that such of them as were not slain were so wounded and bruised that not one of them could raise its wings a single fathom above the earth. "Lord," said Owain, "forbid thy men." "Play," said he, "if it please thee." Then said Owain to the youth, "Go back, and wherever thou findest the strife at the thickest, there lift up the banner, and let come what pleases Heaven."

So the youth returned back to the place where the strife bore hardest upon the ravens, and he lifted up the banner; and as he did so they all rose up in the air wrathful and fierce and high of spirit, clapping their wings in the wind, and shaking off the weariness that was upon them. And recovering their energy and courage, furiously and with exultation did they, with one sweep, descend upon the heads of the men, who had erewhile caused them anger and pain and damage, and they

seized some by the heads, and others by the eyes, and some by the ears, and others by the arms, and carried them up into the air; and in the air there was a mighty tumult with the flapping of the wings of the triumphant ravens, and with their croaking; and there was another mighty tumult with the groaning of the men that were being torn and wounded, and some of whom were slain.

And Arthur and Owain marveled at the tumult as they played at chess; and, looking, they perceived a knight upon a dun-colored horse coming towards them. And marvelous was the hue of the dun horse. Bright red was his right shoulder, and from the top of his legs to the center of his hoof was bright yellow. Both the knight and his horse were fully equipped with heavy foreign armor. The clothing of the horse from the front opening upwards was of bright red sendal, and from thence opening downwards was of bright yellow sendal. A large, gold-hilted, one-edged sword had the youth upon his thigh, in a scabbard of light blue, and tipped with Spanish laton. The belt of the sword was of dark green leather with golden slides and a clasp of ivory upon it, and a buckle of jet black upon the clasp. A helmet of gold was on the head of the knight, set with precious stones of great virtue, and at the top of the helmet was the image of a flame-colored leopard with two ruby stones in its head, so that it was astounding for a warrior, however stout his heart, to look at the face of the leopard, much more at the face of the knight. He had in his hand a blue-shafted lance, but from the haft to the point it was stained crimson red, with the blood of the ravens and their plumage.

The knight came to the place where Arthur and Owain were seated at chess. And they perceived that he was harassed and vexed and weary as he came towards them. And the youth saluted Arthur, and told him that the ravens of Owain were slaying his young men and attendants. And Arthur looked at Owain and said, "Forbid thy ravens." "Lord," answered Owain, "play thy game." And they played. And the knight returned back towards the strife, and the ravens were not forbade any more than before.

And when they had played awhile, they heard a mighty tumult, and a wailing of men, and a croaking of ravens, as they carried the men in their strength into the air, and, tearing them betwixt them, let them fall piecemeal to the earth. And

during the tumult they saw a knight coming towards them, on a light gray horse, and the left foreleg of the horse was jet black to the center of his hoof. And the knight and the horse were fully accoutered with huge, heavy blue armor. And a robe of honor of yellow diapered satin was upon the knight, and the borders of the robe were blue. And the housings of the horse were jet black, with borders of bright yellow. And on the thigh of the youth was a sword, long, and three-edged, and heavy. And the scabbard was of red cut leather, and the belt of new red deerskin, having upon it many golden slides and a buckle of the bone of the sea-horse, the tongue of which was jet black. A golden helmet was upon the head of the knight, wherein were set sapphire stones of great virtue. And at the top of the helmet, was the figure of a flame-colored lion, with a fiery-red tongue, issuing above a foot from his mouth, and with venomous eyes, crimson red, in his head. And the knight came, bearing in his hand a thick ashen lance, the head whereof, which had been newly steeped in blood, was overlaid with silver.

And the youth saluted the emperor: "Lord," said he, "carest thou not for the slaying of thy pages, and thy young men, and the sons of the nobles of the Island of Britain, whereby it will be difficult to defend this island from henceforward forever?" "Owain," said Arthur, "forbid thy ravens." "Play this game, lord," said Owain.

So they finished the game and began another; and as they were finishing that game, lo, they heard a great tumult and a clamor of armed men, and a croaking of ravens, and a flapping of wings in the air, as they flung down the armor entire to the ground, and the men and the horses piecemeal. Then they saw coming a knight on a lofty-headed piebald horse. And the left shoulder of the horse was of bright red, and its right leg from the chest to the hollow of the hoof was pure white. And the knight and horse were equipped with arms of speckled yellow, variegated with Spanish laton. And there was a robe of honor upon him and upon his horse, divided in two parts, white and black, and the borders of the robe of honor were of golden purple. And above the robe he wore a sword, three-edged and bright with a golden hilt. And the belt of the sword was of yellow goldwork, having a clasp upon it of the eyelid of a black sea-horse, and a tongue of yellow gold to the clasp. Upon the head of the knight was a bright helmet of yellow laton, with sparkling stones of crystal in it, and at the

crest of the helmet was the figure of a griffin, with a stone of many virtues in its head. And he had an ashen spear in his hand, with a round shaft, colored with azure blue. And the head of the spear was newly stained with blood, and was overlaid with fine silver.

Wrathfully came the knight to the place where Arthur was, and he told him that the ravens had slain his household and the sons of the chief men of this island, and he besought him to cause Owain to forbid his ravens. And Arthur besought Owain to forbid them. Then Arthur took the golden chessmen that were upon the board, and crushed them until they became as dust. Then Owain ordered Gwres, the son of Rheged, to lower his banner. So it was lowered, and all was peace.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who was the auburn-haired man to whom they came just now?" "Rhun, the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, a man whose prerogative it is, that he may join in counsel with all." "And wherefore did they admit into counsel with men of such dignity as are yonder a stripling so young as Kadyriaith, the son of Saidi?" "Because there is not throughout Britain a man better skilled in counsel than he."

Thereupon, behold, bards came and recited verses before Arthur, and no man understood those verses, but Kadyriaith only, save that they were in Arthur's praise.

And, lo, there came four and twenty asses with their burdens of gold and of silver, and a tired, wayworn man with each of them, bringing tribute to Arthur from the Islands of Greece. Then Kadyriaith, the son of Saidi, besought that a truce might be granted to Osla Gyllellvawr for the space of a fortnight and a month, and that the asses and the burdens they carried might be given to the bards, to be to them as the reward for their stay and that their verse might be recompensed, during the time of the truce. And thus it was settled.

"Rhonabwy," said Iddawc, "would it not be wrong to forbid a youth who can give counsel so liberal as this from coming to the councils of his lord?"

Then Kai arose, and he said, "Whosoever will follow Arthur, let him be with him to-night in Cornwall, and whosoever will not, let him be opposed to Arthur even during the truce." And through the greatness of the tumult that ensued, Rhonabwy awoke. And when he awoke, he was upon the yellow calfskin, having slept three nights and three days.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

I WAS the chief of the race — he had stricken my father dead —
But I gathered my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.
Each one of them looked like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean — we sailed on a Friday morn —
He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touched at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glittered on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourished up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flickered a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog couldn't bark.
And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath —
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flittermouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die —
O they to be dumbed by the charm! — so flustered with anger were they
They almost fell on each other; but after we sailed away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices pealed
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew;
But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we sailed with our wounded away.

V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers: their breath met us out on the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze;
And the red passion flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,
And starred with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;
And the whole isle side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea;
And we rolled upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallowed in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollened from head to feet
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sailed away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land,
And the mountain arose like a jeweled throne thro' the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-colored plums and with golden masses of pear,
And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine,
But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine;
And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever were seen,
And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet between,
And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,
And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame;
And we stayed three days, and we gorged and we maddened, till every one drew
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew;
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the fray,
Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sailed away.

VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire: we were lured by the light from afar,
For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star;
Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,
For the whole isle shuddered and shook like a man in a mortal affright:
We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed that at last
There were some leaped into the fire; and away we sailed, and we past
Over that under-sea isle, where the water is clearer than air:
Down we looked: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,
Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land,
And ever at dawn from the cloud glittered o'er us a sun-bright hand,
Then it opened and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest,
Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the West;
And we wandered about it and thro' it. O never was time so good!
And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,
And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,
And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings;
But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sun-bright hand of the dawn,
For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green Isle was our own,
And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sailed away.

IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry—
"Come to us, O come, come," in the stormy red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea birds in a row,
And a hundred gamboled and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,
And a hundred splashed from the ledges, and bosomed the burst of the spray,
But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sailed away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers,
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers,
But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
And they shocked on each other and butted each other with clashing of bells,

And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and the brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the Towers,
There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God pealed over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other and after we sailed away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sailed with St. Brendan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the Isle and his winters were fifteen score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his feet,
And he spake to me, "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us 'Vengeance is mine!'
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past."
And we kissed the fringe of his beard and we prayed as we heard him pray,
And the Holy man he assoiled us, and sadly we sailed away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

THE BATTLE OF CATTRAETH.

By ANEURIN.

[ANEURIN was a Welsh bard who may have lived about A.D. 600. His epic, "Y Gododin," is one of the few remains of early British literature. The date of the battle, if it ever occurred, is as uncertain as that when Arthur died.]

I.

He was a man in mind, in years a youth,
And gallant in the din of war;
Fleet, thick-maned chargers
Were ridden by the illustrious hero;
A shield, light and broad,
Hung on the flank of his swift and slender steed;
His sword was blue and gleaming,
His spurs were of gold, his raiment was woolen.
It will not be my part
To speak of thee reproachfully,
A more choice act of mine will be
To celebrate thy praise in song;
Thou hast gone to a bloody bier
Sooner than to a nuptial feast;
Thou hast become a meal for ravens
Ere thou didst reach the front of conflict.
Alas, Owain! my beloved friend!
It is not meet that he should be devoured by ravens!
There is swelling sorrow in the plain,
Where fell in death the only son of Marro.

II.

Adorned with his wreath, leader of rustic warriors, whenever he came
By his troop unattended, before maidens would he serve the mead;
But the front of his shield would be pierced, if ever he heard
The shout of war; no quarter would he give to those whom he pursued;
Nor would he retreat from the combat until blood flowed;
And he cut down like rushes the men who would not yield.
The Gododin relates, that on the coast of Mordei,
Before the tents of Madog, when he returned,
But one man in a hundred with him came.

III.

Adorned with his wreath, the chief of toil, his country's rod of power,

Darted like an eagle to our harbors, when allured
To the compact that had been formed; his ensign was beloved,
More nobly was his emblazoned resolution performed, for he retreated not,
With a shrinking mind, before the host of Gododin.
Manawyd, with confidence and strength thou pressest upon the tumultuous fight,
Nor dost thou regard either spear or shield;
No habitation rich in dainties can be found
That has been kept out of the reach of thy warriors' charge.

IV.

Adorned with a wreath was the leader, the wolf of the holme,
Amber beads in ringlets encircled his temples;
Precious was the amber, worth a banquet of wine.
He repelled the violence of men, as they glided along;
For Venedotia and the North would have come to his share,
By the advice of the son of Ysgyran,
The hero of the broken shield.

V.

Adorned with his wreath was the leader, and armed in the noisy conflict;
Chief object of observation was the hero, and powerful in the gory field,
Chief fighter in the advanced division, in front of the hosts;
Five battalions fell before his blades;
Even of the men of Deivyr and Bryneich, uttering groans,
Twenty hundred perished in one short hour;
Sooner did he feed the wolf with his carcass than go to the nuptial feast;
He sooner became the raven's prey than approached the altar;
He had not raised the spear ere his blood streamed to the ground;
This was the price of mead in the hall, amidst the throng;
Hyveidd Hir shall be celebrated whilst there remains a minstrel.

VI.

The heroes marched to Gododin, and Gognaw laughed,
But bitter were they in the battle, when they stood arranged according to their several banners;
Few were the years of peace which they had enjoyed;
The son of Botgad caused a throbbing by the energy of his hand;
They should have gone to churches to do penance,
The old and the young, the bold and the mighty;
The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

VII.

The heroes marched to Gododin, Gwanar laughed,
As his jeweled army went down to the terrific toil.
Thou slayest them with blades, when there is not much chattering;
Thou, powerful supporter of the living law, producest the silence of death.

VIII.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth, loquacious was the host;
Blue mead was their liquor, and it proved their poison;
In marshaled array they cut through the engines of war;
And after the joyful cry, silence ensued!
They should have gone to churches to perform penance;
The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

IX.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth, filled with mead and drunk,
Compact and vigorous; I should wrong them were I to neglect their fame;
Around the mighty, red, and murky blades,
Obstinately and fiercely the dogs of war would fight;
If I had judged you to be of the tribe of Bryneich,
Not the phantom of a man would I have left alive.
I lost a friend, myself being unhurt,
As he openly withstood the terror of the parental chief;
Magnanimously did he refuse the dowry of his father-in-law;
Such was the son of Cian from the stone of Gwyngwn.

X.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
Their peace was disturbed by those who feared them;
A hundred thousand with three hundred engaged in mutual overthrow;
Drenched in gore, they marked the fall of the lances;
The post of war was most manfully and with gallantry maintained,
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XI.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
Feelingly did their relatives regret their absence;
Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring;
That year is the point to which many a minstrel turns;
Redder were their swords than their plumes,
Their blades were white as lime, and into four parts were their helmets cloven,
Even those of the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XII.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the day;
Was not the most celebrated of battles disgraced?
They put to death Gelorwydd
With blades. The gem of baptism was thus widely taunted:—
"Better that you should, ere you join your kindred,
Have a gory unction and death far from your native homes,
At the hand of the host of Gododin, when the day arrives."
Is not a hero's power best when tempered with discretion?

XIII.

The hero marched to Cattraeth with the day;
Truly he quaffed the white mead on serene nights;
Miserable, though success had been predicted,
Proved his mission, which he undertook through soaring ambition;
There hastened not to Cattraeth
A chief, with such a magnificent design of enterprise
Blazoned on his standard;
Never was there such a host
From the fort of Eiddin,
That would scatter abroad the mounted ravagers.
Tudvwlch Hir, deprived of his land and towns.
Slaughtered the Saxons for seven days;
His valor should have protected him in freedom;
His memory is cherished by his fair associates;
When Tudvelch arrived, the supporter of the land,
The post of the son of Kilydd became a plain of blood.

XIV.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn,
But none of them received protection from their shields,
To blood they resorted, being assembled in gleaming armor;
In the van was, loud as thunder, the din of targets.
The envious, the fickle, and the base,
Would he tear and pierce with halberts;
From an elevated position he slew, with a blade,
In iron affliction, their steel-clad commander;
He subdued the Mordei that owed him homage;
Before Erthai even an army groaned.

XV.

When the tale shall be told of the battle of Cattraeth,
The people will utter sighs; long has been their grief on account of the warriors' absence;
There will be a dominion without a sovereign, and a smoking land.
The sons of Godebog, an upright clan,

Bore the furrower on a long bier.
Miserable was the fate, though just the necessity,
Decreed for Tudvwlch and Cyvwlch the Tall;
Together they drank the bright mead by the light of torches,
Though pleasant to the taste, it proved a lasting foe.

XVI.

Before, above the splendid fort of Eching he showed a frowning aspect;
Whilst young and forward men composed his retinue;
Before, on the Bludwe, would the horn cheer his heart,
Making all the Mordei full of joy;
Before, his beverage would be bragget;
Before, he displayed the grandeur of gold and rich purple;
Before, pampered steeds would bear him safe away,
Even Gwarthlev, who deserved a comely name;
Before, the victorious chief would turn aside the ebbing tide;
His command was ever to go forward, loath was he to skulk.

XVII.

And now the early leader,
The sun, is about to ascend,
Sovereign of the revolving lights,
In the heaven of Britain's isle.
Direful was the flight before the shaking
Of the shield of the pursuing victor;
Bright was the horn
In the hall of Eiddin;
With pomp was he bidden
To the feast of intoxicating mead;
He drank the beverage of wine
At the meeting of reapers;
He drank transparent wine
With a battle-daring purpose.
The reapers sang of war,
War with the shining wing;
The minstrels sang of war,
Of harnessed war,
Of winged war.
No shield was unexpanded
In the conflict of spears;
Of equal age they fell
In the struggle of battle.
Unshaken in the tumult,
Without dishonor did he retaliate on the foe;
Buried was whoever he willed,

Ere the grave of the gigantic Gwrveling
Itself became a green sward.

XVIII.

The complement of the surrounding country
Were, three forward chiefs of the Novantæ;
Five battalions of five hundred men each;
Three levies of three hundred each;
Three hundred knights of battle
From Eiddin, arrayed in golden armor;
Three loricated hosts,
With three kings wearing the golden torques;
Three bold knights,
With three hundred of equal quality;
Three of the same order, mutually jealous,
Bitterly would they chase the foe,
Three dreadful in the toil;
They would kill a lion flat as lead.
There was in the war a collection of gold.
Three sovereigns of the people
Came from amongst the Brython,
Cynrig and Cynon
And Cynrain from Aeron,
To greet the ashen lances
Of the men who dropped from Deivyr.
Came there from the Brython,
A better man than Cynon,
Who proved a serpent to his sullen foes?

XIX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei;
Great was the quantity of spears,
In the assembly of the warriors;
He was solemnizing a banquet for the eagle.
When Cydywal hurried forth to battle, he raised
The shout with the green dawn, and dealt out tribulation,
And splintered shields about the ground he left,
And darts of awful tearing did he hew down;
In the battle, the foremost in the van he wounded,
The son of Syvno, the astronomer, knew,
That he who sold his life,
In the face of warning,
With sharpened blades would slaughter,
But would himself be slain by spears and crosses.
According to the compact, he meditated a convenient attack,
And would boast of a pile of carcasses

Of gallant men of toil,
Whom in the upper part of Gwynedd he pierced.

XX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei,
And because I drank, I fell by the edge of a gleaming sword,
Not without desiring a hero's prowess;
And when all fell, thou didst also fall.
Thus when the issue comes, it were well not to have sinned.
Present, in his thrusting course, showed a bold and mighty arm.

XXI.

The heroes who marched to Cattraeth were renowned,
Wine and mead out of golden goblets was their beverage,
That year was to them one of exalted solemnity,
Three hundred and sixty-three chieftains, wearing the golden torques;
Of those who hurried forth after the excess of reveling,
But three escaped by valor from the funeral fosse,
The war-dogs of Aeron, and Cynon the dauntless,
And myself, from the spilling of blood, the reward of my candid song.

* * * * * * * * * * *

LXXXII.

I could wish to have been the first to shed my blood in Cattraeth,
As the price of the mead and beverage of wine in the hall;
I could wish to have been hurt by the blade of the sword,
Ere he was slain on the green plain of Uphin.
I loved the son of renown, who sustained the bloody fight,
And made his sword descend upon the violent.
Can a tale of valor be related before Gododin,
In which the son of Ceidian has not his fame as a man of war?

LXXXIII.

Sad it is for me, after all our toil,
To suffer the pang of death through indiscretion;
And doubly grievous and sad for me to see
Our men falling headlong to the ground,
Breathing the lengthened sigh, and covered with reproaches,
After the strenuous warriors have extended their country's bounds,
Rhuvawn and Gwgawn, Gwiawn and Gwlyged,
Men at their post most gallant, valiant in difficulties.
May their souls, now that their conflict is ended,
Be received into the heavenly region, the abode of tranquillity.

THE DEVIL'S FIRES TO BURN THE WORLD.

By the Venerable BEDE.

[Bede or Bæda, English church historian, was born in the diocese of Durham about 673, studied in the abbey of Wearmouth while Benedict Biscop was abbot, and was ordained priest about 703, already famed for learning and devotion. He spent his life in the monastery at Jarrow, studying, teaching, and writing. His chief work was the "Ecclesiastical History of England," published about 734. He died in 735.]

Whilst Sigebert still governed the kingdom, there came out of Ireland a holy man called Fursey, renowned both for his words and actions, and remarkable for singular virtues, being desirous to live a stranger for our Lord, wherever an opportunity should offer. On coming into the province of the East Saxons, he was honorably received by the aforesaid king, and performing his usual employment of preaching the Gospel, by the example of his virtue and the efficacy of his discourse, converted many unbelievers to Christ, and confirmed in his faith and love those that already believed.

Here he fell into some infirmity of body, and was thought worthy to see a vision from God; in which he was admonished diligently to proceed in the ministry of the word which he had undertaken, and indefatigably to continue his usual watching and prayers; inasmuch as his end was certain, but the hour of it would be uncertain, according to the saying of our Lord, "Watch ye therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour." Being confirmed by this vision, he applied himself with all speed to build a monastery on the ground which had been given him by King Sigebert, and to establish regular discipline therein. This monastery was pleasantly situated in the woods, and with the sea not far off; it was built within the area of a castle, which in the English language is called Cnobheresburg, that is, Cnobher's Town; afterward Anna, king of that province, and the nobility, embellished it with more stately buildings and donations. This man was of noble Scottish blood, but much more noble in mind than in birth. From his boyish years he had particularly applied himself to reading sacred books and following monastic discipline, and, as is most becoming to holy men, he carefully practiced all that he learned was to be done.

He built himself the monastery wherein he might with

more freedom indulge his heavenly studies. There, falling sick, as the book about his life informs us, he fell into a trance, and quitting his body from the evening till the cock crew, he was found worthy to behold the choirs of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in heaven. He was wont to declare that among other things he distinctly heard this: "The saints shall advance from one virtue to another." And again, "The God of gods shall be seen in Sion." Being restored to his body at that time, and again taken from it three days after, he not only saw the greater joys of the blessed, but also extraordinary combats of evil spirits, who by frequent accusations wickedly endeavored to obstruct his journey to heaven; but the angels protecting him, all their endeavors were in vain. Concerning which particulars, if any one desires to be more fully informed, that is, with what subtle fraud the devils represented both his actions and superfluous words, and even his thoughts, as if they had been written down in a book; and what pleasing or disagreeable things he was informed of by the angels and saints, or just men who appeared to him among the angels; let him read the little book of his life which I have mentioned, and I believe he will thereby reap much spiritual profit.

But there is one thing among the rest, which we have thought may be beneficial to many if inserted in this history. When he had been lifted up on high, he was ordered by the angels that conducted him to look back upon the world. Upon which, casting his eyes downward, he saw, as it were, a dark and obscure valley underneath him. He also saw four fires in the air, not far distant from each other. Then asking the angels what fires those were, he was told they were the fires which would kindle and consume the world. One of them was of falsehood, when we do not fulfill that which we promised in baptism, to renounce the devil and all his works. The next of covetousness, when we prefer the riches of the world to the love of heavenly things. The third of discord, when we make no difficulty to offend the minds of our neighbors even in needless things. The fourth of iniquity, when we look upon it as no crime to rob and to defraud the weak. These fires, increasing by degrees, extended so as to meet one another, and being joined became an immense flame. When it drew near, fearing for himself, he said to the angel, "Lord, behold the fire draws near me." The angel answered, "That which you did not kindle shall not burn you; for though this appears to be a

terrible and great fire, yet it tries every man according to the merits of his works; for every man's concupiscence shall burn in the fire; for as every one burns in the body through unlawful pleasure, so when discharged of the body, he shall burn in the punishment which he has deserved."

Then he saw one of the three angels, who had been his conductors throughout both visions, go before and divide the flame of fire, whilst the other two, flying about on both sides, defended him from the danger of that fire. He also saw devils flying through the fire, raising conflagrations of wars against the just. Then followed accusations of the wicked spirits against him, the defense of the good angels in his favor, and a more extended view of the heavenly troops; as, also, of holy men of his own nation, who, as he had long since been informed, had been deservedly advanced to the degree of priesthood, from whom he heard many things that might be very salutary to himself, or to all others that would listen to them. When they had ended their discourse and returned to heaven with the angelic spirits, the three angels remained with the blessed Fursey, of whom we have spoken before, and who were to bring him back to his body. And when they approached the aforesaid immense fire, the angel divided the flame, as he had done before; but when the man of God came to the passage so opened amidst the flames, the unclean spirits, laying hold of one of those whom they tormented in the fire, threw him at him, and, touching his shoulder and jaw, burned them. He knew the man, and called to mind that he had received his garment when he died; and the angel, immediately laying hold, threw him back into the fire, and the malignant enemy said, "Do not reject him whom you before received; for as you accepted the goods of him who was a sinner, so you must partake of his punishment." The angel replying, said, "He did not receive the same through avarice, but in order to save his soul." The fire ceased, and the angel, turning to him, added, "That which you kindled burned in you; for had you not received the money of this person that died in his sins, his punishment would not burn in you." And proceeding in his discourse, he gave him wholesome advice for what ought to be done towards the salvation of such as repented.

Being afterwards restored to his body, throughout the whole course of his life he bore the mark of the fire which he had felt in his soul, visible to all men on his shoulder and jaw; and the

flesh publicly showed, in a wonderful manner, what the soul had suffered in private. He always took care, as he had done before, to persuade all men to the practice of virtue, as well by his example as by preaching. But as for the matter of his visions, he would only relate them to those who from holy zeal and desire of reformation wished to learn the same. An ancient brother of our monastery is still living, who is wont to declare that a very sincere and religious man told him that he had seen Fursey himself in the province of the East Angles, and heard those visions from his mouth; adding, that though it was in most sharp winter weather, and a hard frost, and the man was sitting in a thin garment when he related it, yet he sweated as if it had been in the greatest heat of summer, either through excessive fear, or spiritual consolation.

LETTER FROM ALCUIN TO CHARLEMAGNE.

[ALCUIN, the greatest educator of his age, was born near York about 735. He was pupil in, and finally master of, the cathedral school founded by Archbishop Egbert, then curator of its library, the chief one in Western Europe. Meeting Charlemagne on his journeys abroad, — especially in 781, on his way to Rome to bring the pallium to the new Archbishop of York, — he was invited to that monarch's court, and went there in 782. He taught the entire royal family, reformed the palace school and those of the monasteries, and established new ones throughout Charlemagne's realm. Returning to York in 790 bearing Charlemagne's olive-branch to Offa, king of Mercia, he returned to Aachen in 792. In 796 he became abbot of the Benedictine house of St. Martin at Tours, and soon rendered it a famous seat of learning. He found time also to combat "Adoptionism" vigorously, and secured its condemnation by the Council of Frankfort in 794. He died in 804.]

I, YOUR Flaccus, according to your request and your gracious kindness, am busy under the roof of St. Martin's in conferring the honey of the Holy Scriptures on my many pupils. I am anxious to have others imbibe the old wine of ancient learning; I shall soon begin to nourish yet others on the fruits of grammatical delving; and I am most desirous of illuminating some with a knowledge of the order of the heavenly bodies, which seem painted, so to speak, on the dome of some magnificent palace. I have become all things to all men (1 Cor. i. 22), in order that I may train multitudes to the

power of God's holy Church and the glory of your imperial kingdom, lest the grace of Almighty God in me should be without fruit (1 Cor. xv. 10), and your munificent bounty unavailing. But your servant lacks the scarcer books of scholarly learning, which I was wont to have in my own country (thanks to the generosity and devoted care of my teacher, and to my own humble efforts); and I call your Majesty's attention to it in order that it may perchance please you, who are so anxiously concerned about all branches of study, to have me commission some of our youths to procure certain needful works for us, and bring the flowers of England with them to France; so that an elegant garden may not be confined to York, but at Tours also may be found the blooming of Paradise and its plentiful fruitage; so that the south wind when it comes may make the gardens on the Loire burst into flower, and their perfumed breath exhale, and finally, what follows in the Canticle, from which I have taken this metaphor, may be brought about (Cant. v. 1, 2). "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved. I sleep, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." Or even this exhortation of the prophet Isaiah, urging us to acquire knowledge: "All ye who thirst, come to the waters; and ye who have no money, hearken, buy and eat; come, without money and without price, and buy wine and milk" (Isaiah iv. 1).

And here is one matter that your gracious zeal will not pass over: how on every page of the Holy Scriptures we are urged to the acquirement of knowledge; how nothing is finer for assuring a happy life, nothing more pleasant in the carrying out, nothing more effective against sin, nothing more praiseworthy in high position, than for men to live according to the teaching of philosophers. Furthermore, nothing is more essential to well-governance of the people, nothing better for the guidance of life in the ways of upright character, than the grace given by wisdom, and the glory of discipline and the might of learning. It is for this reason that Solomon, the

wisest of men, declares in its praise, "Better is wisdom than all precious things, and more to be desired" (Prov. viii. 11). To secure this by every possible effort, and to obtain possession of it by daily endeavor, do you, lord King, exhort the youth in your Majesty's palace to strive after this in the flower of their youth, so that they may be esteemed worthy to live through an honored old age, and by means of this attain to eternal happiness. I myself, as my nature is, shall not be idle in sowing the seeds of wisdom among your servants in the realm, remembering the injunction, "Sow thy seed in the morning, and at eventide let not thy hand cease; since thou knowest not what will spring up, whether these or those, and if both together, still better is it" (Eccles. xi. 6). In the morning of my life, and in the fruitful season of my studies, I sowed seed in Britain; and now that my blood has grown cool in the evening of life, I still do not cease, but sow the seed in France, trusting that by the grace of God both may spring up.

And though my body has become infirm, I find consolation in the utterance of St. Jerome, who says in his letter to Nepotianus, "Nearly all the bodily powers are changed in the old, and only wisdom can grow, while the others must decay." And a little farther on he says, "The old age of those who have adorned their youth with noble accomplishments, and have meditated day and night upon the law of God, grows ever more accomplished with years, more cultivated through experience, wiser by the passage of time; and it plucks the finest fruit of ancient learning." Any one who desires may read, in this epistle devoted to the praise of wisdom, much concerning the philosophic studies of antiquity, and can understand how zealous the ancients were to abound in the grace of wisdom. I have noted that your zeal, which is laudable and pleasing to God, is ever progressing towards this wisdom, and finds pleasure in it; and that you adorn the splendor of your material empire with still greater intellectual splendor. May our Lord Jesus Christ, Himself the supreme type of divine wisdom, guard and magnify you in this, and lift you to the attainment of His own holy and eternal insight.

THE HORN OF ROLAND.

(From "The Song of Roland": translated by John O'Hagan.)

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer agen:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Olivier answered, "I wist not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn.
Karl, as he passeth the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Olivier, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Not now shall mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done.
Lo! both your arms are streaming red."
"In sooth," said Roland, "good strokes I sped."

Said Roland, "Our battle goes hard, I fear;
I will sound my horn that Karl may hear."
"'Twere a deed unknightly," said Olivier;
"Thou didst disdain when I sought and prayed:
Saved had we been with our Karl to aid;
Unto him and his host no blame shall be:
By this my beard, might I hope to see
My gentle sister Alda's face,
Thou shouldst never hold her in thine embrace."

"Ah, why on me doth thine anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied,—
Better discretion than daring pride.
All of thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor shall render service to Karl again,
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The king had come and the field were won;

Marsil captive, or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more unto Karl we pay,
That first of men till the judgment day;
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
Ended our loyal company —
A woful parting this eve shall see."
Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behooves you to wind its call, —
Karl will come to avenge our fall,
Nor hence the foemen in joyance wend.
The Franks will all from their steeds descend;
When they find us slain and martyred here,
They will raise our bodies on mule and bier,
And, while in pity aloud they weep,
Lay us in hallowed earth to sleep;
Nor wolf nor boar on our limbs shall feed."
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede."

Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound.
Karl hath heard it, and all his band.
"Our men have battle," he said, "on hand."
Ganelon rose in front and cried,
"If another spake, I would say he lied."

With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst for the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And, save in battle, he had not blown."
"Battle," said Ganelon, "is there none.
Old are you grown — all white and hoar;
Such words bespeak you a child once more.
Have you, then, forgotten Roland's pride,
Which I marvel God should so long abide,

How he captured Naples without your hest?
Forth from the city the heathen pressed,
To your vassal Roland they battle gave, —
He slew them all with the trenchant glaive,
Then turned the waters upon the plain,
That trace of blood might none remain.
He would sound all day for a single hare:
'Tis a jest with him and his fellows there;
For who would battle against him dare?
Ride onward — wherefore this chill delay?
Your mighty land is yet far away."

On Roland's mouth is the bloody stain,
Burst asunder his temple's vein;
His horn he soundeth in anguish drear;
King Karl and the Franks around him hear.
Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath."
Said Naimes, "'Tis Roland who travaileth.
There is battle yonder by mine avow.
He who betrayed him deceives you now.
Arm, sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
And stand your noble household by;
For you hear your Roland in jeopardy."
The king commands to sound the alarm.
To the trumpet the Franks alight and arm;
With casque and corselet and gilded brand,
Buckler and stalwart lance in hand,
Pennons of crimson and white and blue,
The barons leap on their steeds anew,
And onward spur the passes through;
Nor is there one but to other saith,
"Could we reach but Roland before his death,
Blows would we strike for him grim and great."
Ah! what availeth! — 'tis all too late.

The evening passed into brightening dawn.
Against the sun their harness shone;
From helm and hauberk glanced the rays,
And their painted bucklers seemed all ablaze.
The Emperor rode in wrath apart.
The Franks were moody and sad of heart;
Was none but dropped the bitter tear,
For they thought of Roland with deadly fear. —
Then bade the Emperor take and bind
Count Gan, and had him in scorn consigned
To Besgun, chief of his kitchen train.

"Hold me this felon," he said, "in chain."
Then full a hundred round him pressed,
Of the kitchen varlets the worst and best;
His beard upon lip and chin they tore,
Cuffs of the fist each dealt him four,
Roundly they beat him with rods and staves;
Then around his neck those kitchen knaves
Flung a fetterlock fast and strong,
As ye lead a bear in a chain along;
On a beast of burthen the count they cast,
Till they yield him back to Karl at last.

Dark, vast, and high the summits soar,
The waters down through the valleys pour.
The trumpets sound in front and rear,
And to Roland's horn make answer clear.
The Emperor rideth in wrathful mood,
The Franks in grievous solicitude;
Nor one among them can stint to weep,
Beseeching God that He Roland keep,
Till they stand beside him upon the field,
To the death together their arms to wield.
Ah, timeless succor, and all in vain!
Too long they tarried, too late they strain.
Onward King Karl in his anger goes;
Down on his harness his white beard flows.
The barons of France spur hard behind;
But on all there presseth one grief of mind —
That they stand not beside Count Roland then,
As he fronts the power of the Saracen.
Were he hurt in fight, who would then survive?
Yet threescore barons around him strive.
And what a sixty! Nor chief nor king
Had ever such gallant following.

Roland looketh to hill and plain,
He sees the lines of his warriors slain,
And he weeps like a noble cavalier.
"Barons of France, God hold you dear,
And take you to Paradise's bowers,
Where your souls may lie on the holy flowers;
Braver vassals on earth were none,
So many kingdoms for Karl ye won;
Years a-many your ranks I led,
And for end like this were ye nurturèd.

Land of France, thou art soothly fair;
To-day thou liest bereaved and bare;
It was all for me your lives you gave,
And I was helpless to shield or save.
May the great God save you who cannot lie.
Olivier, brother, I stand thee by;
I die of grief, if I 'scape unslain:
In, brother, in to the fight again."
Once more pressed Roland within the fight,
His Durindana he grasped with might;
Faldron of Pui did he cleave in two,
And twenty-four of their bravest slew.
Never was man on such vengeance bound;
And, as flee the roe deer before the hound,
So in face of Roland the heathen flee.
Saith Turpin, "Right well this liketh me.
Such prowess a cavalier befits,
Who harness wears, and on charger sits;
In battle shall he be strong and great,
Or I prize him not at four deniers' rate;
Let him else be monk in a cloister cell,
His daily prayers for our souls to tell."
Cries Roland, "Smite them, and do not spare."
Down once more on the foe they bear,
But the Christian ranks grow thinned and rare. . . .

Not far was Roland, and loud he cried,
"Be thou forever in God's disgrace,
Who hast slain my fellows before my face;
Before we part thou shalt blows essay,
And learn the name of my sword to-day."
Down, at the word, came the trenchant brand,
And from Marsil severed his good right hand:
With another stroke the head he won
Of the fair-haired Jurfalez, Marsil's son.
"Help us, Mahound!" say the heathen train,
"May our gods avenge us on Carlemaine!
Such daring felons he hither sent,
Who will hold the field till their lives be spent."
"Let us flee and save us," cry one and all,
Unto flight a hundred thousand fall,
Nor can aught the fugitives recall.
But what availeth? though Marsil fly,
His uncle, the Algalif, still is nigh;
Lord of Carthagena is he,

Of Alferna's shore and Garmalie,
And of Ethiopia, accursed land:
The black battalions at his command,
With nostrils huge and flattened ears,
Outnumber fifty thousand spears;
And on they ride in haste and ire,
Shouting their heathen war cry dire.
"At last," said Roland, "the hour is come,
Here receive we our martyrdom;
Yet strike with your burnished brands — accursed
Who sells not his life right dearly first;
In life or death be your thought the same,
That gentle France be not brought to shame.
When the Emperor hither his steps hath bent,
And he sees the Saracens' chastisement,
Fifteen of their dead against our one,
He will breathe on our souls his benison."

ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

The Sea-Dragon's Visit.

(From "Beowulf.")

(Translated by A. D. Wackerbarth.)

Came Grendel from his marshy lair,
When misty shadows fall;
God's wrath upon his brow he bare,
And thought some mortal to ensnare
Within the lofty hall.
He 'neath the welkin went till he
The banquet-palace wide,
The treasure-hall of men, could see,
With vessels beautified.
Not for the first time now his road
He went to Hroth-gar's fair abode,
Nor in his life in castle-ward
Before or since found starker guard.
Before the morning house he halts,
The iron-bound gates he quick assaults
Confined with strong fire-hardened bands;
He seized the portals in his hands,

In rage the hall's mouth open tore,
And stalks along the marble floor.
In wrath he moved, and flame-like bright,
Stood in his eyes a horrid light,
For many a chief he there descries,
A kindred band in peaceful wise
Of warriors sleeping round him lies
Together in the hall.
Then laughed monster, as ere day
He thought each hero there to slay,
And on him hope did fall
Of full repast; — but never more,
After that awful night was o'er,
Of human kind to taste the gore
Was for his fate decreed.
The valiant thane of Higelac
Saw how in sudden-made attack
The man-scathe would proceed;
Recks no delay the demon curst,
But quick one slumbering thane at first
He seizes on his seat,
Rends, bites asunder joints, drains
The life's blood from the throbbing veins,
And doth in cursed morsels draw,
As down his darksome hollow maw,
And soon from off the dead remains
Devours the hands and feet.
Then forth where, stretched in calm repose,
The chieftain of the Géatic band
Full wakeful lay, the monster goes,
And laid on him his baleful hand.
The chief stretched out his arm, in thought
Of vengeance, and the demon caught
With sudden grasp, on elbow set,
And soon the monster found
That 'mongst the sons of men as yet
So dread a grasp he ne'er had met
The world's wide regions round.
His craven soul with terrors caught,
(Though 'scape mote not be found,)
Would fain in flight have safety sought,
And hidden him in his lurking place
Midst tumults of the demon race,
For never in his life as yet
So stern reception had he met.

The Seafarer.

(Translated by Stopford Brooke.)

Seafarer.

Sooth the song that I of myself can sing,
Telling of my travels; how in troublous days,
Hours of hardship oft I've borne!
With a bitter breast-care I have been abiding:
Many seats of sorrow in my ship have known!
Frightful was the whirl of waves, when it was my part
Narrow watch at night to keep, on my vessel's prow
When it rushed the rocks along. By the rigid cold
Fast my feet were pinched, fettered by the frost,
By the chains of cold. Care was sighing then
Hot my heart around; hunger rent to shreds
Courage in me, me sea-wearied! This the man knows not,
He to whom it happens, happiest on earth,
How I, carked with care, on the ice-cold sea,
Overwent the winter on my wanderways,
All forlorn of happiness, all bereft of loving kinsmen,
Hung about with icicles: flew the hail in showers.
Nothing heard I there save the howling of the sea,
And the ice-chilled billow, whiles the crying of the swan!
All the glee I got me was the gannet's scream,
And the swoughing of the seal, 'stead of mirth of men;
'Stead of the mead-drinking, moaning of the sea-mew.
There the storms smote on the crags, there the swallow of the sea
Answered to them, icy-plumed; and that answer oft the earn —
Wet his wings were — barked aloud.
None of all my kinsmen
Could this sorrow-laden soul stir to any joy.
Little then does he believe who life's pleasure owns,
While he tarried in the towns, and but trifling ills,
Proud and insolent with wine — how outwearied I
Often must outstay on the ocean path!
Somber grew the shade of night, and it snowed from northward,
Frost the field enchained, fell the hail on earth,
Coldest of all grains.

Youth.

Wherefore now then crash together
Thoughts my soul within that I should myself adventure

The high streamings of the sea, and the sport of the salt waves!
For a passion of the mind every moment pricks me on
All my life to set a-faring; so that far from hence
I may seek the shore of the strange outlanders.

Seafarer.

Yes, so haughty of his heart is no hero on the earth,
Nor so good in all his giving, nor so generous in youth,
Nor so daring in his deed, nor so dear unto his lord,
That he has not always yearning unto his seafaring,
To whatever work his Lord may have will to make for him.
For the harp he has no heart, nor for having of the rings,
Nor in woman is his weal, in the world he's no delight,
Nor in anything whatever save the tossing o'er the waves!
Oh, forever he has longing who is urged towards the sea.

Youth.

Trees rebloom with blossoms, burghs are fair again,
Winsome are the wide plains, and the world is gay:
All doth only challenge the impassioned heart
Of his courage to the voyage, whosoever thus bethinks him,
O'er the ocean billows, far away to go.

Seafarer.

Every cuckoo calls a warning, with his chant of sorrow!
Sings the Summer's watchman, sorrow is he boding,
Bitter in the bosom's hoard. This the brave man wots not of—
Not the warrior rich in welfare — what the wanderer endures
Who his paths of banishment widest places on the sea.

Youth.

For behold, my thought hovers now above my heart;
O'er the surging flood of sea now my spirit flies,
O'er the homeland of the whale — hovers then afar
O'er the foldings of the earth! Now again it flies to me
Full of yearning, greedy! Yells that lonely flier;
Whets upon the whale-way irresistibly my heart,
O'er the storming of the seas!

The Battle of Brunanburh.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.]

I.

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hewed the linden-wood,
Hacked the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammered brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

III.

Bowed the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews
Doomed to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flowed, from when first the great
Sun-star of morningtide,
Lamp of the Lord God,
Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sank to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man
Marred by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

V.

We the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hacked at the flyers before us.

VI.

Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the
Weltering waters
Borne in the bark's bosom,
Drew to this island:
Doomed to the death.

VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader,
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his following,
Fled to his war-ship:
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero!

X.

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives —
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war!

XI.

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive —
Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties —
He nor had Anlaf
With armies so broken
A reason for bragging
That they had the better
In perils of battle
On places of slaughter —
The struggle of standards,
The rush of the javelins,
The crash of the charges,
The wielding of weapons —
The play that they played with
The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nailed prows
Parted the Norsemen, a

Blood-reddened relic of
Javelins over
The jarring breaker, the deep sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyeflin [Dublin] again,
Shamed in their souls.

XIII.

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin —
Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

XV.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories —
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

WRITINGS OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

[Born 849, died 901. King of the West Saxons, 871–901. Son of Æthelwulf, and brother of Æthelred I. His early career was a constant war against the Danes, whom he decisively defeated at Ethandun; but by the treaty of Wedmore he left King Guthrum (who was to be baptized) all north of Watling Street. He again waged war with them 894–897, but forced them to withdraw by his improved fleet and reformed military service. He made great reforms also in the courts, compiled a code of laws, founded and rebuilt schools, called scholars to the court and collaborated with them in popular works of history, geography, etc.; and though he has been credited with many institutions not of his creation, he was quite as great in reality as in romance. He translated Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," Orosius' "Universal History," and Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," besides revising a translation of Gregory the Great's "Dialogues."]

Introduction to Boethius.

Thus to us did Alfred sing
A spell of old;
Songcraft the West Saxon king
Did thus unfold:

Long and much he longed to teach
His people then
These mixt-sayings of sweet speech,
The joys of men;

That no weariness forsooth, —
As well it may, —
Drive away delight from truth,
But make it stay.

So, he can but little seek
For his own pride:
A fytte of song I fitly speak,
And naught beside:

A folk-beknown and world-read thing
I have to say;
To all the best of men I sing, —
List, ye that may.

A Sorrowful Fytte.

[Of Boethius.]

Lo! I sang cheerily
In my bright days,
But now all wearily
Chaunt I my lays;
Sorrowing tearfully,
Saddest of men,
Can I sing cheerfully,
As I could then?

Many a verity
In those glad times
Of my prosperity
Taught I in rhymes;
Now from forgetfulness
Wanders my tongue,
Wasting in fretfulness,
Meters unsung.

Worldliness brought me here
Foolishly blind,
Riches have wrought me here
Sadness of mind;
When I rely on them
Lo! they depart,—
Bitterly, fie on them!
Rend they my heart.

Why did your songs to me,
World-loving men,
Say joy belongs to me
Ever as then?
Why did ye lyingly
Think such a thing,
Seeing how flyingly
Wealth may take wing?

Uses of Adversity.

[Boethius.]

Whoso wills to till a field,
Will to bear a fruitful yield,
Let him first pluck up and burn
Thorns and thistles, furze and fern,
Which are wont clean wheat to hurt
Lying lifeless in the dirt.

And this other likeness too
Well behooves us all to view,
Namely, that to those who eat
Honeycomb, it seems more sweet
If a man, before the tear
Of honey, taste of bitter cheer.

So, it falls that all men are
With fine weather happier far
If a little while before
Storms were spread the welkin o'er,
And the stark wind east by north
Lately rushed in anger forth.

None would think the daylight dear
If dim night they did not fear;
So, to every one of us,
On the broad earth dwelling thus,
Joy more joyous still is seen
After troubles once have been.

Also, thine own mind to please,
Thou shalt gain the greater ease,
And shalt go where true joys grow
If all false joys thou forego,
As ill weeds are pulled with toil
By the land-churl from the soil.

And hereafter, thee I tell,
True joys there await thee well;
Aye and here, if these be first,
Thou for nought beside wilt thirst,
But all else shall fail to please
If thou truly knowest these.

Where to find True Joys.

[Boethius.]

Oh! it is a fault of weight,
  Let him think it out who will,
And a danger passing great
  Which can thus allure to ill
Careworn men from the right way,
Swiftly ever led astray.

Will ye seek within the wood
  Red gold on the green trees tall?
None, I wot, is wise that could,
  For it grows not there at all:
Neither in wine gardens green
Seek they gems of glittering sheen.

Would ye on some hilltop set,
  When ye list to catch a trout
Or a carp, your fishing net?
  Men, methinks, have long found out
That it would be foolish fare,
For they know they are not there.

In the salt s a can ye find,
  When ye list to start and hunt
With your hounds, the hart or hind?
  It will sooner be your wont
In the woods to look, I wot,
Than in seas where they are not.

Is it wonderful to know
  That for crystals red or white
One must to the sea beach go,
  Or for other colors bright,
Seeking by the river side
Or the shore at ebb of tide?

Likewise, men are well aware
  Where to look for river fish;
And all other worldly ware
  Where to seek them when they wish;
Wisely careful men will know
Year by year to find them so.

But of all things 'tis most sad
That they foolish are, so blind,
So besotted, and so mad
That they cannot surely find
Where the ever good is nigh
And true pleasures hidden lie.

Therefore, never is their strife
After those true joys to spur;
In this lean and little life
They half witted deeply err,
Seeking here their bliss to gain,
That is, God himself, in vain.

Ah! I know not in my thought
How enough to blame their sin,
Nor so clearly as I ought
Can I show their fault within;
For, more bad and vain are they
And more sad than I can say.

All their hope is to acquire
Worship, goods, and worldly weal;
When they have their mind's desire,
Then such witless joy they feel,
That in folly they believe
Those true joys they then receive.

Introduction to Gregory's "Pastoral Care."

King Alfred bids greet Bishop Waerferth, lovingly and friendly in his words; and I bid thee to make it known that it hath very often come into my mind what wise men formerly were throughout the English race, both of the spiritual and of the secular condition, and how happy the times then were through the English race, and how the kings, who then had the government of this folk, obeyed God and his messengers, and how they held both their peace, their customs, and their government at home, and also increased their country abroad, and how they then sped both in war and in wisdom, and also the religious orders, how earnest they were, both about their doctrine and about their learning, and about all the services that they should do to God, and how men from abroad sought

wisdom and instruction in this land, and how we must now get them from without, if we would have them. So clean was it (learning) now fallen off among the English race that there were very few on this side of the Humber that were able to understand their service in English, or even to turn a sent writing (an epistle) from Latin into English: and I think that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few there were of them that I cannot think of even one on the south of the Thames, when I first took to the kingdom. To God Almighty be thanks that we now have any teacher in the stall, and therefore I have commanded thee that thou do as I believe thou wilt — that thou, who from the things of this world art at leisure for this, as thou often mayest, that thou bestow the wisdom that God has given thee wherever thou mayest bestow it. Think what punishment shall come upon us for this world, when we have not ourselves loved it in the least degree, and also have not left it to other men to do so. We have had the name alone that we were Christians, and very few the virtues.

When I then called to mind all this, then I remembered how I saw, ere that all in them was laid waste and burnt up, how the churches throughout all the English race stood filled with treasures and books, and also a great multitude of God's servants, but they knew very little use of those books, for that they could not understand anything of them, for that they were not written in their own language, such as they, our elders, spoke, who erewhile held these places; they loved wisdom, and through that got wealth, and left it to us. Here men may yet see their path, but we know not how to tread in their footsteps, inasmuch as we have both lost that wealth and wisdom, for that we would not with our minds stoop to their tracks.

When I then called to mind all this, I then wondered greatly about those good and wise men that have been of old among the English race, and who had fully learned all the books, that they have not been willing to turn any part of them into their own language. But then I soon again answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever become so reckless, and that learning should fall off in such a way. Of set purpose, then, they let it alone, and wished that there should be more wisdom in this land the more languages we knew."

Then I remembered how the law was first found in the Hebrew tongue, and again, when the Greeks learnt it, then they turned the whole of it into their own language, and also all the other books. And again the Latins also, in the same way, when they had learned it, turned it all through wise interpreters into their own language, and likewise all other Christian nations have translated some part into their own speech. Wherefore I think it better, if it also appears so to you, that we too should translate some books, which are the most necessary for all men to understand — that we should turn these into that tongue which we all can know, and so bring it about, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have rest, that all the youth that now is among the English race, of free men, that have poverty, so that they can apply themselves to these things, may be committed to others for the sake of instruction, so long as they have no power for any other employments, until the time that they may know well how to read English writing. Let men afterwards further teach them Latin, those whom they are willing further to teach, and whom they wish to advance to a higher state.

When I then called to mind how the learning of the Latin tongue before this was fallen away throughout the English race, though many knew how to read writing in English — then began I, among other unlike and manifold businesses of this kingdom, to turn into English the book that is named in Latin "Pastoralis," and in English the "Hind's Book," one-while word for word, another-while meaning for meaning, so far as I learned it with Plhegmund, my archbishop, and with Asser, my bishop, and with Grimbold, my mass-priest, and with John, my mass-priest.

After I had then learned them, so that I understood them, and so that I might read them with the fullest comprehension, I turned them into English, and to each bishop's see in my kingdom will send one, and on each is an "aestel" that is, of (the value of) fifty mancuses, and I bid, in God's name, that no man undo the aestel from the books, nor the books from the minister. It is unknown how long there may be so learned bishops as now, thank God, are everywhere. For this, I would that they always should be at their place, unless the bishop will have them with him, or they be anywhere lent, or some one write others by them.

This sent writing
Augustine
Over the salt sea
From the south brought,
To the island dwellers,
As to him before
The Lord's soldier
Appointed
Rome's Pope.
Many a true story,
Gregory, of prudent mind,
Went through
In his sagacious breast,
Of wise thoughts the treasure;
Because he of mankind
From the sky's guardian
Most acquired,
Of Romans the best,
Of men richest in mind,
In glory most famous,
After that into English,
Alfred the king
Turned each word
And then in his writings
Sent south and north,
For he let him
Of such the more
Bring for example;
That he to his bishops
Might send:
Because they of it
Some might want,
Who the Latin tongue
Least knew.

King Alfred's Will.

1. Aelfred king, with God's grace, and with the counsel of Aetherede archbishop, and all the West Saxon witan's witness, have considered about my soul's health, and about my inheritance that God and my elders gave me, and about that inheritance which King Athulf, my father, bequeathed to us three brothers, Athelbolde and Aetherede and me; and which of us soever were longest, that he should take to all.

2. But it came to pass that Athelbolde died; and we two, Aethered (and I), with all the West Saxon witan's witness, our part did give in trust to Ethelbyrhte king our brother, on the condition that he should redeliver it to us as entire as it then was when we did make it over to him. And he then did so, both by that estate, and that which he by our joint concurrence had obtained, and what he himself had acquired.

3. When it so happened that Aethered succeeded, then prayed I him before our nobles all, that we two the inheritance might divide; and he would give to me my share. Then said he to me, that he might not easily divide, for that he had, at many different times, formerly taken possession. And he said concerning that which he enjoyed of our joint property, and (that which he) had acquired, after his days, he would give it to no man rather than to me. And I therewith, at that time, was well satisfied.

4. But it came to pass that we all by the heathen folk despoiled were. Then discoursed we concerning our children that they would need some support to be given by us out of these estates, as to us was given. Then were we in council at Swinbeorg; when we two declared, in the West Saxon nobles' presence, that which soever of us two were longest liver, that he should give to the other's children those lands that we two ourselves had acquired, and those lands that Athulf the king gave to us two while Aethelbolde was living; except those that he to us three brothers bequeathed. And of this, each of us two to the other his security did give, that whether of us two should live longest, he should take both to the land and to the treasures; and to all his possessions, except that part, which either of us to his children should bequeath.

5. But it came to pass that Aethered, the king, deceased, when no man communicated to me no title deed, nor no evidence, that it was any other than as we before had agreed it before witness. Then heard we now of many inheritance-suits. Now therefore brought I Athulf the king's will into our council at Langadene; and they read it before all the West-Saxon nobles. When it was read, then prayed I them all for my love (and to them my security gave, that I would never bear ill will to none of them for that they should speak right) that none of them would neglect, neither for my love nor for my fear, that they should declare the common right; lest any man should say that I had wrongfully excluded my kinsfolk, whether elder

or younger. And they then all for right pronounced and declared, that they could conceive no more rightful title nor hear of in a title deed. "Now (said they) it is all delivered there into thy hand: Wherefore thou mayest bequeath and give it either to a relation or a stranger, as may be to thee most eligible." And they all thereupon gave their security to me and their hand-setting, that, during their life, no man ever should pervert it in none other wise but so as I myself should direct it on the next day.

6. I Alfred, of the West Saxons King, by God's grace, and before this company of witnesses, declare how I will concerning my estates after my day.

7. First I give Eadweard, my eldest son, the land at Straetneat in Tricon-shire, and Heortigtune, and the book-land, all that Leofheah holds, and the land at Carumtume, and at Cylfantune, and at Burnhamme, and at Wedmor. And I am a petitioner to the families at Ceodre, that they would chuse him on the condition that we had formerly expressed; with the land of Ciwtune, and that which thereto belongeth. And I to him give the land at Cantictune, and at Bedewind, and at Pefesigge, and Hysseburn, and at Suttune, and at Leodride, and at Aweltune.

8. And all the book-land that I in Cent (Kent) have, and at the Nether Hysseburn, and at Cyseldene, let it be given to Wintanceastre (Winchester) on the condition on which my Father formerly gave it; and that my private estate which I gave to Ecgulf in trust at the Nether Hysseburn.

9. And to my younger son the land at Eaderingtune and that at Dene, and at Meone, and at Ambresbyry, and at Deone, and at Sturemynster, and at Gifle, and at Cruærn, and at Whitchurch, and at Axanmouth, and at Brancescumbe, and at Columtune, and at Twyfyrd, and at Mylenburn, and at Exanmynster, and at Sutheswyrth, and at Liwtune, and the lands that thereto belong: which are all that I in Weal district have, except Triconshire.

10. And to my eldest daughter the manor at Welewe.

11. And to the middlemost (that) at Cleare and Cendefer.

12. And to the youngest, the Manor at Welig and Æsctune, and at Cippanhamme.

13. And to Aethelme, my brother's son, the Manor at Ealdingburn, and at Cumtune, and at Crundell, and at Beading,

and at Beadinghamme, and at Burnham, and at Thunresfield, and at Aesceng.

14. And to Athelwold, my brother's son, the Manor at Godelming, and at Gyldeford, and at Stening.

15. And to Osferthe, my cousin, the Manor at Beccanlea, and at Rytherfield, and at Dicceling, and at Suthtune, and at Lullingminster, and at Angmering, and at Felham, and the lands that thereto belong.

16. And to Ealhswith, the Manor at Lamburn, and at Waneting, and at Ethandune.

17. And to my two sons, one thousand pounds; to each five hundred pounds.

18. And to my eldest daughter, and to the middlemost, and to the youngest, and to Ealhswith, to them four, four hundred pounds; to each one hundred pounds.

19. And to each of my Aldermen one hundred Mancuses; and to Æthelme and Athelwolde, and Osferthe also.

20. And to Aetherede the Alderman, a sword of an hundred Mancuses.

21. And to the men that follow me, to whom I now at Eastertide gave money, two hundred pounds. Let them give to them, and divide between them, to each as they shall judge to him to belong; after the manner that I have now distributed to them.

22. And to the Archbishop, one hundred Mancuses, and to Esne Bishop, and to Werferthe Bishop, and to the (Bishop) at Schireburn.

23. Also, let them distribute for me and for my father, and for the friends that he interceded for, and I intercede for, two hundred pounds; fifty to the Mass-priests over all my kingdom; fifty to the poor Ministers of God; fifty to the distressed poor; fifty to the Church that I shall rest at. And I know not certainly whether of the money is so much; nor I know not but that may be more thereof; but so I suppose. If it be more, be it all common to them to whom I have bequeathed money. And I will that my Alderman and my Ministers all be there together and thus distribute this.

24. When I had formerly in otherwise disposed in writing of my inheritance, then I had more estate, and more relations: and had intrusted to many men the writings; and in the same company of witnesses they were written. But I have now burned those old ones that I might by inquiry recover. If of

these any should be found, let it stand for nothing; for that I will that it now thus be by my God's assistance.

25. And I will the men that shall have the lands, to fulfill the words that do stand in my Father's Testament, so as they soonest may.

26. And I will, if I to any man have not paid any money, that my relations at least repay that.

27. And I will the men to whom I have bequeathed my book-land, that they do not give it from my kindred after their day: But I will (after) their day, that it go unto the nighest hand to me; unless any one of them have children; then it is to me most eligible that it go to that issue on the male side, the while that any of it be worthy. My grandfather hath bequeathed his land to the spear-side, and not to the spindle-side. Wherefore, if I have given to any female what he had acquired, then let my relations redeem it, if they will have it while she is living: if it otherwise be, let it go after their day, so as we have before determined. For this reason I ordain that they pay for it, because they will succeed to my (estate) that I may give, or to female hand, or to male hand, whether I will.

28. And I beseech, in God's name, and in his Saints', that none of my relations, nor none of my heirs, do obstruct none of the freedom of those that I have redeemed. And for me the West-Saxon nobles have pronounced as lawful that I may leave them either free or bond, whether I will. But I, for God's love, and for my soul's advantage, will that they be masters of their freedom and of their will; and I, in the living God's name, intreat that no men do not disturb them, neither by money exaction, nor by no manner of means, that they may not choose such men as they will.

29. And I will that they restore to the families at Domerham their land deeds, and their free liberty such person to chuse, as to them may be most agreeable; for me, and for Elfleda, and for the friends that she did intercede for, and I do intercede for.

30. And seek they also, with a living price, for my soul's health, as it may be, and as it also is fitting; and as ye to forgive me shall be disposed.


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King Alfred Inciting the Anglo-Saxons to Repel the Invasion of the Danes

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R. A., in the New Palace of Westminster



CHRONICLES OF ALFRED'S TIME.

(From the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.")

880. THIS year the [Danish] army went from Cirencester to East Anglia, and settled in the land, and apportioned it. And that same year the army, which previously had sat down at Fulham, went over sea to Ghent in France, and sat there one year.

882. This year the army went up along the banks of the Maese far into France, and there sat one year. And that same year king Alfred went out to sea with his ships, and fought against the forces of four ships of Danish-men, and took two of the ships, and the men were slain that were in them; and the forces of two ships surrendered to him, and they were sorely distressed and wounded before they surrendered to him.

888. This year Beeke the ealdorman carried the alms of the West-Saxons and of king Alfred to Rome; and queen Ethelswith, who was king Alfred's sister, died on the way to Rome, and her body lies at Pavia. And that same year Athelred archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelwold the ealdorman died in the same month.

889. In this year there was no journey to Rome, except the king Alfred sent two couriers with letters.

893. In this year the great army, about which we formerly spoke, came again from the eastern kingdom westward to Boulogne, and there was shipped; so that they came over in one passage, horses and all; and they came to land at Limnemouth with two hundred and fifty ships. On this river they towed up their ships as far as the weald, four miles from the outward harbour, and there stormed a fortress: within the fortress a few churls were stationed, and it was in part only constructed. Then soon after that Hasten with eighty ships landed at the mouth of the Thames, and wrought himself a fortress at Milton; and the other army did the like at Appledore.

894. In this year, that was about a twelve-month after these had wrought the fortress in the eastern district, the Northumbrians and the East-Angles had given oaths to king Alfred, and the East-Angles six hostages; and nevertheless, contrary to their plighted troth, as oft as the other armies went out with all their force, they also went out, either with them or on their

own part. On this king Alfred gathered together his forces, and proceeded until he encamped between the two armies, as near as he could for the wood fastnesses, and for the water fastnesses, so that he might be able to reach either of them in case they should seek any open country. From this time the enemy always went out along the weald in bands and troops, by whichever border was at the time without forces: and they also were sought out by other bands, almost every day, either by day or night, as well from the king's force as also from the towns.

The king had divided his forces into two, so that one half was constantly at home, the other half in the field; besides those men whose duty it was to defend the towns. The army did not come out of their stations with their whole force oftener than twice: once when they first came to land, before the forces were assembled; a second time when they would go away from their stations. Then had they taken much booty, and would at that time go northward over the Thames into Essex towards their ships. Then the king's forces outrode and got before them, and fought against them at Farnham, and put the army to flight, and retook the booty; and they fled over the Thames, where there was no ford; then up along the Colne into an island. Then the forces there beset them about so long as they there had any provisions: but at length they had stayed their term of service, and had consumed their provisions; and the king was then on his way thitherwards with the division which warred under him.

While he was on his way thither, and the other force was gone homewards, and the Danish-men remained there behind, because their king had been wounded in the battle, so that they could not carry him away, then those who dwell among the North-humbrians and among the East-Anglians gathered some hundred ships and went about south; and some forty ships about to the north, and besieged a fortress in Devonshire by the north sea; and those who went about to the south besieged Exeter. When the king heard that, then turned he westward towards Exeter with all his force, except a very strong body of the people eastward. These went onwards until they came to London; and then with the townsmen, and the aid which came to them from the west, they went east to Bamfleet.

Hasten was then come there with his band which before sat at Milton; and the great army was also come thereto, which

before sat at Appledore near Limne-mouth. The fortress at Bamfleet had been ere this constructed by Hasten, and he was at that time gone out to plunder; and the great army was therein. Then came they thereto, and put the army to flight, and stormed the fortress, and took all that was within it, as well the property, as the women, and the children also, and brought the whole to London; and all the ships they either broke in pieces or burned, or brought to London or to Rochester; and they brought the wife of Hasten and his two sons to the king: and he afterwards gave them up to him again, because one of them was his godson, and the other, Ethered the ealdorman's.

But as soon as they came to Bamfleet, and the fortress was constructed, then plundered he that very part of the king's realm which was in the keeping of Ethered his compeer; and again, this second time, he had gone out to plunder that very same district when his fortress was stormed. Now the king with his forces had turned westward towards Exeter, as I said before, and the army had beset the city; but when he arrived there, then went they to their ships. While the king was thus busied with the army there, in the west, and both the other armies had drawn together at Shoebury in Essex, and there had constructed a fortress, then both together went up along the Thames, and a great addition came to them, as well from the East-Anglians as from the North-humbrians. They then went up along the Thames till they reached the Severn; then up along the Severn.

Then Ethered the ealdorman, and Ethelm the ealdorman, and Ethelnoth the ealdorman, and the king's thanes who were then at home in the fortified places, gathered forces from every town east of the Parret, and as well west as east of Selwood, and also north of the Thames, and west of the Severn, and also some part of the North-Welsh people. When they had all drawn together, then they came up with the army at Buttington on the banks of the Severn, and there beset them about, on either side, in a fastness. When they had now sat there many weeks on both sides of the river, and the king was in the west in Devon, against the fleet, then were the enemy distressed for want of food; and having eaten a great part of their horses, the others being starved with hunger, then went they out against the men who were encamped on the east bank of the river, and fought against them: and the Christians had the victory. And

Ordhelm a king's thane was there slain, and also many other king's thanes were slain; and of the Danish-men there was very great slaughter made; and that part which got away thence was saved by flight.

When they had come into Essex to their fortress and to their ships, then the survivors again gathered a great army from among the East-Angles and the North-humbrians before winter, and committed their wives and their ships and their wealth to the East-Angles, and went at one stretch, day and night, until they arrived at a western city in Wirall, which is called Legaceaster [Chester]. Then were the forces unable to come up with them before they were within the fortress: nevertheless, they beset the fortress about for some two days, and took all the cattle that was there without, and slew the men whom they were able to overtake without the fortress, and burned all the corn, and with their horses ate it every evening.

THE HUNS AT REICHENAU.

By JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

(From "Ekkehard: a Tale of the Tenth Century." Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole. With the permission of the publishers, T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[Joseph Victor von Scheffel, a German poet and novelist, was born at Carlsruhe, Baden, February 16, 1826, and educated for the law; but after five years' practice left it for literary pursuits. He died April 9, 1886. His first book, which he never surpassed, was "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen" (1852), a tale in verse of the Thirty Years' War. It has been widely read, and in 1895 passed through its 216th edition. His other works include: "Ekkehard," an historical novel; "Gaudemus," a collection of songs and ballads, known to all German students; and the romances, "Juniperus" and "Hugideo."]

On the island of Reichenau it was silent and lonely after the inhabitants of the monastery had taken their departure. The weak-minded Heribald was lord and master of the whole place; he was much pleased with his solitude. For hours, he sat on the shore, skipping flat pebbles over the waves. When they sank at once he scolded them.

With the poultry in the yard he held many a dialogue; he fed them regularly.

"If you are very good, and the brothers do not return," he once said, "Heribald will preach you a sermon."

In the monastery he found plenty of amusement: — in one day of solitude a man can hatch a good many useful ideas.

The camerarius had angered him by refusing to give him the necessary shoe leather: so Heribald went up to the cell of the camerarius, smashed his large stone water jug, as well as his three flowerpots, cut open the straw mattress on his bed, and filled it up with the broken crockery; then he lay down on it to see how it would feel, and the fragments were hard and sharp, so he smiled contentedly and betook himself to Abbot Watzmann's apartments.

Against the abbot he also bore a grudge, as he was indebted to him for many a sound whipping; but he found everything locked up and in excellent order, so nothing was left to him but to break off one of the legs of the cushioned easy-chair. He cunningly put it back in its old place, as if nothing had happened.

"That will break down nicely with him, when he comes home and sits comfortably on it. 'Thou shalt castigate the flesh,' says St. Benedict. But Heribald has not broken off the leg of the chair. The Huns have done it."

Prayer, devotion, and psalm singing he performed, as the rules of the order prescribed. The seven daily times for prayer the solitary strictly adhered to, as if he might be punished for missing them; even the midnight vigil he descended into the cloister church to hold.

At the very hour when his brothers were carousing in the hall of the ducal castle with the monks of St. Gall, Heribald was standing in the choir. The uncanny shadows of the night enveloped the aisle, dimly flickered the everlasting lamp; but fearlessly, and with a clear voice, Heribald intoned the introductory verse: —

Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee. And he sang the third psalm, the one which David sang when he fled before Absalom his son.

When he reached the place where the antiphonal response usually came, according to custom, he stopped and waited for the other choir to take it up, but everything remained silent and still; then Heribald passed his hand over his forehead. "Ah," said he, "I forgot! They are all gone, and Heribald is alone."

Then as he was about to sing the ninety-fourth psalm, as the nightly service required, the everlasting lamp went out, — a bat

flew into it. Outside, storm and rain. Heavy drops fell on the roof of the church, and beat against the windows. A strange feeling came over Heribald.

"Holy Benedict," exclaimed he, "be pleased to see that it is not Heribald's fault that the antiphon was not sung."

He walked through the darkness out of the choir. A shrill wind whistled through a little window of the crypt under the high altar, producing a howling sound; as Heribald advanced, a draught caught his garment.

"Art thou come back, thou hellish tempter?" said he. "Must I fight thee once more?"

Unhesitatingly he stepped back to the altar, and seized a wooden crucifix which the abbot had not had taken away.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, come on, specter of Satan! Heribald awaits thee!"

With undaunted courage he thus stood on the altar steps; the wind continued to howl; the Devil did not appear.

"He had enough of it the last time," smilingly said the idiot. About a year before, the Evil One had appeared to him in the shape of a big dog, barking furiously at him; but Heribald had resisted him with a pole, and had plied him with such doughty blows that the pole broke.

Then Heribald screamed out a number of choice invectives in the direction where the wind was moaning; and when even after this nothing came to tempt him, he replaced the crucifix on the altar, bent his knees before it, and went back to his cell murmuring the *Kyrie eleison*. There he slept the sleep of the just until late in the morning.

The sun was high in the heavens, as Heribald complacently walked up and down before the monastery. Since the time when he had enjoyed an occasional holiday at school, he had seldom had an opportunity of idling. "Idleness is the soul's worst enemy," St. Benedict had said, and in consequence strictly ordered his disciples to fill up with the work of their hands the time which was not claimed by devotional tasks.

Heribald knew not art or handicraft, and so they employed him in splitting wood and in rendering similar useful services; but now he paced up and down with folded arms before the heaped-up logs of wood and looked up smilingly at one of the cloister windows.

"Why don't you come down, Father Rudimann," he cried, "and make Heribald cut the wood? You used to keep such

excellent watch over the brothers; and so often called Heribald a useless servant of the Lord, when he was cloud gazing instead of handling the ax. Why don't you attend to your duty?"

Not even an echo gave answer to the half-witted creature's query; then he drew out some of the under logs, noisily the whole pile rolled down. "Tumble if you like," continued he in his soliloquy, "Heribald is having a holiday, and is not going to pile you up again. The abbot has run away, and the brothers have run away also; so it serves them right, if everything tumbles down."

After this laudable enterprise, Heribald directed his steps to the monastery garden. Another project now occupied his mind. He intended to cut a few delicate heads of lettuce for his dinner, and to dress them a good deal better than they would ever have been done if the father head cook had been present. Temptingly the vision was just rising before him, how he would not spare the oil jug, and would pitilessly cut to pieces some of the biggest onions, when a cloud of dust whirled up on the white sandy shore opposite; the forms of horses and riders became visible.

"Are you there, already?" said the monk, and he made the sign of the cross; his lips mumbled a hasty prayer, but his face quickly resumed its customary smile of contentment.

"Strange wanderers and pilgrims are to meet with a Christian reception at the gate of any house of the Lord," he murmured. "I will receive them."

A new idea now crossed his brain; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Have I not studied the history of the ancients in the cloister school, and learned how the Roman senators received the invading Gauls?— Wrapped in their mantles, the ivory scepter in their hands, the old graybeards sat in their chairs, without winking, like bronze idols. Not for nothing is the Latin teacher going to tell us that was a most worthy reception. Heribald can do the same!"

A mild imbecility may now and then be an enviable dower in life. What appears black to others, seems to the half-witted as blue or green; his path may be zigzag but he does not notice the serpents hidden in the grass; and the abysses into which the wise man inevitably falls, he stumbles over, without a suspicion of danger.

A curule chair not being just then in the monastery, Heribald pushed a huge oak log toward the gate which led into the

courtyard. "For what end have we studied secular history if we cannot take counsel by it?" said he, and seated himself quietly on his block, in expectation of what was to come.

Opposite, on the near shore, a troop of horsemen had stopped. With their reins slung round their arms, and their arrows ready on their bowstrings, they had gone on ahead, — the scouts of the Hunnish horde. When no ambuscade was discovered behind the willows bordering the lake, they stopped awhile to rest their horses. Then the arrows were put back into their quivers, the crooked sabers taken between the teeth, and pressing the spurs into the horses' sides, they went into the lake. Quickly the horses crossed the blue waves. Now the foremost had touched the land, and sprang from his saddle, and shook himself three times, like a poodle coming out of a cold bath! With piercing, triumphant shouts they approached the silent Reichenau.

Like an image of stone sat Heribald, gazing undauntedly at the strange figures. Never as yet had he passed a sleepless night musing over the perfection of human beauty; but the faces which now met his view struck him as being so very ugly that he could not suppress a long-drawn "Have mercy upon us, O Lord!"

With crooked backs the strange guests sat in their saddles. Their dress was the skin of wild beasts; their bodies lean and small; their skulls square-shaped; black shaggy hair hung down in wild disorder; and their unshapely yellow faces glistened as if they had been anointed with tallow. One of the foremost had of his own accord enlarged his coarse-lipped mouth considerably, slitting it out toward the ears; from their small, deep-set eyes they looked out suspiciously at the world.

"To make a Hun, one need only give a square shape to a lump of clay, stick on a smaller lump for a nose, and drive in the chin," Heribald was just thinking, when they stood before him. He did not understand their hissing language, and smiled complacently, as if the whole gang had no concern for him.

For a while they stared in astonishment at the half-witted fellow, as professional critics do at a new poet, when they are as yet undecided in what pigeonhole of ready-made judgments they are to put him. At last one of them caught sight of the bald spot on Heribald's pate, and pointed at it with his crooked saber. They raised a sneering laugh; one seized his bow and

arrow to aim at the monk. But now Heribald's patience had come to an end; a feeling of Allemannic pride came over him as he confronted this rabble.

"By St. Benedict's tonsure," he cried, leaping to his feet, "no heathenish dog shall mock at the crown of my head!"

He snatched the reins of one of the foremost riders, tore away his crooked saber, and was just going to assume an aggressive attitude, when, quicker than lightning, one of the Huns threw a noose over his head and pulled him down. Then they leaped on him, tied his hands to his back, and were already raising their death-bringing arms, when a distant rumble and tumult was heard, like the approach of a mighty army. This drew their attention from the idiot. They threw him like a sack against his oak trunk, and galloped off down to the water's edge.

A great cavalcade of the Hunnic forces had now arrived on the opposite shore. The vanguard, by a shrill whistle, gave the signal that all was safe. At one of the extremities of the island, overgrown with reeds, they had discovered a ford, which could be crossed on horseback with dry feet. This they showed to their comrades; many hundred horsemen of them now swarmed over like hornets.

Their united forces had availed nothing against the walls of Augsburg and the bishop's prayers; so, in hordes, they were now ravaging the land.

In face, figure, and manner of sitting on horseback they were all alike, for with uncultivated races the features are as if cast in one mold, indicating that the vocation of the individual lies in conforming itself to the mass, instead of contrasting with it.

In the orchards and gardens where the monks used to walk back and forth reciting their breviaries, the strange Hunnic arms now glistened for the first time. Winding in a serpentine line came the mounted train along the narrow path from the mainland; a wild din of music, like the clanging of cymbals and the cry of violins, accompanied them; but the sounds were shrill and sharp as vinegar, for the ears of the Huns were large, but not sensitive, and only those who were unfit for cavalry service were allowed to cultivate music.

High over their heads floated the standard, with the green cat in a red field; around it rode some of the chieftains, Ellak and Hornebog towering above the rest.

Ellak had a straight un-Hunnic nose; a Circassian was his mother, and to her he was indebted for his pale, intelligent face and penetrating eyes. He represented the ruling intellect of the mass. It was his deep-rooted conviction that the old world must be plowed afresh with fire and sword, and that it was better to be plowman than manure.

Hornebog, lean and lank, wore his long black hair twisted into two solitary curls, one at each side of his face. Above towered the glittering helmet, adorned with two widespread eagles' wings; he was the very prototype of Hunnic horsemanship. To him the saddle served as home, tent, and palace. He shot the bird on the wing, and with his crooked saber could sever the head of an enemy from its trunk while galloping past. From his holster hung the six-corded whip, a significant symbol of executive power.

On the backs of the horses belonging to the chieftains hung beautifully embroidered altar cloths, as well as chasubles, a living witness that they had already paid visits to other monasteries. Their booty was transported in many wagons; a great rabble of followers closed the train.

In a cart drawn by mules, amongst copper camp kettles and other kitchen utensils, sat an old wrinkled woman. She was shading her eyes with her hand, and looking toward the sun; in that direction rose the mountain peaks of the Hegau. She knew them well; the old hag was the Forest woman. Banished by Ekkehard, she had departed for foreign lands; revenge was her first thought when she awoke in the morning, and her last as she fell asleep in the evening. Thus she came as far as Augsburg. At the foot of the mountain on which the wooden temple of the Suabian goddess Zisa had once stood, the camp fires of the Huns were burning; with them she remained.

On a magnificent steed, by the side of the old Forest woman, rode a young maiden full of the unbounded spirits caused by a healthy out-of-doors life. Under her little short nose there was a seductive pair of red lips; her eyes were sparkling; her hair hung down in a long tossing braid, interwoven with a red ribbon which floated in the air like the pennant of a ship. Her skirts were looped up. Over her loose bodice hung bow and quiver, and thus she managed her horse, —a Hunnic Artemis.

This was Erica, the Flower-of-the-heath. She was not of Hunnic origin. She had been picked up as an abandoned child

by some horsemen on the steppes of Pannonia, and had accompanied the Huns, and grown up, hardly knowing how. Those whom she liked, she caressed; those who displeased her, she bit in the arm.

Botund, the old Hunnic chieftain, had loved her. Irkund the young one killed Botund because of the Flower-of-the-heath. But when Irkund wanted to enjoy her love, Zobolsu came along, and with his sharp lance did him the same service without his asking for it. Thus Erica's fate had been varied, — new ways! new countries! new loves! — and she had become part and parcel of the horde, as if she were its good spirit, and she was held in superstitious veneration.

"So long as the Flower-of-the-heath blooms in our ranks, we shall conquer the world," said the Huns; "Forward!"

Meanwhile, poor Heribald was still lying bound at the monastery gate. His meditations were melancholy. A big gadfly was buzzing round his head. He could not drive it away with his hands fastened behind his back.

"Heribald has behaved with dignity," thought he. "Like one of the old Romans he sat at the gate to receive the enemy; and now he is lying bound on the stones, and the gadfly sits with impunity on his nose. That is the reward of dignified behavior. Heribald will never again be dignified! Amongst hedgedogs, dignity is a very superfluous thing."

Like a mountain torrent when the flood gate has been raised, the Hunnic tide was now streaming into the cloister yard.

The good Heribald began to feel really uncomfortable.

"Oh, Camerarius," he continued in his meditation, "even if thou shouldst refuse me, the next time, shirt and habit, as well as shoe leather, I would fly, nevertheless, a naked man!"

Some of the van reported to Ellak how they had found the solitary monk. He made a sign for them to bring the prisoner up before him; they loosened his cords, set him on his feet in the courtyard, and with heavy blows drove him toward their leader. Slowly marched the poor wretch, emitting grunts of indignation.

An unspeakably satirical smile played round the Hunnic chieftain's lips when the idiot at last stood before him. Negligently dropping the reins on the horse's neck, he turned round.

"See what a representative of German art and science looks like," he said, addressing Erica.

On his numerous piratical expeditions, Ellak had acquired a slight knowledge of the German language.

"Where are the inhabitants of the island?" asked he in a commanding voice.

Heribald pointed to the distant Hegau.

"Armed?"

"The servants of God are always armed; the Lord is their shield and sword."

"Well said," laughed the Hun. "Why didst thou remain behind?"

Heribald became embarrassed. He had too much pride to betray the true reason: that is to say, his torn shoes. "Heribald," he replied, "is curious, and wanted to see what the sons of the Devil are like."

Ellak translated the monk's polite speech to his companions, who struck up a loud guffaw.

"You need not laugh," cried Heribald, angrily. "We know very well what you are! Abbot Wazmann has told us."

"I shall have thee killed," said Ellak, carelessly.

"That will only serve me right," returned Heribald. "Why did I not escape with the others?"

Ellak cast a searching look at the queer fellow, and another idea struck him. He beckoned to the standard bearer, who approached, swinging in the air his flag with the green cat.

This was the cat which had once appeared to King Etzel in his youth. In a dreamy mood, he was sitting in his uncle Rugila's tent; he was melancholy, and was deliberating whether he had not better become a Christian, and serve God and science; just then the cat came in. Among Rugila's treasures she had found the golden imperial globe which had made part of the booty at Byzantium; this she held in her paws and played with it and rolled it back and forth. And an inward voice said to Etzel: —

"Thou shalt not become a monk, but thou shalt play with the round earth, as the cat plays with that golden bauble."

Then he became aware that Kutka, the God of the Huns, had appeared to him, and so he brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the world, let his finger nails grow, and became what he was destined to become, Attila, king of the Huns, the scourge of God!

"Kneel down, miserable monk," cried Ellak from his horse, "and worship him whom thou seest painted on this flag!"

But Heribald stood immovable.

"I don't know him," said he, with a hollow laugh.

"'Tis the God of the Huns!" angrily cried the chieftain. "Down on thy knees, cowl bearer, or——" He pointed to his crooked sword.

Heribald laughed once more, and, putting his forefinger to his forehead, said:—

"If you think that Heribald is so easily imposed upon, you are vastly mistaken. It is written: when God created heaven and earth, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, he said: 'Let there be light!' If God were a cat, he would not have said: 'Let there be light!' Heribald will not kneel down."

A Hunnic rider stealthily approached, pulled the monk's garment, and whispered in excellent Suabian in his ear:—

"Friend, I would kneel down, if I were in your place. They are dangerous people."

The warner's real name was Snewelin, and his birthplace was Ellwangen in the Riesgau; by birth he was a genuine Suabian, but in the course of time he had become a Hun, and done well by it. And he spoke with a peculiar windy tone in his voice, for he had lost four of his front teeth, besides several molars; and this was the real reason why he was to be found among the Huns.

In his younger days, as it happened, when he was still earning a peaceful livelihood at home as cart driver of the little Salvator monastery, he had been sent with a strong convoy, under imperial protection, with a cart load of bright-colored Neckar wine, north to the great market at Magdeburg. To that town resorted the priests of the heathenish Pomeranians and Wends, to buy their libation wine; and Snewelin made an excellent bargain when he sold his wine to the white-bearded chief priest of the three-headed God Triglaf, for the great temple at Stettin.

But afterwards he remained sitting over the wine with the white-bearded heathen, who enjoyed the Suabian nectar and became enthusiastic and began to praise his native land and said that the world was infinitely more advanced in their parts, between the Oder and the Spree. And he tried to convert Snewelin to the worship of Triglaf the three-headed, and of the black and white Sun God Radegast, and of Radomysl, the God-

dess of joyous thoughts; but this was rather too much for the man of Ellwangen.

"You are an abominable Wendish swindler," he exclaimed, and upset the wine table, and flew at him, like the young hero Siegfried when he attacked the wild, long-bearded dwarf Alberich; he had a hand-to-hand contest with him, and at one strong tug pulled out the half of his gray beard! But his antagonist called on Triglaf the three-headed to help him, dealt him a blow on the jaw with his iron-mounted staff, which forever destroyed the beauty of his teeth; and before the toothless Suabian cart driver had recovered from the blow, his white-bearded antagonist had taken his departure, so that he could not wreak his revenge on him.

But when Snewelin walked out of the gates of Magdeburg, he shook his fist northwards, and said: —

"We two shall meet again, some day!"

At his home he was greatly ridiculed on account of his lost teeth; so, in sheer spite, he went amongst the Huns, hoping that when these should ride northwards, he would be able to settle a heavy account with the three-headed Triglaf and all his worshipers.

Heribald heeded not the curious horseman. The Forest woman had got down from her cart, and approached Ellak. With a grimace she looked at the monk.

"I have read in the stars," she cried, "that evil threatens us at the hands of bald-shaven men. To prevent the coming danger, you ought to hang up this miserable creature before the monastery gate, with his face turned toward yon mountains!"

"Hang him up," shouted many in the crowd, the old woman's pantomime having been understood.

Ellak had once more turned toward Erica.

"And so this monster has principles," said he, scornfully. "It would save his life, and yet he refuses to bend his knees. Shall we have him hanged, Flower-of-the-heath?"

Heribald's life hung on a slender thread. Round about he saw sinister faces; his courage began to fail him, he was ready to weep; but in the hour of danger, even the most foolish are often guided by a happy instinct. Like a star shone Erica's rosy face before him, and with timid steps he sprang to her through the throng. To kneel before her was not such a diffi-

cult task for him; her sweet looks inspired him with confidence. With outstretched arms he implored her protection.

"There!" cried the Flower-of-the-heath, "the man of the island is not so foolish as he looks. He prefers kneeling to Erica, instead of the green and red flag."

She smiled graciously on the pitiful suppliant, leaped from her saddle, and patted him as if he were some half-wild animal.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "thou shalt live, poor old black coat!" and Heribald read in her eyes that she meant what she said. He pointed to the Forest woman, who had frightened him most. Erica shook her head: "She shall not harm thee."

Then Heribald ran joyously to the wall: lilacs and wild roses were already blooming there; hastily he tore off some of their branches, and presented them to the Hunnic maiden.

Loud shouts of delight rang through the monastery yard.

"Hail to the Flower-of-the-heath," cried they all, clashing their arms together.

"Shout with them," whispered the man from Ellwangen into Heribald's ear. So he also raised his voice and cried a hoarse "Hurrah!" Tears stood in his eyes.

The Huns unsaddled their horses. As a pack of hounds, at evening, after the chase is over, wait for the moment when the entrails of the deer are thrown to them as their portion, — here one pulls at the cord that restrains him, there another is barking fiercely with impatience, — so stood the Huns before the monastery. At last Ellak gave the signal that the pillage might begin. In wild disorder they dashed along the corridors, up the staircase, into the church. Confused cries resounded — of expected booty and disappointed hopes. The cells of the brotherhood were searched, but nothing was found except the scanty furniture.

"Show us the treasury," said they to Heribald, who did so willingly; he knew that whatever was the most precious had been taken away. Only plated candlesticks and the big emerald of colored glass were still there.

"Miserable monastery! The beggars!" cried one, and with his mailed boot he stamped on the false jewel, so that a great crack shot through it. They rewarded Heribald with heavy blows; so he stole sorrowfully away.

In the cross passage Snewelin met him.

"Friend," he cried, "I am an old wine carrier; tell me where is your cellar?"

Heribald led him down, and chuckled contentedly when he saw that the chief entrance had been walled up. With a knowing look he winked at the fresh lime, as if to say that he well knew its secret.

The man of Ellwangen without much ado cut off the seals on one of the tuns, tapped it, and filled his helmet. It was a long, long draught that he took.

"O Hahnenkamm and Heidenheim!" exclaimed he, shivering as with the ague, "for this beverage I verily need not have joined the Huns!"

He ordered his companions to carry up the butts, but Heribald stepped anxiously forwards and pulled one of the desecrators by his gown: "Allow me, good man," said he, in pathetic accents, "but what am I to drink when you are gone away?"

Snewelin laughingly reported the monk's anxiety to the others.

"The fool must have something," they said, putting back the smallest tun unopened. Such kindness touched Heribald, and he shook hands with them.

Out in the courtyard arose a wild din. Some had been searching the church, and had also lifted a gravestone, from under which a bleached skull grinned at them out of its dark cowl. This frightened even the Huns back. Two of the gang mounted the church tower, the spire of which was adorned with a gilt weathercock, according to custom. Whether they took it to be the protecting God of the monastery, or imagined it to be real gold, they climbed up the roof of the tower, and audaciously sitting there, tried to bring the cock down with their lances.

Then a sudden giddiness came over them. One let his raised arm sink, — a false step — a cry; and down he fell, the other after him. With broken necks they lay in the cloister yard.

"A bad omen," said Ellak to himself.

The Huns uttered a howl, but a few moments later the accident was entirely forgotten. The sword had already snatched away so many of their companions — what mattered two more or less?

The bodies were carried into the cloister garden. With the logs which Heribald had upset in the early morning, a funeral pile was erected; the books left in the libraries had been

thrown down into the court; these were brought as kindling, and were used in filling up the gaps between the logs.

Ellak and Hornebog were walking together through the ranks. Squeezed in between the logs sadly looked a neatly written manuscript; the shining golden initials glittered on the broken pages. Hornebog, drawing his crooked sword, pierced the parchment with it, and held it out to his companion, stuck on the point of the blade.

"What do these hooks and chickens' feet mean, brother?" asked he.

Ellak took the punctured book, and glanced over some of its pages. He also knew Latin.

"Western wisdom," replied he. "A man named Boethius wrote it, and there are many fine things in it about the comfort of Philosophy."

"Phi—lo—so—phy," slowly repeated Hornebog; "what kind of comfort is that, brother?"

"It does not mean a pretty woman, nor yet fire water, either," was Ellak's reply. "It is difficult to describe it in Hunnish. — If a man does not know why he is in the world, and stands on his head to find out the reason, that is about what they call Philosophy in these western lands. He who comforted himself with it in his water tower at Pavia was after all beaten to death on that very account."

"It served him right!" exclaimed Hornebog. "He who holds a sword in his hand, and has a horse between his thighs, knows why he is in the world; and if we did not know the reason better than those who scratch such hooks on asses' skins, then *they* would be on our heels at the Danube, and we should not be watering our horses in the Suabian sea."

"Don't you know that it is lucky that such trash is made?" continued Ellak, throwing back the Boethius on the funeral pile.

"Why so?" asked Hornebog.

"Because the hand which guides the pen is never fit to wield the sword so as to make a good gash in the flesh; and when the nonsense which one single head hatched is once written down, then at least a hundred others will muddle their brains with it. A hundred blockheads more make a hundred soldiers less, which is clearly enough our advantage, whenever we choose to make an invasion. So long as they in the West write books and hold synods my children may safely carry their camp forward! that's what the great Etzel himself said."

"Praised be the great Etzel!" said Hornebog, reverently.

Then a voice cried, "Let the dead rest!"

With dancing steps Erica came toward the two chieftains. She had examined the monastery booty; an altar cloth of red silk found grace in her eyes, and she put it on like a mantle, — the corners lightly thrown back over her shoulders.

"How do you like me so?" she asked, turning her little head complacently about.

"The Flower-of-the-heath requires no finery of Suabian idolaters to please us," sternly replied Ellak.

Then she jumped up at him, stroked his lank black hair, and called out: —

"Come, the meal is ready."

They went to the courtyard. The Huns had strewn about all the hay supply of the monastery, and were lying down on it waiting for the repast.

With folded arms, Heribald stood in the background, looking down at them.

"The Devil's curs cannot even sit down like Christians, when they are about to eat their daily bread." These were his thoughts, but he took good care not to utter them aloud. Experience of frequent blows teaches silence.

"Lie down, black coat; thou mayst eat also," cried Erica, and signed to him to follow the example of the others. He looked at the man of Ellwangen, who was lying there with crossed legs, as if he had never known what it was to sit otherwise. So Heribald tried to follow his example; but he soon got up again: this position seemed to him too undignified. So he fetched a chair out of the monastery, and sat down with the rest.

An ox had been roasted on a spit; whatever else the cloister kitchen provided was utilized; and they fell to with ravenous hunger. The meat was cut off with their short sabers, the fingers serving as knife and fork. On end in the courtyard stood the big wine tun; every one dipped out as much as he liked. Here and there a finely wrought chalice was used as a drinking cup.

They gave Heribald also as much wine as he wished for, but when with silent contentment he was sipping it, a half-gnawed bone flew at his head. He looked up sorrowfully, but saw that many another of the feasters met with the same fate. To throw bones at one another was a Hunnic custom instead of dessert.

Wine-warm, they began a rough and unmelodious singing. Two of the younger horsemen sang an old song in honor of King Etzel, in which it was said that he had been a conqueror not only with the sword, but also with his charms of person. Then followed a satirical stanza on a Roman emperor's sister, who fell in love with him from a distance and offered him her heart and hand, which, however, he refused.

Like the screeching of owls and the croaking of toads rang the chorus. Then some of them came to Heribald, and made him understand that he also was expected to give them a song. He tried to avoid it; but to no avail. So he sang in an almost sobbing voice the antiphon in honor of the holy cross, beginning with the "*Sanctifica nos.*"

With astonishment the drunken men listened to the long whole notes of the old church chant; the strange melody sounded like a voice in the wilderness.

With rising anger the Forest woman, sitting beside the copper kettle, also heard it. With her knife she stole over, seized Heribald by his hair, and was going to cut off his locks, — the greatest insult that could be offered to a tonsured priest's consecrated head.

But Heribald pushed her back, and chanted on undaunted. This pleased the assembly; they shouted with delight. Cymbals and violins again resounded, and now the Flower-of-the-heath approached the monk; the monotonous chant had become tiresome to her; with mocking pity she seized him.

"After song comes dancing!" she cried, and drew him into the whirl of the wild dance.

Heribald knew not what happened to him. Erica's swelling bosom pressed up to him.

"Whether Heribald dances or not, it will be only another small link in the great chain of abominations," he reasoned; so he bravely stamped the ground with his sandal-clad feet: his cowl flew about him. Tighter and tighter he pressed the Hunnic maiden, and who knows what might still have happened. — With heightened color she finally stopped, gave her partner a little parting slap in the face, and ran off to the chieftains, who, with serious faces, were looking on at the frenzied throng.

The festivities were coming to an end; the effects of the wine were passing away. Then Ellak gave the order to burn the dead. In a moment's time, the whole troop were on horse-

back, and riding in closed ranks to the funeral pile. The two dead men's horses were stabbed by the oldest of the Huns, and laid beside their late masters' bodies. The gray-haired Hun repeated an impressive conjuration over the assembly, then he lifted the firebrand and lighted the pile. Boethius' "Comfort of Philosophy," pine logs, manuscripts, and corpses vied with one another in burning the brightest, and a mighty pillar of smoke rose up to the sky.

With wrestling, warlike exercises and races, the memory of the dead was celebrated. The sun was sinking in the west. The whole body of Huns passed the night in the monastery.

It was on the Thursday before Easter, when all this happened on the island of Reichenau. The tidings of this invasion soon reached the fishermen's huts around Radolfszell. When Moengal, the parish priest, held the early morning service, he still counted six of his pious flock; in the afternoon there were only three, including himself.

Angrily he was sitting in the little room in which he had once hospitably entertained Ekkehard; then the pillar of smoke from the Hunnic funeral pile rose into the air. He stepped to the window. It was dense and black as if the whole monastery were in flames; the scent of burning came over the lake.

"Hihahoi!" cried Moengal; "*jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*, —already it is burning at neighbor Ucalegon's! Then I must also get my house ready. Out with ye now, my old Cambutta!"

Cambutta was no serving maid, but a huge bludgeon, a genuine Irish shillelah, Moengal's favorite weapon.

He packed the chalice and the ciborium into his doeskin game bag. Nothing else of gold or silver did he possess. Then he called together his hounds, his hawk, and two falcons; he flung to them all the meat and fish his pantry boasted.

"Eat as much as ever you can, children," said he, "so that nothing be left for those cursed plagues!"

The butt in the cellar he knocked to pieces, so that the sparkling wine streamed forth.

"Not a drop of wine shall the devils drink in Moengal's parsonage."

Only the jug containing the vinegar was left intact. On the crystal-clear butter in the wooden cask he emptied a bas-

ketful of ashes. His fishing tackle and sporting utensils he buried; then he smashed the windows, and carefully strewed the fragments about in the rooms. Some he even put into the chinks of the floor, with the points turned up, — all in honor of the Huns! He let the hawk and falcons fly away.

"Farewell!" he cried, "and keep near; for soon there will be dead heathen to pick!"

So his house was put in order. Hanging the game bag, as well as a Hibernian leather canteen, over his shoulders, with two spears in his hands, and Cambutta the shillelah fastened on his back, — thus, a valiant champion of the Lord, old Moengal walked out of his parsonage, which had been his home for so many years.

He had already gone quite a distance; the sky was darkened with smoke and ashes. "Wait a bit!" he cried. "I have forgotten something."

He retraced his steps: —

"The yellow-faced rascals deserve at least a word of welcome."

He drew a piece of red chalk from his pocket, and therewith wrote in large Irish characters a few words on the gray sandstone slab over the door. Later rains have washed them away, and no one ever deciphered them; but no doubt it was a significant greeting which old Moengal left behind him, in Irish runes.

He struck off at a swift pace, and turned toward the Hohentwiel.

The Battle with the Huns.

Good Friday had come; but the anniversary of our Savior's death was not kept on the Hohentwiel this time in the silent way which the prescriptions of the church require. Old Moengal's arrival had dissipated all doubts as to the enemy's approach. Late in the night they held a war council and determined unanimously to go out to meet the Huns in open battle.

The sun rose drearily; soon it was hidden again in mist. A fierce gale blew over the land, chasing the clouds along, so that they sank down on the distant Bodensee, as if water and air were striving to mingle. Now and then a sunbeam strug-

gled through. It was the as yet undecided battle which Spring was waging against the powers of Winter.

The men had already risen, and were preparing for a serious day's work.

In his watchtower room Ekkehard was silently pacing up and down, his hands folded in prayer. . . .

Now from the tower was suddenly heard the cry: —

"To arms! to arms! the enemy! A dark mass is coming! coming toward us from the lake. Riders and horses! the enemy!"

Now there was no more restraint and no quiet. The men stormed toward the gate as if driven by the Spirit. Abbot Wazmann had scarcely time to pronounce the blessing.

So in our days the Wendic fisherman rushes from Sunday church, which his priest holds on the Rugianic sea sands at the time when the shoals of herring are approaching. "The fish are coming!" cries the watchman on the white sandy shore, and the next moment there is a dash for the boats. Forsaken stands the clergyman, gazing at the tumult; then he also cuts short the threads of his devotions, and he seizes his nets, and hastens to his dory to wage war upon the scaly tribe.

Thirsting for battle, they marched out of the courtyard, each heart swelling with the soul-stirring conviction that a great moment was at hand. The monks of St. Gall mustered sixty-four, those of the Reichenau ninety, and of the arriere-ban men there were above five hundred.

Close by the standard of the brotherhood of St. Gall strode Ekkehard. It was a crucifix, veiled in crape, with long black streamers, as the monastery banner had been left behind.

On the balcony stood the duchess, waving her white handkerchief. Ekkehard turned around and looked up at her; but her eyes evaded his, and her parting salutation was not meant for him.

Some of the serving brothers had carried St. Mark's coffin down to the lower castle gate. All who passed by touched it with sword and lance point, then with heavy tread moved down the castle road.

In the wide plain stretching out toward the lake Simon Bardo drew up his troops. Hei! how pleased the old field marshal was that his scar-covered breast again wore the accustomed mail, instead of the monk's habit! He rode along in a strangely shaped, pointed steel morion; his broad, jewel-set

girdle and the golden hilt of his sword indicated the former general.

"*You* read the classics on account of the *grammar*," he had said to the abbots, who, mounted on fine horses, rode at his side; "but *I* have learnt my handicraft from them. With the good advice of Frontinus and Vegetius something may still be achieved even nowadays. First we will try the battle array of the Roman legions; for in that position one can best await the enemy and see what he means to do. Afterwards we are still at liberty to change our tactics; the affair will not be settled between us in half an hour."

He ordered the light corps of the archers and sling bearers to take the lead; they were to occupy the border of the wood, where they would be sheltered by the fir trees against attack on horseback.

"Aim low," said he; "even if you hit the horse instead of the rider, it is always something."

At the sound of the horns the troop hastened forwards. As yet, nothing was to be seen of the enemy.

The men of the arriere-ban he arrayed in two columns. In close ranks, with leveled lances, they slowly advanced, — a space of a few steps remaining between the two files. The Baron of Randegg and the gaunt Fridinger commanded them.

The monks Simon Bardo collected into one compact body, and placed them in the rear.

"Why this?" asked Abbot Wazmann; he was offended because the honor of heading the attack was not granted them. But Bardo, experienced in war, smilingly replied: —

"Those are my Triarians; not because they are veteran soldiers, but because they are fighting for their own warm nests. To be driven out of house and home and bed makes swords cut keenest and spears thrust deepest. Have no anxiety; the tug of war will come soon enough to the disciples of St. Benedict."

The Huns had left the monastery of Reichenau at early dawn. The provisions were all consumed, the wine drunk, the church pillaged; their day's work was done.

Many a wrinkle on Heribald's forehead grew smooth when the last of the horsemen rode out of the gate. He threw after them a gold coin which the man from Ellwangen had confidentially thrust into his hand.

"Friend, if thou shouldst hear that a mishap had befallen me," said Snewelin, "then let a dozen masses be read for my poor soul. I have always had a friendly feeling for you and your fellow-monks, and how it was that I fell amongst the heathens, I myself can scarcely understand. The soil of Ellwangen is unfortunately too rough and stony for producing saints."

Heribald, however, would have nothing to do with him. In the garden, he shoveled up the bones and ashes of the burnt Huns and their horses, and scattered them into the lake, even while the Huns were in the act of crossing to the other side.

"No heathen dust shall remain on the island," said he.

Then he went to the monastery yard, and thoughtfully stared at the place where he had been forced to dance on the day before.

The course taken by the Huns led them through the dark fir wood toward the Hohentwiel. But, as they went carelessly cantering along, here and there a horse began to stagger; arrows and missiles from slings flew into their ranks, sent by invisible hands. The vanguard showed signs of hesitation. "Why do you care for the stinging of gnats?" cried Ellak, and he spurred his horse. "Forward! the plain is the field for cavalry battle!"

A dozen of his men were ordered to stay behind with the baggage in order to skirmish with those in the forest. The ground echoed with the tramp of the swiftly advancing horde. On the plain they opened their ranks, and with wild howls galloped out against the approaching column of the arriere-ban.

Far ahead rode Ellak, with the Hunnic standard bearer, who waved the green and red flag over his head. Then the chieftain lifted himself high in the saddle, and uttered a piercing cry, and shot off the first arrow, that the battle might be opened according to old custom.

Now the bloody fight began in good earnest. Little avail was it to the Suabian warriors that they stood firm and immovable like a forest of lances; for though the horses recoiled, a shower of arrows came flying at them from the distance. Half standing in the stirrups, with the reins hanging over their horses' necks, even while they were dashing at full speed the Huns took aim; their arrows hit.

Others came swarming in from the sides; woe to the wounded, if his brethren did not take him into the center.

Then the light-armed troops planned to dash out from the fir wood and outflank the Huns. The sound of the horn collected them together; they started out; but, quick as thought, the enemies' horses were turned round, a shower of arrows greeted them. They hesitated; a few advanced; these also were thrown back; only Audifax was left bravely marching along. The arrows whizzed about him; but, without looking up or looking back, he blew his bagpipe, as was his duty. Thus he came right into the midst of the Hunnic riders.

Suddenly his piping stopped; for, in passing, one of the Huns had thrown the lasso over his head and dragged him away with him. Resisting with all his might, Audifax looked around; not a single man of his troop was to be seen.

"O Hadumoth!" cried he, mournfully.

The rider took pity on the brave fair-haired boy; instead of splitting his head, he lifted him up on the horse and galloped back. The Hunnic baggage train had stopped under the shelter of a hill. With erect figure the Forest woman was standing on her cart, intently gazing at the raging battle. She had cared for the first who were wounded, and chanted powerful charms over the flowing blood.

"Here I bring you some one to clean the camp kettles!" cried the Hunnic rider, and he threw the shepherd boy from the horse so that he fell right into the straw-woven body of the cart, at the old woman's feet.

"Welcome, thou venomous little toad," cried she, fiercely; "thou shalt get thy reward for showing that cowl bearer the way up to my house!"

She recognized him at once, and, dragging him toward her by the lasso, tied him fast to the cart.

Audifax remained silent, but bitter tears stood in his eyes. He did not weep because he was taken prisoner, but he wept because his hopes were again disappointed. "O Hadumoth!" sighed he again.

The midnight before he had sat with the young goose driver, hidden in a corner of the fireplace.

"Thou shalt be safe," Hadumoth had said; "here is a charm against all wounds!"

She had boiled a brown snake, and anointed his forehead, shoulders, and breast with its fat.

"To-morrow evening I shall wait for thee in this same corner; thou wilt come back to me safe and sound. No metal can do anything against the fat of a snake."

Audifax had given her his hand, and had gone out with his bagpipe so joyously into battle, — and now!

The battle was still raging on in the valley plain. The Suabian ranks were on the point of giving way, already weary from the unaccustomed fighting. Anxiously Simon Bardo looked on and shook his head.

"The finest strategy," he grumbled, "is lost on these Centaurs, who dash back and forth, and shoot from a distance, as if my threefold array were there for nothing. It would really be well if one were to add to Emperor Leo's book on tactics a special chapter treating of the attack of the Huns."

He rode up to the monks, and divided them again into two bodies; he ordered the men of St. Gall to advance on the right of the arriere-ban and those of Reichenau on the left; then to wheel about so that the enemy, having the wood at his back, might be shut in by a wide semicircle. "If we do not surround them, they will not make a stand," he cried, and flourished his broad sword. "Up and at them, then!"

A wild fire flashed in all eyes. In marching order stood the ranks. Now they all dropt down on their knees; each took up a clod of earth, and threw it over his head, that he might be consecrated and blessed by his native earth; then they rushed on to battle.

Those of St. Gall struck up the pious war song of "*media vita.*"

Notker the stutterer once passed through the ravines of the Martistobel, in his native land; they were building a bridge across. The workmen were hanging over the giddy height. Then it came into his mind like a picture, how, at every moment in our life, the abyss of Death is yawning, and so he composed the song.

Now it served as a sort of magic song, a protection to their own lives, and death to their enemies.

Solemn sounded its strains from the lips of the men as they went into battle: —

> In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased.

In thee did our fathers put their trust, they put their trust in thee, and thou didst set them free.
O Lord God most holy!

And from the other wing the monks of the Reichenau were singing: —

On thee our fathers called, they called and were not confounded.
O Lord most mighty!

And from both sides was then heard together: —

Despise us not in the days of decrepitude; when our strength faileth, spare us.
Holy and most merciful Savior, deliver us not into the bitter pangs of eternal death.

Thus they stood in close combat. With amazement the Huns had beheld the dark columns approaching. Howls, and the hissing, devilish cry of "hui! hui!" was their response to the "*media vita.*" Ellak likewise now divided his horsemen for the attack, and the fighting raged fiercer than ever.

The Huns, spurring their horses, broke through the feeble force of the monks of St. Gall; a dire single combat then began. Strength wrestled with swiftness, German awkwardness with Hunnic cunning.

The soil of the Hegau then drank the blood of many a pious man. Tutilo the strong was slain. He had tripped up a Hun's horse and pulled the rider down by the feet, and, swinging the wry-faced wretch through the air, split his skull against a stone; but an arrow pierced the hoary warrior's temple. A sound like the victorious hymns of the heavenly host rang through his wounded brain, then he fell down on his slain foe.

Sindolt the wicked atoned by the death wound in his breast for many a bad trick which he had played on his brothers in former times, and nothing did it avail Dubslan the Scot that he had made a vow to St. Minwaloius to go barefoot to Rome, if he would protect him in this battle, — for he also was carried out of the tumult with an arrow shot through his body.

When the blows were raining down on the helmets like hailstones on loose slate roofs, old Moengal drew his hood over his head, so that he could look neither to the right nor to the left; he had thrown away his spear. "Out with thee now,

my old Cambutta," he cried spitefully, and unbuckled his shillelah, which had accompanied him fastened to his back. He now stood in the whirl like a thrasher on the barn floor.

For some time a horseman had been capering around him. "*Kyrie eleison*," sang out the old man, and smashed the horse's skull at one blow. On both feet the rider leaped to the ground: a light stroke from the crooked saber grazed Moengal's arm.

"Hoiho!" exclaimed he. "In spring 'tis a good thing to be bled; but take care, little surgeon!" and he aimed a blow as if he would strike his opponent ten fathoms deep into the ground.

The Hun evaded the blow, but the helmet fell off, and the club wielder saw a rosy face, framed in by long wavy tresses interwoven with a red ribbon.

Before Moengal could aim another blow, his antagonist jumped up at him like a tiger cat. The young fresh face approached his as if to afford him, in his old days, the opportunity of getting a kiss; but the next moment he received a sharp bite on his cheek. He clasped his assailant: — it was like a woman's form!

"Avaunt from me, demon!" cried he. "Has hell spewed out her she-devils also?"

Then came another bite on the left cheek to restore symmetry. He started back; she laughed at him; a riderless horse came dashing by; before old Moengal had raised his bludgeon again, Erica was in the saddle, and rode away like a dream of the night that vanishes at cockcrow.

In the main body of the arriere-ban fought Herr Spazzo the chamberlain, heading a troop. The slow advance had pleased him; but when the fight seemed to come to no conclusion, and men were flying at one another like the hounds and the deer in a chase, then it became rather too much for him. An idyllic mood came over him in the midst of battle and death, and only when a passing rider pulled off his helmet, as an acceptable booty, was he roused from his meditations; and when the same, renewing the experiment, tried to drag off his mantle also, he cried out angrily, "Is it not yet enough, thou marksman of the Devil?" at the same time he dealt at him a thrust with his long sword, which pinned the Hun's thigh to his horse.

Herr Spazzo then thought of giving him the deathblow;

but on looking into his face, he found it so very ugly that he resolved to bring him home to his mistress, as a living memento of the day. So he made the wounded man prisoner. His name was Cappan, and putting his head under Herr Spazzo's arm, in token of submission, he grinned with his white teeth, because his life had been spared.

Hornebog had led his troops against the brothers of the Reichenau. Here Death reaped a rich harvest. The cloister walls glistened in the distance across the lake, like an appeal to the combatants to exert their utmost strength; and many a Hun who came within reach of their swords found that he was treading on Suabian ground, where the most telling blows grow wild like strawberries in the wood. But the ranks of the brothers also were considerably thinned. Quirinius the scrivener was resting forever from the writer's cramp, which had caused the spear in his right hand to tremble. There fell Wiprecht the astronomer, and Kerimold the master of trout fishing, and Witigowo the architect; — who knows them all? the nameless heroes, who died a joyful death!

To one only did a Hunnic arrow bring relief; that was brother Pilgeram. He was born at Cologne, on the Rhine, and had carried his thirst of knowledge, as well as a mighty goiter, to St. Pirmin's isle, where he was one of the most learned and most pious of the monks; but his goiter increased, and he became hypochondriac over the ethics of Aristotle, so that Heribald had often said to him: "Pilgeram, I pity thee."

Now an arrow pierced the excrescence on his throat.

"Farewell, friend of my youth!" he cried, and sank down; but the wound was not dangerous, and when his consciousness returned, his throat felt light and his head felt light, and as long as he lived he never opened his Aristotle again.

Round the standard of St. Gall a select body of men had rallied. The black streamers still floated in the air from the image on the crucifix; but the contest was doubtful. With word and action Ekkehard encouraged his companions to hold their own; but it was Ellak himself who fought against them.

The bodies of slain men and horses cumbered the ground in wild disorder. He who survived had done his duty; and when all are brave, no single heroic deed can claim its special share of glory.

Herr Burkhard's sword had received a new baptism of blood

in Ekkehard's hands, but in vain had he fiercely attacked Ellak the chieftain; after they had exchanged a few blows and thrusts, they were separated again by the billows of battle.

Already the cross, towering on high, was beginning to waver under the rain of unceasing arrows, when a loud cry of surprise ran through the ranks. From the hill on which stood the tower of Hohenfridingen two unknown horsemen in strange-looking armor came galloping down. Heavy and of mighty bulk sat one of them on his steed; of antiquated shape were shield and harness, but the faded golden ornaments indicated the high birth of the warrior. A golden band encircled his helmet, from which waved a tuft of red feathers. With mantle fluttering in the wind and lance leveled, he looked like a picture of the olden times; like King Saul in Folkard's psalm book, when he rode out to meet David. Close by his side rode his companion, a faithful vassal, ready to succor and protect him.

"'Tis the archangel Michael!" rang the cry through the Christian ranks, and with this their strength rallied.

The sun shone brightly on the strange knight's arms, like an omen of victory,—and now the two were in the midst of the battle. He in the gilt armor seemed to be looking about for a worthy antagonist; one was not lacking, for, as soon as the Hunnic chieftain's keen eyes spied him out, his horse's head was turned toward him. The stranger knight's spear flew by him; Ellak was already raising his sword to deal the deathblow, when the vassal threw himself between the two. His broadsword merely struck the enemy's horse; so he bent his head forwards, and caught the blow meant for his master; cut through the neck, the faithful shield bearer found his death.

With a noisy clattering Ellak's horse fell to the ground; but before the din had quite died out the Hun was on his feet again. The unknown knight raised his mace to break his enemy's head; but Ellak, with his left foot braced against the body of his dead courser, pressed back the raised arm with his sinewy hand, and strove at the same time to pull him from his steed. Then, face to face, the two mighty ones engaged in such a wrestling that those around them ceased fighting to look on.

Now, by a crafty movement, Ellak seized his short sword, which, like all Huns, he wore at his right side; but just as he

was lifting his arm to use it, his antagonist's mace came down slowly but heavily on his head. Yet his hand still dealt the thrust! Then he raised it to his forehead; the blood streamed over it; the Hunnic chieftain fell back over his war horse, and reluctantly breathed out his life.

"Here! sword of the Lord and St. Michael!" now rose triumphantly the cry of monk and arriere-ban! They rushed on to one last desperate attack. The knight in the gilt armor was still the foremost in the fight. The death of their leader caused a panic to the Huns; they turned, and sped away in mad flight.

The Forest woman had already perceived the issue of the battle. Her horses were ready harnessed; she cast one last angry glance at the approaching monks and her rocky home, then she drove the horses at a swift pace toward the Rhine, followed by the rest of the train.

"To the Rhine!" was the watchword of the flying Huns.

Last of all, and unwillingly, Hornebog turned his back on the battlefield and the Hohentwiel.

"Farewell, till next year!" cried he, tauntingly.

The victory was gained; but he whom they believed to be the archangel Michael, sent from heaven to the field of Hegau, bowed his heavy head down to his horse's neck. Reins and mace fell from his hands; whether it was the Hunnic chieftain's last thrust, or suffocation in the heat of the battle, he was lifted down from his horse a dead man. On opening his visor, a happy smile was still visible on his wrinkled old face.—From that hour the headache of the old man of the Heidenhöhlen had ceased forever. Dying as an honorable champion should, he had atoned for the sins of bygone days; this gave him joy in the hour of death.

A black dog ran about searching on the battlefield till he found the old man's body. Dismally howling, he licked his forehead; and Ekkehard stood near, with tears in his eyes, and repeated a prayer for the welfare of his soul.

With helmets adorned with green fir twigs the conquerors returned to the Hohentwiel. Twelve of the brothers they left in the valley to watch the dead on the battlefield.

Of the Huns, one hundred and eighty-four had fallen in battle,—of the Suabian arriere-ban, ninety-six; those of the

Reichenau had lost eighteen, and those of St. Gall twenty, besides the old man and Rauching his bondsman.

With a handkerchief tied round his face, Moengal stalked over the field, leaning on his shillelah instead of a staff. One by one he examined the dead.

"Hast thou not seen amongst them a Hun who in reality is a Hunnic woman?" he asked of one of the watch-keeping brothers.

"No," was the reply.

"Then I may as well go home," said Moengal.

THE FINDING OF WINELAND THE GOOD.

The Norse discovery of America, A.D. 1000: being all that part of the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the discovery of the east coast of North America.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES.

LEIF ERICSSON SAILS TO GREENLAND.

LEIF and his companions sailed away from the Hebrides, and arrived in Norway in the autumn. Leif went to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason. He was well received by the king, who felt that he could see that Lief was a man of great accomplishments. Upon one occasion the king came to speech with Leif, and asks him, "Is it thy purpose to sail to Greenland in the summer?" "It is my purpose," said Leif, "if it will be your will." "I believe it will be well," answers the king, "and thither thou shalt go upon my errand, to proclaim Christianity there." Leif replied that the king should decide, but gave it as his belief that it would be difficult to carry this mission to a successful issue in Greenland. The king replied that he knew of no man who would be better fitted for this undertaking, "and in thy hands the cause will surely prosper." "This can only be," said Leif, "if I enjoy the grace of your protection." Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean, and came upon lands of which he had previously had no knowl-

edge. There were self-sown wheat fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees there which are called "mausur," and of all these they took specimens. Some of the timbers were so large that they were used in building. Leif found men upon a wreck, and took them home with him, and procured quarters for them all during the winter. In this wise he showed his nobleness and goodness, since he introduced Christianity into the country, and saved the men from the wreck; and he was called Leif the Lucky ever after. Leif landed in Ericsfirth, and then went home to Brattahlid; he was well received by every one. He soon proclaimed Christianity throughout the land, and the Catholic faith, and announced King Olaf Tryggvason's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied this faith. Eric was slow in forming the determination to forsake his old belief, but Thiodhild embraced the faith promptly, and caused a church to be built at some distance from the house. This building was called Thiodhild's Church, and there she and those persons who had accepted Christianity, and they were many, were wont to offer their prayers. Thiodhild would not have intercourse with Eric after that she had received the faith, whereat he was sorely vexed.

At this time there began to be much talk about a voyage of exploration to that country which Leif had discovered. The leader of this expedition was Thorstein Ericsson, who was a good man and an intelligent, and blessed with many friends. Eric was likewise invited to join them, for the men believed that his luck and foresight would be of great furtherance. They thereupon equipped that ship in which Thorbiorn had come out, and twenty men were selected for the expedition. They took little cargo with them, naught else save their weapons and provisions. On that morning when Eric set out from his home he took with him a little chest containing gold and silver; he hid this treasure, and then went his way. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, when he fell from his horse and broke his ribs and disloctaed his shoulder, whereat he cried "Ai, ai," By reason of this accident he sent his wife word that she should procure the treasure which he had concealed, for to the hiding of the treasure he attributed his misfortune. Thereafter they sailed cheerily out of Ericsfirth in high spirits over their plan. They were long tossed about upon the ocean, and could not lay the course they wished.

They came in sight of Iceland, and likewise saw birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea. In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure to the elements, and exhausted by their labors, and arrived at Ericsfirth at the very beginning of winter. Then said Eric, "More cheerful were we in the summer, when we put out of the firth, but we still live, and it might have been much worse." Thorstein answers, "It will be a princely deed to endeavor to look well after the wants of all these men who are now in need, and to make provision for them during the winter." Eric answers, "It is ever true, as it is said, that 'it is never clear ere the answer comes,' and so it must be here. We will act now upon thy counsel in this matter." All of the men who were not otherwise provided for accompanied the father and son. They landed thereupon, and went home to Brattahlid, where they remained throughout the winter.

Thorstein Ericsson weds Gudrid, Apparitions.

Now it is to be told that Thorstein Ericsson sought Gudrid, Thorbiorn's daughter, in wedlock. His suit was favorably received both by herself and by her father, and it was decided that Thorstein should marry Gudrid, and the wedding was held at Brattahlid in the autumn. The entertainment sped well, and was very numerously attended. Thorstein had a home in the Western Settlement at a certain farmstead, which is called Lysufirth. A half-interest in this property belonged to a man named Thorstein, whose wife's name was Sigrid. Thorstein went to Lysufirth, in the autumn, to his namesake, and Gudrid bore him company. They were well received, and remained there during the winter. It came to pass that sickness appeared in their home early in the winter. Gard was the name of the overseer there; he had few friends; he took sick first, and died. It was not long before one after another took sick and died. Then Thorstein, Eric's son, fell sick, and Sigrid, the wife of Thorstein, his namesake; and one evening Sigrid wished to go to the house, which stood over against the outer door, and Gudrid accompanied her; they were facing the outer door when Sigrid uttered a loud cry. "We have acted thoughtlessly," exclaimed Gudrid, "yet thou needest not cry, though the cold strikes thee; let us go in again as speedily as possible."

Sigrid answers, "This may not be in this present plight. All of the dead folk are drawn up here before the door now; among them I see thy husband, Thorstein, and I can see myself there, and it is distressful to look upon." But directly this had passed she exclaimed, "Let us go now, Gudrid; I no longer see the band!" The overseer had vanished from her sight, whereas it had seemed to her before that he stood with a whip in his hand and made as if he would scourge the flock. So they went in, and ere the morning came she was dead, and a coffin was made ready for the corpse; and that same day the men planned to row out to fish, and Thorstein accompanied them to the landing place, and in the twilight he went down to see their catch. Thorstein, Eric's son, then sent word to his namesake that he should come to him, saying that all was not as it should be there, for the housewife was endeavoring to rise to her feet, and wished to get in under the clothes beside him, and when he entered the room she was come up on the edge of the bed. He thereupon seized her hands and held a poleax before her breast. Thorstein, Eric's son, died before nightfall. Thorstein, the master of the house, bade Gudrid lie down and sleep, saying that he would keep watch over the bodies during the night; thus she did, and early in the night, Thorstein, Eric's son, sat up and spoke, saying that he desired Gudrid to be called thither, for that it was his wish to speak with her: "It is God's will that this hour be given me for my own and for the betterment of my condition." Thorstein, the master, went in search of Gudrid, and waked her, and bade her cross herself, and pray God to help her: "Thorstein, Eric's son, has said to me that he wishes to see thee; thou must take counsel with thyself now, what thou wilt do, for I have no advice to give thee." She replies, "It may be that this is intended to be one of those incidents which shall afterward be held in remembrance, this strange event, and it is my trust that God will keep watch over me; wherefore, under God's mercy, I shall venture to go to him, and learn what it is that he would say, for I may not escape this if it be designed to bring me harm. I will do this, lest he go further, for it is my belief that the matter is a grave one." So Gudrid went and drew near to Thorstein, and he seemed to her to be weeping. He spoke a few words in her ear, in a low tone, so that she alone could hear them; but this he said so that all could hear, that those persons would be blessed who kept well the faith, and that it

carried with it all help and consolation, and yet many there were, said he, who kept it but ill. "This is no proper usage, which has obtained here in Greenland since Christianity was introduced here, to inter men in unconsecrated earth, with naught but a brief funeral service. It is my wish that I be conveyed to the church, together with the others who have died here; Gard, however, I would have you burn upon a pyre, as speedily as possible, since he has been the cause of all the apparitions which have been seen here during the winter." He spoke to her also of her own destiny, and said that she had a notable future in store for her, but he bade her beware of marrying any Greenlander; he directed her also to give their property to the church and to the poor, and then sank down again a second time. It had been the custom in Greenland, after Christianity was introduced there, to bury persons on the farmsteads where they died, in unconsecrated earth; a pole was erected in the ground, touching the breast of the dead, and subsequently, when the priests came thither, the pole was withdrawn and holy water poured in (the orifice), and the funeral service held there, although it might be long thereafter. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the church at Ericsfirth, and the funeral services held there by the clergy. Thorbiorn died soon after this, and all of his property then passed into Gudrid's possession. Eric took her to his home and carefully looked after her affairs.

Concerning Thord of Hofdi.

There was a man named Thord, who lived at Hofdi on Hofdi-strands. He married Fridgerd, daughter of Thori the Loiterer and Fridgerd, daughter of Kiarval the King of the Irish. Thord was a son of Biorn Chestbutter, son of Thorvald Spine, Alseik's son, the son of Biorn Iron-side, the son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeks. They had a son named Snorri. He married Thorhild Ptarmigan, daughter of Thord the Yeller. Their son was Thord Horse-head. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the name of Thord's son. Thorfinn's mother's name was Thorunn. Thorfinn was engaged in trading voyages, and was reputed to be a successful merchant. One summer Karlsefni equipped his ship, with the intention of sailing to Greenland. Snorri, Thorbrand's son, of Alptafirth, accompanied him, and there were forty men on board the ship with them.

There was a man named Biarni, Grimolf's son, a man from Breidafirth, and another named Thorhall, Gamli's son, an Eastfirth man. They equipped their ship, the same summer as Karlsefni, with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland; they had also forty men in their ship. When they were ready to sail, the two ships put to sea together. It has not been recorded how long a voyage they had; but it is to be told that both of the ships arrived at Eriesfirth in the autumn. Eric and ôther of the inhabitants of the country rode to the ships, and a goodly trade was soon established between them. Gudrid was requested by the skippers to take such of their wares as she wished, while Eric, on his part, showed great munificence in return, in that he extended an invitation to both crews to accompany him home for winter quarters at Brattahlid. The merchants accepted this invitation, and went with Eric. Their wares were then conveyed to Brattahlid; nor was there lack there of good and commodious storehouses, in which to keep them; nor was there wanting much of that which they needed, and the merchants were well pleased with their entertainment at Eric's home during that winter. Now as it drew toward Yule, Eric became very taciturn, and less cheerful than had been his wont. On one occasion Karlsefni entered into conversation with Eric, and said: "Hast thou aught weighing upon thee, Eric? The folk have remarked that thou art somewhat more silent than thou hast been hitherto. Thou hast entertained us with great liberality, and it behooves us to make such return as may lie within our power. Do thou now but make known the cause of thy melancholy." Eric answers: "Ye accept hospitality gracefully, and in manly wise, and I am not pleased that ye should be the sufferers by reason of our intercourse; rather am I troubled at the thought that it should be given out elsewhere that ye have never passed a worse Yule than this, now drawing nigh, when Eric the Red was your host at Brattahlid in Greenland." "There shall be no cause for that," replies Karlsefni; "we have malt, and meal, and corn in our ships, and you are welcome to take of these whatsoever you wish, and to provide as liberal an entertainment as seems fitting to you." Eric accepts this offer, and preparations were made for the Yule feast, and it was so sumptuous that it seemed to the people they had scarcely ever seen so grand an entertainment before. And after Yule, Karlsefni broached the subject of a marriage with Gudrid to Eric,

for he assumed that with him rested the right to bestow her hand in marriage. Eric answers favorably, and says that she would accomplish the fate in store for her, adding that he had heard only good reports of him. And, not to prolong this, the result was that Thorfinn was betrothed to Thurid, and the banquet was augmented, and their wedding was celebrated; and this befell at Brattahlid during the winter.

Beginning of the Wineland Voyages.

About this time there began to be much talk at Brattahlid, to the effect that Wineland the Good should be explored, for, it was said, that country must be possessed of many goodly qualities. And so it came to pass that Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out their ship, for the purpose of going in search of that country in the spring. Biarni and Thorhall joined the expedition with their ship, and the men who had borne them company. There was a man named Thorvard; he was wedded to Freydis, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. He also accompanied them, together with Thorvald, Eric's son, and Thorhall, who was called the Huntsman. He had been for a long time with Eric as his hunter and fisherman during the summer, and as his steward during the winter. Thorhall was stout and swarthy, and of giant stature; he was a man of few words, though given to abusive language, when he did speak, and he ever incited Eric to evil. He was a poor Christian; he had a wide knowledge of the unsettled regions. He was on the same ship with Thorvard and Thorvald. They had that ship which Thorbiorn had brought out. They had in all one hundred and sixty men, when they sailed to the Western Settlement, and thence to Bear Island. Thence they bore away to the southward two "doegr." Then they saw land, and launched a boat, and explored the land, and found there large flat stones (hellur), and many of these were twelve ells wide; there were many Arctic foxes there. They gave a name to the country, and called it Helluland (the land of flat stones). Then they sailed with northerly winds two "doegr," and land then lay before them, and upon it was a great wood and many wild beasts; an island lay off the land to the southeast, and there they found a bear, and they called this Biarney (Bear Island), while the land where the wood was they called Markland (Forest-land). Thence they sailed southward along the land for a long time, and came to a

cape; the land lay upon the starboard; there were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land and found upon the cape there the keel of a ship, and they called it there Kialarnes (Keelness); they also called the strands Furdustrandir (Wonder-strands), because they were so long to sail by. Then the country became indented with bays, and they steered their ships into a bay. It was when Leif was with King Olaf Tryggvason, and he bade him proclaim Christianity to Greenland, that the king gave him two Gaels; the man's name was Haki, and the woman's Haekia. The king advised Leif to have recourse to these people, if he should stand in need of fleetness, for they were swifter than deer. Eric and Leif had tendered Karlsefni the services of this couple. Now when they had sailed past Wonder-strands, they put the Gaels ashore, and directed them to run to the southward, and investigate the nature of the country, and return again before the end of the third half-day. They were each clad in a garment which they called "kiafal," which was so fashioned that it had a hood at the top, was open at the sides, was sleeveless, and was fastened between the legs with buttons and loops, while elsewhere they were naked. Karlsefni and his companions cast anchor, and lay there during their absence; and when they came again, one of them carried a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of new-sown wheat. They went on board the ship, whereupon Karlsefni and his followers held on their way, until they came to where the coast was indented with bays. They stood into a bay with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of the bay, about which there were strong currents, wherefore they called it Straumey (Stream Isle). There were so many birds there, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs. They sailed through the firth, and called it Straumfiord (Stream-firth), and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships, and established themselves there. They had brought with them all kinds of live stock. It was a fine country there. There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country. They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail, and they began to fall short of food. Then Thorhall the Huntsman disappeared. They had already prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. They searched for Thorhall for three half-days, and found him on a projecting

crag. He was lying there, and looking up at the sky, with mouth and nostrils agape, and mumbling something. They asked him why he had gone thither; he replied that this did not concern any one. They asked him then to go home with them, and he did so. Soon after this a whale appeared there, and they captured it, and flensed it, and no one could tell what manner of whale it was; and when the cooks had prepared it, they ate of it, and were all made ill by it. Then Thorhall, approaching them, says: "Did not the Red-beard prove more helpful than your Christ? This is my reward for the verses which I composed to Thor, the Trustworthy; seldom has he failed me." When the people heard this, they cast the whale down into the sea, and made their appeals to God. The weather then improved, and they could now row out to fish, and thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish from the sea.

Concerning Karlsefni and Thorhall.

It is said that Thorhall wished to sail to the northward beyond Wonder-strands, in search of Wineland, while Karlsefni desired to proceed to the southward, off the coast. Thorhall prepared for his voyage out below the island, having only nine men in his party, for all of the remainder of the company went with Karlsefni. And one day when Thorhall was carrying water aboard his ship, and was drinking, he recited this ditty: —

"When I came, these brave men told me,
Here the best drink I'd get,
Now with water pail behold me, —
Wine and I are strangers yet.
Stooping at the spring, I've tested
All the wine this land affords;
Of its vaunted charms divested,
Poor indeed are its rewards."

And when they were ready, they hoisted sail; whereupon Thorhall recited this ditty: —

"Comrades, let us now be faring
Homeward to our own again!
Let us try the sea steed's daring,
Give the chafing courser rein.

Those who will may bide in quiet,
Let them praise their chosen land,
Feasting on a whale-steak diet,
In their home by Wonder-strand."

Then they sailed away to the northward past Wonder-strands and Keelness, intending to cruise to the westward around the cape. They encountered westerly gales, and were driven ashore in Ireland, where they were grievously maltreated and thrown into slavery. There Thorhall lost his life, according to that which traders have related.

It is now to be told of Karlsefni that he cruised southward off the coast, with Snorri and Biarni, and their people. They sailed for a long time, and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river, so that it could only be entered at the height of the flood tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river, and called it there Hop (a small landlocked bay). They found self-sown wheat fields on the land there, wherever there were hollows; and wherever there was hilly ground, there were vines. Every brook was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore, where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell, there were halibut in the pits. There were great numbers of wild animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month, and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. They had their live stock with them. Now one morning early, when they looked about them, they saw a great number of skin canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were revolved in the same direction in which the sun moves. Then said Karlsefni: "What may this betoken?" Snorri, Thorbrand's son, answers him: "It may be that this is a signal of peace; wherefore let us take a white shield and display it." And thus they did. Thereupon the strangers rowed toward them, and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy men, and ill looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes, and were broad of cheek. They tarried there for a time looking curiously at the people they saw before them, and then rowed away, and to the southward around the point.

Karlsefni and his followers had built their huts above the lake, some of their dwellings being near the lake, and others farther away. Now they remained there that winter. No snow came there, and all of their live stock lived by grazing. And when spring opened, they discovered, early one morning, a great number of skin canoes, rowing from the south past the cape, so numerous that it looked as if coals had been scattered broadcast out before the bay; and on every boat staves were waved. Thereupon Karlsefni and his people displayed their shields, and when they came together, they began to barter with each other. Especially did the strangers wish to buy red cloth, for which they offered in exchange peltries and quite gray skins. They also desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni and Snorri forbade this. In exchange for perfect unsullied skins, the Skrellings would take red stuff a span in length, which they would bind around their heads. So their trade went on for a time, until Karlsefni and his people began to grow short of cloth, when they divided it into such narrow pieces that it was not more than a finger's breadth wide; but the Skrellings still continued to give just as much for this as before, or more.

It so happened that a bull which belonged to Karlsefni and his people ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three entire weeks nothing more was seen of them. At the end of this time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the south, as if a stream were pouring down, and all of their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries. Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met then, and fought together. There was a fierce shower of missiles, for the Skrellings had war slings. Karlsefni and Snorri observed that the Skrellings raised up on a pole a great bell-shaped body, almost the size of a sheep's belly, and nearly black in color, and this they hurled from the pole up on the land above Karlsefni's followers, and it made a frightful noise where it fell. Whereat a great fear seized Karlsefni, and all his men, so that they could think of naught but flight, and of making their escape up along the river bank,

for it seemed to them that the troop of the Skrellings was rushing towards them from every side, and they did not pause until they came to certain jutting crags, where they offered a stout resistance. Freydis came out, and seeing that Karlsefni and his men were fleeing, she cried: "Why do ye flee from these wretches, such worthy men as ye, when, meseems, ye might slaughter them like cattle? Had I but a weapon, methinks I would fight better than any one of you!" They gave no heed to her words. Freydis sought to join them, but lagged behind, for she was not hale; she followed them, however, into the forest, while the Skrellings pursued her; she found a dead man in front of her; this was Thorbrand, Snorri's son, his skull cleft by a flat stone; his naked sword lay beside him; she took it up, and prepared to defend herself with it. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she stripped down her shift, and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and ran down to their boats, and rowed away. Karlsefni and his companions, however, joined her and praised her valor. Two of Karlsefni's men had fallen, and a great number of the Skrellings. Karlsefni's party had been overpowered by dint of superior numbers. They now returned to their dwellings, and bound up their wounds, and weighed carefully what throng of men that could have been which had seemed to descend upon them from the land; it now seemed to them that there could have been but the one party, that which came from the boats, and that the other troop must have been an ocular delusion. The Skrellings, moreover, found a dead man, and an ax lay beside him. One of their number picked up the ax, and then struck at a tree with it, and one after another (they tested it), and it seemed to them to be a treasure, and to cut well; then one of their number seized it, and hewed at a stone with it, so that the ax broke, whereat they concluded that it could be of no use, since it would not withstand stone, and they cast it away.

It now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people that although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the (hostility of the) inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith prepared to leave, and determined to return to their own country. They sailed to the northward off the coast, and found five Skrellings, clad in skin doublets, lying asleep near the sea. There were

vessels beside them, containing animal marrow, mixed with blood. Karlsefni and his company concluded that they must have been banished from their own land. They put them to death.

They afterwards found a cape, upon which there was a great number of animals, and this cape looked as if it were one cake of dung, by reason of the animals which lay there at night. They now arrived again at Streamfirth, where they found great abundance of all those things of which they stood in need. Some men say that Biarni and Freydis remained behind here with a hundred men, and went no further; while Karlsefni and Snorri proceeded to the southward with forty men, tarrying at Hop barely two months, and returning again the same summer. Karlsefni then set out, with one ship, in search of Thorhall the Huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Keelness, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness, as far as they could see, with scarcely an open space; and when they had journeyed a considerable distance, a river flowed down from the east toward the west. They sailed into the mouth of the river, and lay to by the southern bank.

The Slaying of Thorvald, Eric's Son.

It happened one morning that Karlsefni and his companions discovered in an open space in the woods above them a speck, which seemed to shine toward them, and they shouted at it; it stirred, and it was a Uniped, who skipped down to the bank of the river by which they were lying. Thorvald, a son of Eric the Red, was sitting at the helm, and the Uniped shot an arrow into his inwards. Thorvald drew out the arrow, and exclaimed: "There is fat around my paunch; we have hit upon a fruitful country, and yet we are not like to get much profit of it." Thorvald died soon after from this wound. Then the Uniped ran away back toward the north. Karlsefni and his men pursued him, and saw him from time to time. The last they saw of him he ran down into a creek. Then they turned back; whereupon one of the men recited this ditty: —

"Eager, our men, up hill, down dell,
Hunted a Uniped;

Hearken, Karlsefni, while they tell
How swift the quarry fled!"

Then they sailed away back toward the north, and believed they had got sight of the land of the Unipeds; nor were they disposed to risk the lives of their men any longer. They concluded that the mountains of Hop, and those which they had now found, formed one chain, and this appeared to be so because they were about an equal distance removed from Streamfirth, in either direction. They sailed back and passed the third winter at Streamfirth. Then the men began to divide into factions, of which the women were the cause; and those who were without wives endeavored to seize upon the wives of those who were married, whence the greatest trouble arose. Snorri, Karlsefni's son, was born the first autumn, and he was three winters old when they took their departure. When they sailed away from Wineland, they had a southerly wind, and so came upon Markland, where they found five Skrellings, of whom one was bearded, two were women, and two were children. Karlsefni and his people took the boys, but the others escaped, and these Skrellings sank down into the earth. They bore the lads away with them, and taught them to speak, and they were baptized. They said that their mother's name was Vaetilldi, and their father's Uvaegi. They said that kings governed the Skrellings, one of whom was called Avalldamon, and the other Valldidida. They stated that there were no houses there, and that the people lived in caves or holes. They said that there was a land on the other side over against their country, which was inhabited by people who wore white garments, and yelled loudly, and carried poles before them, to which rags were attached; and people believe that this must have been Hvitramanna-land (White-men's-land), or Ireland the Great. Now they arrived in Greenland, and remained during the winter with Eric the Red.

THE GRETTIS SAGA.

(Translated by William Morris and A. Magnusson.)

Now the summer before these things Earl Eric Hakonson made ready to go from his land west to England, to see King Knut the Mighty, his brother-in-law; but left behind him in the rule of Norway Hakon, his son, and gave him into the hands of Earl Svein, his brother, for the watching and warding of his realm, for Hakon was a child in years.

But before Earl Eric went away he called together lords and rich bonders, and many things they spoke on laws and the rule of the land. Earl Eric did away with all holm gangs, and outlawed all berserks who fared with raids and riots.

In the making of this law, the chief of all, with Earl Eric, was Thorfinn Karrson, from Haramsey; for he was a wise man, and a dear friend of the Earl's.

Two brothers are named as being of the worst in these matters, one hight Thorir Paunch, the other Ogmund the Evil; they were of Halogaland kin, bigger and stronger than other men. They wrought the berserks' gang and spared nothing in their fury; they would take away the wives of men and hold them for a week or a half-month, and then bring them back to their husbands; they robbed wheresoever they came, or did some other ill deeds. Now Earl Eric made them outlaws through the length and breadth of Norway, and Thorfinn was the eagerest of men in bringing about their outlawry, therefore they deemed that they owed him ill will enow.

Thorfinn went home to his house, and sat at home till just up to Yule, as is aforesaid; but at Yule he made ready to go to his farm called Slysfirth, which is on the mainland, and thither he had bidden many of his friends. Thorfinn's wife could not go with her husband, for her daughter of ripe years lay ill abed, so they both abode at home. Grettir was at home too, and eight housecarls. Now Thorfinn went with thirty freedmen to the Yule feast, whereat there was the greatest mirth and joyance among men.

Now Yule eve comes on, and the weather was bright and calm; Grettir was mostly abroad this day, and saw how ships fared north and south along the land, for each one sought the other's home where the Yule drinking was settled to come off. By this time the goodman's daughter was so much better

that she could walk about with her mother, and thus the day wore on.

Now Grettir sees how a ship rows up toward the island; it was not right big, but shield-hung it was from stem to stern, and stained all above the sea: these folk rowed smartly, and made for the boat stands of goodman Thorfinn, and when the keel took land, those who were therein sprang overboard. Grettir cast up the number of the men, and they were twelve altogether; he deemed their guise to be far from peaceful. They took up their ship and bore it up from the sea; thereafter they ran up to the boat stand, and therein was that big boat of Thorfinn, which was never launched to sea by less than thirty men, but these twelve shot it in one haul down to the shingle of the fore shore; and thereon they took up their own bark and bore it into the boat stand.

Now Grettir thought that he could see clear enough that they would make themselves at home. But he goes down to meet them, and welcomes them merrily, and asks who they were and what their leader was hight; he to whom these words were spoken answered quickly, and said that his name was Thorir, and that he was called Paunch, and that his brother was Ogmund, and that the others were fellows of theirs.

"I deem," said Thorir, "that thy master Thorfinn has heard tell of us; is he perchance at home?"

Grettir answered, "Lucky men are ye, and hither have come in a good hour, if ye are the men I take you to be; the goodman is gone away with all his home folk who are freemen, and will not be home again till after Yule; but the mistress is at home, and so is the goodman's daughter; and if I thought that I had some ill will to pay back, I should have chosen above all things to have come just thus; for here are all matters in plenty whereof ye stand in need, both beer, and all other good things."

Thorir held his peace, while Grettir let this tale run on; then he said to Ogmund:—

"How far have things come to pass other than as I guessed? and now I am well enough minded to take revenge on Thorfinn for having made us outlaws; and this man is ready enough of tidings, and no need have we to drag the words out of him."

"Words all may use freely," said Grettir, "and I shall give you such cheer as I may; and now come home with me."

They bade him have thanks therefor, and said they would take his offer.

But when they came home to the farm, Grettir took Thorir by the hand and led him into the hall; and now was Grettir mighty full of words. The mistress was in the hall, and had had it decked with hangings, and made all fair and seemly; but when she heard Grettir's talk, she stood still on the floor, and asked whom he welcomed in that earnest wise.

He answered, "Now, mistress, is it right meet to welcome these guests merrily, for here is come goodman Thorir Paunch and the whole twelve of them, and are minded to sit here Yule over, and a right good hap it is, for we were few enough before."

She answered, "Am I to number these among bonders and goodmen, who are the worst of robbers and ill doers? A large share of my goods had I given that they had not come here as at this time; and ill dost thou reward Thorfinn, for that he took thee a needy man from shipwreck and has held thee through the winter as a free man."

Grettir said, "It would be better to take the wet clothes off these guests than to scold at me; since for that thou mayst have time long enough."

Then said Thorir, "Be not crossgrained, mistress; naught shalt thou miss thy husband's being away, for a man shall be got in his place for thee, yea, and for thy daughter a man, and for each of the home women."

"That is spoken like a man," said Grettir, "nor will they thus have any cause to bewail their lot."

Now all the women rushed forth from the hall smitten with huge dread and weeping; then said Grettir to the berserks, "Give into my hands what it pleases you to lay aside of weapons and wet clothes, for the folk will not be yielding to us while they are scared."

Thorir said he heeded not how women might squeal; "But," said he, "thee indeed we may set apart from the other home folk, and methinks we may well make thee our man of trust."

"See to that yourselves," said Grettir, "but certes I do not take to all men alike."

Thereupon they laid aside the more part of their weapons, and thereafter Grettir said: —

"Methinks it is a good rede now that ye sit down to table and drink somewhat, for it is right likely that ye are thirsty after the rowing."

They said they were ready enough for that, but knew not

where to find out the cellar; Grettir asked if they would that he should see for things and go about for them. The berserks said they would be right fain of that; so Grettir fetched beer and gave them to drink; they were mightily weary, and drank in huge draughts, and still he let them have the strongest beer that there was, and this went on for a long time, and meanwhile he told them many merry tales. From all this there was din enough to be heard among them, and the home folk were nowise fain to come to them.

Now Thorir said, "Never yet did I meet a man unknown to me, who would do us such good deeds as this man; now, what reward wilt thou take of us for thy work?"

Grettir answered, "As yet I look to no reward for this; but if we be even such friends when ye go away, as it looks like we shall be, I am minded to join fellowship with you; and though I be of less might than some of you, yet shall I not let any man of big redes."

Hereat they were well pleased, and would settle the fellowship with vows.

Grettir said that this they should not do, "For true is the old saw, *Ale is another man*, nor shall ye settle this in haste any further than as I have said, for on both sides are we men little meet to rule our tempers."

They said that they would not undo what they had said.

Withal the evening wore on till it grew quite dark; then sees Grettir that they were getting very heavy with drink, so he said: —

"Do ye not find it time to go to sleep?"

Thorir said, "Time enough forsooth, and sure shall I be to keep to what I have promised the mistress."

Then Grettir went forth from the hall, and cried out loudly: —

"Go ye to your beds, women all, for so is goodman Thorir pleased to bid."

They cursed him for this, and to hear them was like hearkening to the noise of many wolves. Now the berserks came forth from the hall, and Grettir said: —

"Let us go out, and I will show you Thorfinn's cloth bower."

They were willing to be led there; so they came to an outbower exceeding great; a door there was to it, and a strong lock thereon, and the storehouse was very strong withal; there

too was a closet good and great, and a shield paneling between the chambers; both chambers stood high, and men went up by steps to them. Now the berserks got riotous and pushed Grettir about, and he kept tumbling away from them, and when they least thought thereof, he slipped quickly out of the bower, seized the latch, slammed the door to, and put the bolt on. Thorir and his fellows thought at first that the door must have got locked of itself, and paid no heed theretq; they had light with them, for Grettir had showed them many choice things which Thorfinn owned, and these they now noted awhile. Meantime Grettir made all speed home to the farm, and when he came in at the door he called out loudly, and asked where the goodwife was; she held her peace, for she did not dare to answer.

He said, "Here is somewhat of a chance of a good catch; but are there any weapons of avail here?"

She answers, "Weapons there are, but how they may avail thee I know not."

"Let us talk thereof anon," says he; "but now let every man do his best, for later on no better chance shall there be."

The goodwife said, "Now God were in garth if our lot might better: over Thorfinn's bed hangs the barbed spear, the big one that was owned by Karr the Old; there, too, is a helmet and a byrni, and the short sword, the good one; and the arms will not fail if thine heart does well."

Grettir seizes the helmet and spear, girds himself with the short sword, and rushed out swiftly; and the mistress called upon the housecarls, bidding them follow such a dauntless man. Four of them rushed forth and seized their weapons, but the other four durst come nowhere nigh. Now it is to be said of the berserks that they thought Grettir delayed his coming back strangely; and now they began to doubt if there were not some guile in the matter. They rushed against the door and found it was locked, and now they try the timber walls so that every beam creaked again; at last they brought things so far that they broke down the shield paneling, got into the passage, and thence out to the steps. Now berserks' gang seized them, and they howled like dogs. In that very nick of time Grettir came up and with both hands thrust his spear at the midst of Thorir, as he was about to get down the steps, so that it went through him at once. Now the spearhead was both long and broad, and Ogmund the Evil ran on to Thorir and pushed him on to

Grettir's thrust, so that all went up to the barb ends; then the spear stood out through Thorir's back and into Ogmund's breast, and they both tumbled dead off the spear; then of the others each rushed down the steps as he came forth; Grettir set on each one of them, and in turn hewed with the sword, or thrust with the spear; but they defended themselves with logs that lay on the green, and whatso thing they could lay hands on; therefore the greatest danger it was to deal with them, because of their strength, even though they were weapon-

Two of the Halogalanders Grettir slew on the green, and then came up the housecarls; they could not come to one mind as to what weapons each should have; now they set on whenever the berserks gave back, but when they turned about on them, then the housecarls slunk away up to the houses. Six vikings fell there, and of all of them was Grettir the bane. Then the six others got off and came down to the boat stand, and so into it, and thence they defended themselves with oars. Grettir now got great blows from them, so that at all times he ran the risk of much hurt; but the housecarls went home, and had much to say of their stout onset; the mistress bade them espy what became of Grettir, but that was not to be got out of them. Two more of the berserks Grettir slew in the boat stand, but four slipped out by him; and by this, dark night had come on; two of them ran into a corn barn, at the farm of Windham, which is aforenamed: here they fought for a long time, but at last Grettir killed them both; then was he beyond measure weary and stiff, the night was far gone, and the weather got very cold with drift of the snow. He was fain to leave the search of the two vikings who were left now, so he walked home to the farm. The mistress had lights lighted in the highest lofts at the windows, that they might guide him on his way; and so it was that he found his road home whereas he saw the light.

But when he was come into the door, the mistress went up to him and bade him welcome.

"Now," she said, "thou hast reaped great glory, and freed me and my house from a shame of which we should never have been healed, but if thou hadst saved us."

Grettir answered, "Methinks I am much the same as I was this evening, when thou didst cast ill words on me."

The mistress answered, "We wotted not that thou wert a

man of such prowess as we have now proved thee; now shall all things in the house be at thy will which I may bestow on thee, and which it may be seeming for thee to take; but methinks that Thorfinn will reward thee better still when he comes home."

Grettir answered, "Little of reward will be needed now, but I keep thine offer till the coming of the master; and I have some hope now that ye will sleep in peace as for the berserks."

Grettir drank little that evening, and lay with his weapons about him through the night. In the morning, when it began to dawn, people were summoned together throughout the island, and a search was set on foot for the berserks who had escaped the night before; they were found far on in the day under a rock, and were by then dead from cold and wounds; then they were brought into a tide-washed heap of stones and buried thereunder.

After that folk went home, and the men of that island deemed themselves brought unto fair peace.

Now when Grettir came back to the mistress, he sang this stave: —

"By the sea's wash have we made
Graves, where twelve spear groves are laid;
I alone such speedy end,
Unto all these folk did send.
O fair giver-forth of gold,
Whereof can great words be told,
'Midst the deeds one man has wrought,
If this deed should come to naught?"

The goodwife said, "Surely thou art like unto very few men who are now living on the earth."

So she set him in the high seat, and all things she did well to him, and now time wore on till Thorfinn's coming home was looked for.

After Yule Thorfinn made ready for coming home, and he let those folk go with good gifts whom he had bidden to his feast. Now he fares with his following till he comes hard by his boat stands; they saw a ship lying on the strand, and soon knew it for Thorfinn's bark, the big one. Now Thorfinn had as yet had no news of the vikings; he bade his men hasten

landward, "For I fear," said he, "that friends have not been at work here."

Thorfinn was the first to step ashore before his men, and forthwith he went up to the boat stand; he saw a keel standing there, and knew it for the berserks' ship. Then he said to his men, "My mind misgives me much that here things have come to pass, even such as I would have given the whole island, yea, every whit of what I have herein, that they might never have happed."

They asked why he spake thus. Then he said, "Here have come the vikings, whom I know to be the worst of all Norway, Thorir Paunch and Ogmund the Evil; in good sooth they will hardly have kept house happily for us, and in an Icelander I have but little trust."

Withal he spoke many things hereabout to his fellows.

Now Grettir was at home, and so brought it about that folk were slow to go down to the shore; and said he did not care much if the goodman Thorfinn had somewhat of a shake at what he saw before him; but when the mistress asked him leave to go, he said she should have her will as to where she went, but that he himself should stir nowhither. She ran swiftly to meet Thorfinn, and welcomed him cheerily. He was glad thereof, and said, "Praise be to God that I see thee whole and merry, and my daughter in like wise. But how have ye fared since I went from home?"

She answered, "Things have turned out well, but we were near being overtaken by such a shame as we should never have had healing of, if thy winter guest had not holpen us."

Then Thorfinn spake, "Now shall we sit down, but do thou tell us these tidings."

Then she told all things plainly even as they had come to pass, and praised greatly Grettir's stoutness and great daring; meanwhile Thorfinn held his peace, but when she had made an end of her tale, he said, "How true is the saw, *Long it takes to try a man.* But where is Grettir now?"

The goodwife said, "He is at home in the hall."

Thereupon they went home to the farm.

Thorfinn went up to Grettir and kissed him, and thanked him with many fair words for the great heart which he had shown to him; "And I will say to thee what few say to their friends, that I would thou shouldst be in need of men, that then thou mightest know if I were to thee in a man's stead or

not; but for thy good deed I can never reward thee unless thou comest to be in some troublous need; but as to thy abiding with me, that shall ever stand open to thee when thou willest it; and thou shalt be held the first of all my men."

Grettir bade him have much thank therefor. "And," quoth he, "this should I have taken even if thou hadst made me proffer thereof before."

Now Grettir sat there the winter over, and was in the closest friendship with Thorfinn; and for this deed he was now well renowned all over Norway, and there the most, where the berserks had erst wrought the greatest ill deeds.

This spring Thorfinn asked Grettir what he was about to busy himself with: he said he would go north to Vogar while the fair was. Thorfinn said there was ready for him money as much as he would. Grettir said that he needed no more money at that time than faring silver: this, Thorfinn said, was full well due to him, and thereupon went with him to ship.

Now he gave him the short sword, the good one, which Grettir bore as long as he lived, and the choicest of choice things it was. Withal Thorfinn bade Grettir come to him whenever he might need aid.

But Grettir went north to Vogar, and a many folk were there; many men welcomed him there right heartily who had not seen him before, for the sake of that great deed of prowess which he had done when he saw the vikings; many highborn men prayed him to come and abide with them, but he would fain go back to his friend Thorfinn. Now he took ship in a bark that was owned of a man hight Thorkel, who dwelt in Salft in Halogaland, and was a highborn man. But when Grettir came to Thorkel .he welcomed him right heartily, and bade Grettir abide with him that winter, and laid many words thereto.

This offer Grettir took, and was with Thorkel that winter in great joyance and fame.

There was a man, hight Biorn, who was dwelling with Thorkel; he was a man of rash temper, of good birth, and somewhat akin to Thorkel; he was not well loved of men, for he would slander much those who were with Thorkel, and in this wise he sent many away. Grettir and he had little to do together; Biorn thought him of little worth weighed againts

himself, but Grettir was unyielding, so that things fell athwart between them. Biorn was a mightily boisterous man, and made himself very big; many young men got into fellowship with him in these things, and would stray abroad by night. Now it befell that early in winter a savage bear ran abroad from his winter lair, and got so grim that he spared neither man nor beast. Men thought he had been roused by the noise that Biorn and his fellows had made. The brute got so hard to deal with that he tore down the herds of men, and Thorkel had the greatest hurt thereof, for he was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Now one day Thorkel bade his men to follow him, and search for the lair of the bear. They found it in sheer sea rocks; there was a high rock and a cave before it down below, but only one track to go up to it; under the cave were scarped rocks, and a heap of stones down by the sea, and sure death it was to all who might fall down there. The bear lay in his lair by day, but went abroad as soon as night fell; no fold could keep sheep safe from him, nor could any dogs be set on him: and all this men thought the heaviest trouble. Biorn, Thorkel's kinsman, said that the greatest part had been done, as the lair had been found. "And now I shall try," said he, "what sort of play we namesakes shall have together." Grettir made as if he knew not what Biorn said on this matter.

Now it happened always when men went to sleep anights that Biorn disappeared: and one night when Biorn went to the lair, he was aware that the beast was there before him, and roaring savagely. Biorn lay down in the track, and had over him his shield, and was going to wait till the beast should stir abroad as his manner was. Now the bear had an inkling of the man, and got somewhat slow to move off. Biorn waxed very sleepy where he lay, and cannot wake up, and just at this time the beast betakes himself from his lair; now he sees where the man lies, and, hooking at him with his claw, he tears from him the shield and throws it down over the rocks. Biorn started up suddenly awake, takes to his legs and runs home, and it was a near thing that the beast got him not. This his fellows knew, for they had spies about Biorn's ways; in the morning they found the shield, and made the greatest jeering at all this.

At Yule, Thorkel went himself, and eight of them alto-

gether, and there was Grettir and Biorn and other followers of Thorkel. Grettir had on a fur cloak, which he laid aside while they set on the beast. It was awkward for an onslaught there, for thereat could folk come but by spear thrusts, and all the spear points the bear turned off him with his teeth. Now Biorn urged them on much to the onset, yet he himself went not so nigh as to run the risk of any hurt. Amid this, when men looked least for it, Biorn suddenly seized Grettir's coat, and cast it into the beast's lair. Now naught they could wreak on him, and had to go back when the day was far spent. But when Grettir was going, he misses his coat, and he could see that the bear has it cast under him. Then he said, "What man of you has wrought the jest of throwing my cloak into the lair?"

Biorn says, "He who is like to dare to own to it."

Grettir answers, "I set no great store on such matters."

Now they went on their way home, and when they had walked awhile, the thong of Grettir's leggings brake. Thorkel bade them wait for him; but Grettir said there was no need of that. Then said Biorn, "Ye need not think that Grettir will run away from his coat; he will have the honor all to himself, and will slay that beast all alone, wherefrom we have gone back all eight of us; thus would he be such as he is said to be: but sluggishly enow has he fared forth to-day."

"I know not," said Thorkel, "how thou wilt fare in the end, but men of equal prowess I deem you not: lay as few burdens on him as thou mayst, Biorn."

Biorn said that neither of them should pick and choose words from out his mouth.

Now, when a hill's brow was between them, Grettir went back to the pass, for now there was no striving with others for the onset. He drew the sword, Jokul's gift, but had a loop over the handle of the short sword, and slipped it up over his hand, and this he did in that he thought he could easier have it at his will if his hand were loose. He went up into the pass forthwith, and when the beast saw a man, it rushed against Grettir exceeding fiercely, and smote at him with that paw which was furthest off from the rock; Grettir hewed against the blow with the sword, and therewith smote the paw above the claws, and took it off; then the beast was fain to smite at Grettir with the paw that was whole, and dropped down therewith on to the docked one, but it was shorter than he

wotted of, and withal he tumbled into Grettir's arms. Now he griped at the beast between the ears and held him off, so that he got not at him to bite. And, so Grettir himself says, that herein he deemed he had had the hardest trial of his strength, thus to hold the brute. But now as it struggled fiercely, and the space was narrow, they both tumbled down over the rock; the beast was the heaviest of the two, and came down first upon the stone heap below, Grettir being the uppermost, and the beast was much mangled on its nether side. Now Grettir seized the short sword and thrust it into the heart of the bear, and that was his bane. Thereafter he went home, taking with him his cloak all tattered, and withal what he had cut from the paw of the bear. Thorkel sat a drinking when he came into the hall, and much men laughed at the rags of the cloak Grettir had cast over him. Now he threw on the table what he had chopped off the paw.

Then said Thorkel, "Where is now Biorn my kinsman? Never did I see thy irons bite the like of this, Biorn, and my will it is, that thou make Grettir a seemly offer for this shame thou hast wrought on him."

Biorn said that was like to be long about, "and never shall I care whether he likes it well or ill."

Then Grettir sang: —

"Oft that war god came to hall
Frighted, when no blood did fall,
In the dusk; who ever cried
On the bear last autumn tide;
No man saw me sitting there
Late at eve before the lair;
Yet the shaggy one to-day
From his den I drew away."

"Sure enough," said Biorn, "thou hast fared forth well to-day, and two tales thou tellest of us twain therefor; and well I know that thou hast had a good hit at me."

Thorkel said, "I would, Grettir, that thou wouldst not avenge thee on Biorn, but for him I will give a full man-gild if thereby ye may be friends."

Biorn said he might well turn his money to better account, than to boot for this; "And, methinks it is wisest that in my dealings with Grettir *one oak should have what from the other it shaves.*"

Grettir said that he should like that very well.

EPISODES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

By DAVID HUME.

[DAVID HUME, a Scotch philosopher and historian, was born in Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761, "The History of England," and in the meantime the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763–1766 he was in France; 1767–1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

HAROLD AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

HAROLD had so well prepared matters before the death of Edward, that (January, 1066) he immediately stepped into the vacant throne; and his accession was attended with as little opposition and disturbance as if he had succeeded by the most undoubted hereditary title. The citizens of London were his zealous partisans; the bishops and clergy had adopted his cause; and all the powerful nobility, connected with him by alliance or friendship, willingly seconded his pretensions. If any were averse to this measure, they were obliged to conceal their sentiments. The whole nation seemed joyfully to acquiesce in his elevation. . . .

The Duke of Normandy, when he first received intelligence of Harold's intrigues and accession, had been moved to the highest pitch of indignation; but that he might give the better color to his pretensions, he sent an embassy to England, upbraiding that prince with his breach of faith, and summoning him to resign immediately possession of the kingdom. Harold replied to the Norman ambassadors, that the oath with which he was reproached had been extorted by the well-grounded fear of violence, and could never, for that reason, be regarded as obligatory: that he had had no commission, either from the late king, or the states of England, who alone could dispose of the crown, to make any tender of the succession to the Duke of Normandy; and if he, a private person, had assumed so much authority, and had even voluntarily sworn to support the duke's pretensions, the oath was unlawful, and it was his duty to seize the first opportunity of breaking it: that he had obtained the crown by the unanimous suffrages of the people; and should prove himself totally unworthy of their favor, did he not strenuously maintain those national liberties, with whose protection they had intrusted him: and that the duke, if he made

any attempt by force of arms, should experience the power of an united nation, conducted by a prince who, sensible of the obligations imposed on him by his royal dignity, was determined that the same moment should put a period to his life and to his government.

This answer was no other than William expected; and he had previously fixed his resolution of making an attempt upon England. Consulting only his courage, his resentment, and his ambition, he overlooked all the difficulties inseparable from an attack on a great kingdom by such inferior force, and he saw only the circumstances which would facilitate his enterprise. He considered that England, ever since the accession of Canute, had enjoyed profound tranquillity during a period of near fifty years; and it would require time for its soldiers, enervated by long peace, to learn discipline, and its generals experience. He knew that it was entirely unprovided with fortified towns, by which it could prolong the war; but must venture its whole fortune in one decisive action against a veteran enemy, who, being once master of the field, would be in a condition to overrun the kingdom. He saw that Harold, though he had given proofs of vigor and bravery, had newly mounted a throne which he had acquired by faction, from which he had excluded a very ancient royal family, and which was likely to totter under him by its own instability, much more if shaken by any violent external impulse; and he hoped that the very circumstance of his crossing the sea, quitting his own country, and leaving himself no hopes of retreat, as it would astonish the enemy by the boldness of the enterprise, would inspirit his soldiers by despair, and rouse them to sustain the reputation of the Norman arms.

The Normans, as they had long been distinguished by valor among all the European nations, had at this time attained to the highest pitch of military glory. Besides acquiring by arms such a noble territory in France, besides defending it against continual attempts of the French monarch and all his neighbors, besides exerting many acts of vigor under their present sovereign, they had, about this very time, revived their ancient fame, by the most hazardous exploits, and the most wonderful successes in the other extremity of Europe. A few Norman adventurers in Italy had acquired such an ascendant, not only over the Italians and Greeks, but the Germans and Saracens, that they expelled those foreigners,

procured to themselves ample establishments, and laid the foundation of the opulent kingdom of Naples and Sicily. These enterprises of men who were all of them vassals in Normandy, many of them banished for faction and rebellion, excited the ambition of the haughty William, who disdained, after such examples of fortune and valor, to be deterred from making an attack on a neighboring country, where he could be supported by the whole force of his principality.

The situation also of Europe inspired William with hopes that besides his brave Normans he might employ against England the flower of the military force which was dispersed in all the neighboring states. France, Germany, and the Low Countries, by the progress of the feudal institutions, were divided and subdivided into many principalities and baronies; and the possessors, enjoying the civil jurisdiction within themselves, as well as the right of arms, acted, in many respects, as independent sovereigns, and maintained their properties and privileges, less by the authority of laws than by their own force and valor. A military spirit had universally diffused itself throughout Europe; and the several leaders, whose minds were elevated by their princely situation, greedily embraced the most hazardous enterprises; and being accustomed to nothing from their infancy but recitals of the success attending wars and battles, they were prompted by a natural ambition to imitate those adventures, which they heard so much celebrated, and which were so much exaggerated by the credulity of the age. United, however loosely, by their duty to one superior lord, and by their connections with the great body of the community to which they belonged, they desired to spread their fame each beyond his own district; and in all assemblies, whether instituted for civil deliberations, for military expeditions, or merely for show and entertainment, to outshine each other by the reputation of strength and prowess. Hence their genius for chivalry; hence their impatience of peace and tranquillity; and hence their readiness to embark in any dangerous enterprise, how little soever interested in its failure or success.

William, by his power, his courage, and his abilities, had long maintained a preëminence among those haughty chieftains; and every one who desired to signalize himself by his address in military exercises, or his valor in action, had been ambitious of acquiring a reputation in the court and in the armies of Normandy. Entertained with that hospitality and

courtesy which distinguished the age, they had formed attachments with the prince, and greedily attended to the prospects of the signal glory and elevation which he promised them in return for their concurrence in an expedition against England. The more grandeur there appeared in the attempt, the more it suited their romantic spirit; the fame of the intended invasion was already diffused everywhere; multitudes crowded to tender to the duke their service, with that of their vassals and retainers; and William found less difficulty in completing his levies than in choosing the most veteran forces, and in rejecting the offers of those who were impatient to acquire fame under so renowned a leader. . . .

William had now assembled a fleet of three thousand vessels, great and small, and had selected an army of sixty thousand men from among those numerous supplies which from every quarter solicited to be received into his service. The camp bore a splendid yet a martial appearance, from the discipline of the men, the beauty and vigor of the horses, the luster of the arms, and the accouterments of both; but above all, from the high names of nobility who engaged under the banners of the Duke of Normandy. The most celebrated were Eustace Count of Boulogne, Aimeri de Thouars, Hugh d'Estaples, William d'Evreux, Geoffrey de Routrou, Roger de Beaumont, William de Warenne, Roger de Montgomery, Hugh de Grantmesnil, Charles Martel, and Geoffroy Giffard. To these bold chieftains William held up the spoils of England as the prize of their valor; and pointing to the opposite shore, called to them that *there* was the field on which they must erect trophies to their name, and fix their establishments.

While he was making these mighty preparations, the duke, that he might increase the number of Harold's enemies, excited the inveterate rancor of Tosti, and encouraged him, in concert with Harold Halfagar, King of Norway, to infest the coasts of England. Tosti, having collected about sixty vessels in the ports of Flanders, put to sea; and after committing some depredations on the south and east coasts, he sailed to Northumberland, and was there joined by Halfagar, who came over with a great armament of three hundred sail. The combined fleets entered the Humber, and disembarked the troops, who began to extend their depredations on all sides; when Morcar, Earl of Northumberland, and Edwin, Earl of Mercia, the king's brother-in-law, having hastily collected some forces, ventured to give

them battle. The action ended in the defeat and flight of these two noblemen.

Harold, informed of this defeat, hastened with an army to the protection of his people; and expressed the utmost ardor to show himself worthy of the crown which had been conferred upon him. This prince, though he was not sensible of the full extent of his danger, from the great combination against him, had employed every art of popularity to acquire the affections of the public; and he gave so many proofs of an equitable and prudent administration, that the English found no reason to repent the choice which they had made of a sovereign. They flocked from all quarters to join his standard; and as soon as he reached the enemy at Standford, he found himself in a condition to give them battle. The action was bloody; but the victory was decisive on the side of Harold, and ended in the total rout of the Norwegians, together with the death of Tosti and Halfagar. Even the Norwegian fleet fell into the hands of Harold, who had the generosity to give Prince Olave, the son of Halfagar, his liberty, and allow him to depart with twenty vessels. But he had scarcely time to rejoice for this victory, when he received intelligence that the Duke of Normandy was landed with a great army in the south of England.

The Norman fleet and army had been assembled early in the summer, at the mouth of the small river Dive, and all the troops had been instantly embarked; but the winds proved long contrary, and detained them in that harbor. The authority, however, of the duke, the good discipline maintained among the seamen and soldiers, and the great care in supplying them with provisions had prevented any disorder; when at last the wind became favorable, and enabled them to sail along the coast, till they reached St. Valori. There were, however, several vessels lost in this short passage; and as the wind again proved contrary, the army began to imagine that Heaven had declared against them, and that, notwithstanding the pope's benediction, they were destined to certain destruction. These bold warriors, who despised real dangers, were very subject to the dread of imaginary ones; and many of them began to mutiny, some of them even to desert their colors; when the duke, in order to support their drooping hopes, ordered a procession to be made with the relics of St. Valori, and prayers to be said for more favorable weather. The wind instantly changed; and as this incident happened on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, the

tutelar saint of Normandy, the soldiers, fancying they saw the hand of Heaven in all these concurring circumstances, set out with the greatest alacrity: they met with no opposition on their passage: a great fleet, which Harold had assembled, and which had cruised all summer off the Isle of Wight, had been dismissed, on his receiving false intelligence that William, discouraged by contrary winds and other accidents, had laid aside his preparations. The Norman armament, proceeding in great order, arrived, without any material loss, at Pevensey, in Sussex; and the army quietly disembarked. The duke himself, as he leaped on shore, happened to stumble and fall; but had the presence of mind, it is said, to turn the omen to his advantage, by calling aloud that he had taken possession of the country. And a soldier running to a neighboring cottage, plucked some thatch, which, as if giving him seisin of the kingdom, he presented to his general. The joy and alacrity of William and his whole army were so great, that they were nowise discouraged, even when they heard of Harold's great victory over the Norwegians: they seemed rather to wait with impatience the arrival of the enemy.

The victory of Harold, though great and honorable, had proved in the main prejudicial to his interests, and may be regarded as the immediate cause of his ruin. He lost many of his bravest officers and soldiers in the action; and he disgusted the rest by refusing to distribute the Norwegian spoils among them: a conduct which was little agreeable to his usual generosity of temper, but which his desire of sparing the people, in the war that impended over him from the Duke of Normandy, had probably occasioned. He hastened, by quick marches, to reach this new invader; but though he was reënforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who, from fatigue and discontent, secretly withdrew from their colors. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event; and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war, — at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him, that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle; but that the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less danger-

ous means of insuring to himself the victory; that the Norman troops, elated on the one hand with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity; and being the flower of all the warriors of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English: that if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action; if they were harassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy: that if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties, as well as liberties, were exposed from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible: that at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person, but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom: and that having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be intrusted to another, who, not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances: elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person; and for that purpose he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fleet to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success, that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood: but his offer was rejected with disdain; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied, that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision; but the aspect of things on the night before the battle was very different in the two camps. The English spent the night in riot, and jollity, and disorder; the

Normans in silence, and in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them that the event which they and he had long wished for was approaching; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action: that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture: that if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valor: that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice: that by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had insured every human means of conquest; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favor of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles: and that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited. The duke next divided his army into three lines: the first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry: the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order: his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line; and were so disposed, that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced, in order, and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground, and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van, a post which they had always claimed

as their due: the Londoners guarded the standard: and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valor by the English; and after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigor, then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action; the English were obliged to retire with loss; and the duke, ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed advisable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone: he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against those inexperienced soldiers, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage which the surprise and terror of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill; where, being rallied by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain their post, and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time with the same success; but even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them, while his archers placed behind, should gall the enemy, who were exposed by the situation of the ground, and who were intent on defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this dis-

position he at last prevailed: Harold was slain by an arrow while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men: his two brothers shared the same fate: and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonor of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained by William, Duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valor displayed by both armies, and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans: the loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished; besides the death of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven in the most solemn manner for their victory; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English.

England during the Early Crusades.

The noise of these petty wars and commotions was quite sunk in the tumult of the crusades, which now engrossed the attention of Europe, and have ever since engaged the curiosity of mankind, as the most signal and most durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation. After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes; and being animated with zeal for their new religion, and supported by the vigor of their new government, they made deep impression on the eastern empire, which was far in the decline, with regard both to military discipline and to civil policy. Jerusalem, by its situation, became

one of their most early conquests; and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulcher, and the other places consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises, by which they spread their empire, in a few years, from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy; and though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem; and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulcher, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having, in the year 1065, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The barbarity of their manners, and the confusions attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions; and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels who profaned the holy city by their presence and derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Gregory VII., among the other vast ideas which he entertained, had formed the design of uniting all the western Christians against the Mahometans; but the egregious and violent invasions of that pontiff on the civil power of princes had created him so many enemies, and had rendered his schemes so suspicious, that he was not able to make great progress in this undertaking. The work was reserved for a meaner instrument, whose low condition in life exposed him to no jealousy, and whose folly was well calculated to coincide with the prevailing principles of the times.

Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of piety now exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the instances of oppression under which the eastern Christians labored, he entertained the bold, and in all appearance impracticable, project of leading

into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection. He proposed his views to Martin II., who filled the papal chair, and who, though sensible of the advantages which the head of the Christian religion must reap from a religious war, and though he esteemed the blind zeal of Peter a proper means for effecting the purpose, resolved not to interpose his authority, till he saw a greater probability of success. He summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars; and which was so numerous that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, and the indignity suffered by the Christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of infidels, here found the minds of men so well prepared, that the whole multitude, suddenly and violently, declared for the war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious, as they believed it, to God and religion.

But though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced the enterprise, Martin knew that, in order to insure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont in Auvergne. The fame of this great and pious design being now universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes; and when the pope and the Hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, *It is the will of God! It is the will of God!* Words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of those adventurers. Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardor; and an exterior symbol too, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach among the pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed

to the right shoulder, by all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare. . . .

Amidst this universal frenzy, which spread itself by contagion throughout Europe, especially in France and Germany, men were not entirely forgetful of their present interests; and both those who went on this expedition, and those who stayed behind, entertained schemes of gratifying, by its means, their avarice or their ambition. The nobles who enlisted themselves were moved, from the romantic spirit of the age, to hope for opulent establishments in the East, the chief seat of arts and commerce during those ages; and in pursuit of these chimerical projects, they sold at the lowest price their ancient castles and inheritances, which had now lost all value in their eyes. The greater princes, who remained at home, besides establishing peace in their dominions by giving occupation abroad to the inquietude and martial disposition of their subjects, took the opportunity of annexing to their crown many considerable fiefs, either by purchase, or by the extinction of heirs. The pope frequently turned the zeal of the crusaders from the infidels against his own enemies, whom he represented as equally criminal with the enemies of Christ. The convents and other religious societies bought the possessions of the adventurers, and as the contributions of the faithful were commonly intrusted to their management, they often diverted to this purpose what was intended to be employed against the infidels. But no one was a more immediate gainer by this epidemic fury than the King of England, who kept aloof from all connections with those fanatical and romantic warriors.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the crusade; but being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station, at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved, therefore, to mortgage, or rather to sell, his dominions, which he had not talents to govern; and he offered them to his brother William for the very unequal sum of ten thousand marks. The bargain was soon concluded: the king raised the money by violent extortions on his subjects of all ranks, even on the convents, who were obliged to melt their plate in order to furnish the quota demanded of them: he was put in possession

of Normandy and Maine, and Robert, providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land, in pursuit of glory, and in full confidence of securing his eternal salvation.

The smallness of this sum, with the difficulties which William found in raising it, suffices alone to refute the account which is heedlessly adopted by historians, of the enormous revenue of the Conqueror. Is it credible that Robert would consign to the rapacious hands of his brother such considerable dominions, for a sum which, according to that account, made not a week's income of his father's English revenue alone? Or that the King of England could not on demand, without oppressing his subjects, have been able to pay him the money? The Conqueror, it is agreed, was frugal as well as rapacious; yet his treasure, at his death, exceeded not sixty thousand pounds, which hardly amounted to his income for two months: another certain refutation of that exaggerated account.

The fury of the crusades, during this age, less infected England than the neighboring kingdoms; probably because the Norman conquerors, finding their settlement in that kingdom still somewhat precarious, durst not abandon their homes in quest of distant adventures. The selfish interested spirit also of the king, which kept him from kindling in the general flame, checked its progress among his subjects: and as he is accused of open profaneness, and was endued with a sharp wit, it is likely that he made the romantic chivalry of the crusaders the object of his perpetual raillery. As an instance of his irreligion, we are told, that he once accepted of sixty marks from a Jew, whose son had been converted to Christianity, and who engaged him by that present to assist him in bringing back the youth to Judaism. William employed both menaces and persuasion for that purpose; but finding the convert obstinate in his new faith, he sent for the father and told him, that as he had not succeeded, it was not just that he should keep the present; but as he had done his utmost, it was but equitable that he should be paid for his pains; and he would therefore retain only thirty marks of the money. At another time, it is said, he sent for some learned Christian theologians and some rabbis, and bade them fairly dispute the question of their religion in his presence: he was perfectly indifferent between them; had his ears open to reason and conviction: and would embrace that doctrine which upon comparison should be found supported by the most solid arguments. If

this story be true, it is probable that he meant only to amuse himself by turning both into ridicule.

Prince William's Death, and the Anarchy.

This public prosperity of Henry was much overbalanced by a domestic calamity which befell him. His only son, William, had now reached his eighteenth year; and the king, from the facility with which he himself had usurped the crown, dreading that a like revolution might subvert his family, had taken care to have him recognized successor by the states of the kingdom, and had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. The king, on his return, set sail from Barfleur, and was soon carried by a fair wind out of sight of land. The prince was detained by some accident; and his sailors, as well as their captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephens, having spent the interval in drinking, were so flustered, that being in a hurry to follow the king, they heedlessly carried the ship on a rock, where she immediately foundered. William was put into the longboat, and had got clear of the ship, when, hearing the cries of his natural sister, the Countess of Perche, he ordered the seamen to row back in hopes of saving her; but the numbers who then crowded in soon sank the boat, and the prince, with all his retinue, perished. Above a hundred and forty young noblemen, of the principal families of England and Normandy, were lost on this occasion. A butcher of Roüen was the only person on board who escaped. He clung to the mast, and was taken up next morning by fishermen. Fitz-Stephens also took hold of the mast, but being informed by the butcher that Prince William had perished, he said that he would not survive the disaster; and he threw himself headlong into the sea. Henry entertained hopes for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.

The death of William may be regarded, in one respect, as a misfortune to the English; because it was the immediate source of those civil wars which, after the demise of the king, caused such confusion in the kingdom; but it is remarkable that the young prince had entertained a violent aversion to

the natives; and had been heard to threaten that when he should be king, he would make them draw the plow, and would turn them into beasts of burden. These prepossessions he inherited from his father, who, though he was wont, when it might serve his purpose, to value himself on his birth, as a native of England, showed, in the course of his government, an extreme prejudice against that people. All hopes of preferment, to ecclesiastical as well as civil dignities, were denied them during this whole reign; and any foreigner, however ignorant or worthless, was sure to have the preference in every competition. As the English had given no disturbance to the government during the course of fifty years, this inveterate antipathy in a prince of so much temper as well as penetration forms a presumption that the English of that age were still a rude and barbarous people even compared to the Normans, and impresses us with no very favorable idea of the Anglo-Saxon manners.

Prince William left no children; and the king had not now any legitimate issue, except one daughter, Matilda, whom, in 1110, he had betrothed, though only eight years of age, to the Emperor Henry V., and whom he had then sent over to be educated in Germany. But as her absence from the kingdom, and her marriage into a foreign family, might endanger the succession, Henry, who was now a widower, was induced to marry, in hopes of having male heirs; and he made his addresses to Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Lovaine, and niece of Pope Calixtus, a young princess of an amiable person. But Adelais brought him no children; and the prince who was most likely to dispute the succession, and even the immediate possession of the crown, recovered hopes of subverting his rival, who had successively seized all his patrimonial dominions. William, the son of Duke Robert, was still protected in the French court; and as Henry's connections with the Count of Anjou were broken off by the death of his son, Fulk joined the party of the unfortunate prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, and aided him in raising disturbances in Normandy. But Henry found the means of drawing off the Count of Anjou, by forming anew with him a nearer connection than the former, and one more material to the interests of that count's family. The emperor, his son-in-law, dying without issue, he bestowed his daughter on Geoffrey, the eldest son of Fulk, and endeavored to insure her succession by having her recognized heir to

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all his dominions, and obliging the barons, both of Normandy and England, to swear fealty to her. He hoped that the choice of this husband would be more agreeable to all his subjects than that of the emperor; as securing them from the danger of falling under the dominion of a great and distant potentate, who might bring them into subjection, and reduce their country to the rank of a province: but the barons were displeased that a step so material to national interests had been taken without consulting them; and Henry had too sensibly experienced the turbulence of their disposition, not to dread the effects of their resentment. It seemed probable, that his nephew's party might gain force from the increase of the malcontents: an accession of power which that prince acquired a little after, tended to render his pretensions still more dangerous. Charles, Earl of Flanders, being assassinated during the celebration of divine service, King Lewis immediately put the young prince in possession of that country, to which he had pretensions in the right of his grandmother Matilda, wife to the Conqueror. But William survived a very little time this piece of good fortune, which seemed to open the way to still farther prosperity. He was killed in a skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace, his competitor for Flanders; and his death put an end, for the present, to the jealousy and inquietude of Henry. . . .

In the progress and settlement of the feudal law, the male succession to fiefs had taken place some time before the female was admitted; and estates being considered as military benefices, not as property, were transmitted to such only as could serve in the armies, and perform in person the conditions upon which they were originally granted. But when the continuance of rights, during some generations, in the same family, had, in a great measure, obliterated the primitive idea, the females were gradually admitted to the possession of feudal property; and the same revolution of principles which procured them the inheritance of private estates, naturally introduced their succession to government and authority. The failure, therefore, of male heirs to the kingdom of England and duchy of Normandy seemed to leave the succession open, without a rival, to the Empress Matilda; and as Henry had made all his vassals, in both states, swear fealty to her, he presumed that they would not easily be induced to depart at once from her hereditary right, and from their own reiterated oaths and engagements.

But the irregular manner in which he himself had acquired the crown might have instructed him that neither his Norman nor English subjects were as yet capable of adhering to a strict rule of government; and as every precedent of this kind seems to give authority to new usurpations, he had reason to dread, even from his own family, some invasion of his daughter's title, which he had taken such pains to establish.

Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, had been married to Stephen, Count of Blois, and had brought him several sons, among whom Stephen and Henry, the two youngest, had been invited over to England by the late king, and had received great honors, riches, and preferment, from the zealous friendship which that prince bore to every one that had been so fortunate as to acquire his favor and good opinion. Henry, who had betaken himself to the ecclesiastical profession, was created Abbot of Glastonbury and Bishop of Winchester; and though these dignities were considerable, Stephen had, from his uncle's liberality, attained establishments still more solid and durable. The king had married him to Matilda, who was daughter and heir of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and who brought him, besides that feudal sovereignty in France, an immense property in England, which, in the distribution of lands, had been conferred by the Conqueror on the family of Boulogne. Stephen also by this marriage acquired a new connection with the royal family of England; as Mary, his wife's mother, was sister to David, the reigning King of Scotland, and to Matilda, the first wife of Henry, and mother of the empress. The king, still imagining that he strengthened the interests of his family by the aggrandizement of Stephen, took pleasure in enriching him by the grant of new possessions; and he conferred on him the great estate forfeited by Robert Mallet in England, and that forfeited by the Earl of Mortaigne in Normandy. Stephen, in return, professed great attachment to his uncle; and appeared so zealous for the succession of Matilda, that when the barons swore fealty to that princess, he contended with Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the king's natural son, who should first be admitted to give her this testimony of devoted zeal and fidelity. Meanwhile he continued to cultivate, by every art of popularity, the friendship of the English nation; and many virtues, with which he seemed to be endowed, favored the success of his intentions. By his bravery, activity, and vigor, he acquired the esteem of the barons: by his generosity, and by an affable

and familiar address, unusual in that age among men of his high quality, he obtained the affections of the people, particularly of the Londoners. And though he dared not to take any steps towards his farther grandeur, lest he should expose himself to the jealousy of so penetrating a prince as Henry, he still hoped that, by accumulating riches and power, and by acquiring popularity, he might in time be able to open his way to the throne.

No sooner had Henry breathed his last, than Stephen, insensible to all the ties of gratitude and fidelity, and blind to danger, gave full reins to his criminal ambition, and trusted that, even without any previous intrigue, the celerity of his enterprise, and the boldness of his attempt, might overcome the weak attachment which the English and Normans in that age bore to the laws and to the rights of their sovereign. He hastened over to England; and though the citizens of Dover, and those of Canterbury, apprized of his purpose, shut their gates against him, he stopped not till he arrived at London, where some of the lower rank, instigated by his emissaries, as well as moved by his general popularity, immediately saluted him king. His next point was to acquire the good will of the clergy, and by performing the ceremony of his coronation, to put himself in possession of the throne, from which he was confident it would not be easy afterwards to expel him. His brother, the Bishop of Winchester, was useful to him in these capital articles: having gained Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who, though he owed a great fortune and advancement to the favor of the late king, preserved no sense of gratitude to that prince's family, he applied, in conjunction with that prelate, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and required him, in virtue of his office, to give the royal unction to Stephen. The primate, who, as all the others, had shown fealty to Matilda, refused to perform this ceremony; but his opposition was overcome by an expedient equally dishonorable with the other steps by which this revolution was eff ted. Hugh Bigod, steward of the household, made oath before the primate, that the late king, on his deathbed, had shown a dissatisfaction with his daughter Matilda, and had expressed his intention of leaving the Count of Boulogne heir to all his dominions. William, either believing, or feigning to believe, Bigod's testimony, anointed Stephen, and put the crown upon his head; and from this religious ceremony that prince, without any shadow either

of hereditary title, or consent of the nobility or people, was allowed to proceed to the exercise of sovereign authority. Very few barons attended his coronation; but none opposed his usurpation, however unjust or flagrant. The sentiment of religion, which, if corrupted into superstition, has often little efficacy in fortifying the duties of civil society, was not affected by the multiplied oaths taken in favor of Matilda, and only rendered the people obedient to a prince who was countenanced by the clergy, and who had received from the primate the rite of royal unction and consecration.

Stephen, that he might farther secure his tottering throne, passed a charter, in which he made liberal promises to all orders of men: to the clergy, that he would speedily fill all vacant benefices, and would never levy the rents of any of them during the vacancy; to the nobility, that he would reduce the royal forests to their ancient boundaries, and correct all encroachments; and to the people, that he would remit the tax of Danegelt, and restore the laws of King Edward. The late king had a great treasure at Winchester, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds; and Stephen, by seizing this money, immediately turned against Henry's family the precaution which that prince had employed for their grandeur and security: an event which naturally attends the policy of amassing treasures. By means of this money, the usurper insured the compliance, though not the attachment, of the principal clergy and nobility; but not trusting to this frail security, he invited over from the continent, particularly from Brittany and Flanders, great numbers of those bravoes, or disorderly soldiers, with whom every country in Europe, by reason of the general ill police and turbulent government, extremely abounded. These mercenary troops guarded his throne by the terrors of the sword; and Stephen, that he might also overawe all malcontents by new and additional terrors of religion, procured a bull from Rome, which ratified his title, and which the pope, seeing this prince in possession of the throne, and pleased with an appeal to his authority in secular controversies, very readily granted him.

Matilda, and her husband Geoffrey, were as unfortunate in Normandy as they had been in England. The Norman nobility, moved by an hereditary animosity against the Angevins, first applied to Theobald, Count of Blois, Stephen's elder brother, for protection and assistance; but hearing afterwards that Stephen had got possession of the English crown, and having

many of them the same reasons as formerly for desiring a continuance of their union with that kingdom, they transferred their allegiance to Stephen, and put him in possession of their government. Lewis the younger, the reigning King of France, accepted the homage of Eustace, Stephen's eldest son, for the duchy; and the more to corroborate his connections with that family, he betrothed his sister, Constantia, to the young prince. The Count of Blois resigned all his pretensions, and received, in lieu of them, an annual pension of two thousand marks; and Geoffrey himself was obliged to conclude a truce for two years with Stephen, on condition of the king's paying him, during that time, a pension of five thousand. Stephen, who had taken a journey to Normandy, finished all these transactions in person, and soon after returned to England.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, was a man of honor and abilities; and as he was much attached to the interests of his sister, Matilda, and zealous for the lineal succession, it was chiefly from his intrigues and resistance that the king had reason to dread a new revolution of government. This nobleman, who was in Normandy when he received intelligence of Stephen's accession, found himself much embarrassed concerning the measures which he should pursue in that difficult emergency. To swear allegiance to the usurper appeared to him dishonorable and a breach of his oath to Matilda: to refuse giving this pledge of his fidelity was to banish himself from England, and be totally incapacitated from serving the royal family, or contributing to their restoration. He offered Stephen to do him homage, and to take the oath of fealty, — but with an express condition, that the king should maintain all his stipulations, and should never invade any of Robert's rights or dignities: and Stephen, though sensible that this reserve, so unusual in itself, and so unbefitting the duty of a subject, was meant only to afford Robert a pretense for a revolt on the first favorable opportunity, was obliged, by the numerous friends and retainers of that nobleman, to receive him on those terms. The clergy, who could scarcely, at this time, be deemed subjects to the crown, imitated that dangerous example: they annexed to their oaths of allegiance this condition, that they were only bound so long as the king defended the ecclesiastical liberties, and supported the discipline of the church. The barons, in return for their submission, exacted terms still more destructive of public peace, as well as of royal authority: many of

them required the right of fortifying their castles, and of putting themselves in a posture of defense; and the king found himself totally unable to refuse his consent to this exorbitant demand. All England was immediately filled with those fortresses, which the noblemen garrisoned either with their vassals, or with licentious soldiers, who flocked to them from all quarters. Unbounded rapine was exercised upon the people for the maintenance of these troops; and private animosities, which had with difficulty been restrained by law, now breaking out without control, rendered England a scene of uninterrupted violence and devastation. Wars between the nobles were carried on with the utmost fury in every quarter; the barons even assumed the right of coining money, and of exercising, without appeal, every act of jurisdiction; and the inferior gentry, as well as the people, finding no defense from the laws during this total dissolution of sovereign authority, were obliged, for their immediate safety, to pay court to some neighboring chieftain, and to purchase his protection, both by submitting to his exactions, and by assisting him in his rapine upon others. The erection of one castle proved the immediate cause of building many others; and even those who obtained not the king's permission, thought that they were entitled, by the great principle of self-preservation, to put themselves on an equal footing with their neighbors, who commonly were also their enemies and rivals. The aristocratical power, which is usually so oppressive in the feudal governments, had now risen to its utmost height, during the reign of a prince who, though endowed with vigor and abilities, had usurped the throne without the pretense of a title, and who was necessitated to tolerate in others the same violence to which he himself had been beholden for his sovereignty.

But Stephen was not of a disposition to submit long to these usurpations, without making some effort for the recovery of royal authority. Finding that the legal prerogatives of the crown were resisted and abridged, he was also tempted to make his power the sole measure of his conduct; and to violate all those concessions which he himself had made on his accession, as well as the ancient privileges of his subjects. The mercenary soldiers, who chiefly supported his authority, having exhausted the royal treasure, subsisted by depredations; and every place was filled with the best-grounded complaints against the government. The Earl of Gloucester, having now settled with

his friends the plan of an insurrection, retired beyond sea, sent the king a defiance, solemnly renounced his allegiance, and upbraided him with the breach of those conditions which had been annexed to the oath of fealty sworn by that nobleman. David, King of Scotland, appeared at the head of an army in defense of his niece's title, and penetrating into Yorkshire, committed the most barbarous devastations on that country. The fury of his massacres and ravages enraged the northern nobility, who might otherwise have been inclined to join him; and William, Earl of Albemarle, Robert de Ferrers, William Piercy, Robert de Brus, Roger Moubray, Ilbert Lacey, Walter l'Espec, powerful barons in those parts, assembled an army with which they encamped at North-Allerton, and awaited the arrival of the enemy. A great battle was here fought, called the battle of the *Standard*, from a high crucifix, erected by the English on a wagon, and carried along with the army as a military ensign. The King of Scots was defeated, and he himself, as well as his son Henry, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English. This success overawed the malcontents in England, and might have given some stability to Stephen's throne, had he not been so elated with prosperity as to engage in a controversy with the clergy, who were at that time an overmatch for any monarch. . . .

Were we to relate all the military events transmitted to us by contemporary and authentic historians, it would be easy to swell our accounts of this reign into a large volume: but those incidents, so little memorable in themselves, and so confused both in time and place, could afford neither instruction nor entertainment to the reader. It suffices to say that the war was spread into every quarter, and that those turbulent barons, who had already shaken off, in a great measure, the restraint of government, having now obtained the pretense of a public cause, carried on their devastations with redoubled fury, exercised implacable vengeance on each other, and set no bounds to their oppressions over the people. The castles of the nobility were become receptacles of licensed robbers; who, sallying forth day and night, committed spoil on the open country, on the villages, and even on the cities, put the captives to torture, in order to make them reveal their treasures; sold their persons to slavery; and set fire to their houses, after they had pillaged them of everything valuable. The fierceness of their disposition, leading them to commit wanton destruction, frustrated

their rapacity of its purpose; and the property and persons even of the ecclesiastics, generally so much revered, were at last, from necessity, exposed to the same outrage which laid waste the rest of the kingdom. The land was left untilled; the instruments of husbandry were destroyed or abandoned; and a grievous famine, the natural result of those disorders, affected equally both parties, and reduced the spoilers as well as the defenseless people to the most extreme want and indigence.

THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.—NOVEMBER 25, 1120.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen), "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

BY none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son;
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
The poor flung plowshares on his road.
And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,—
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land!'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the Prince assigned.

The Prince was a lawless shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel e'er yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a song bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill strange sigh —
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And mauger the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

And now the end came o'er the waters' wo
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
The White Ship sundered on the mid main:

And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I Berold was down in the sea;
And passing strange though the thing may be,
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
The main yard rent from the mast where it ran;
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea sky,
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
Like an angel's wing that beat tow'rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
Who charged me, till the shrift were released,
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,
And he wept and mourned again and again,
As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the King?
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The Prince has lingered for his pleasaunce."

But once the King asked: "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With such like shouts, pardie!
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea mew misses its young from the nest?"

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the King?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the King's high seat that day.

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile,—

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign:—

But this King never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

By EDWARD GIBBON.

(From the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

[EDWARD GIBBON, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763–1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

AS THE pilgrims passed over a desert, where a draught of water is exchanged for silver, they were tormented by intolerable thirst; and on the banks of the first rivulet, their haste and intemperance were still more pernicious to the disorderly throng. They climbed with toil and danger the steep and slippery sides of Mount Taurus; many of the soldiers cast away their arms to secure their footsteps; and had not terror preceded their van, the long and trembling file might have been driven down the precipice by a handful of resolute enemies.

Before the Franks could enter Syria, the summer, and even the autumn, were completely wasted: the siege of Antioch, or the separation and repose of the army during the winter season, was strongly debated in their council: the love of arms and the holy sepulchre urged them to advance; and reason perhaps was on the side of resolution, since every hour of delay abates the fame and force of the invader, and multiplies the resources of defensive war. The capital of Syria was protected by the river Orontes; and the iron bridge, of nine arches, derives its name from the massy gates of the two towers which are constructed at either end. They were opened by the sword of the duke of

Normandy: his victory gave entrance to three hundred thousand crusaders, an account which may allow some scope for losses and desertion, but which clearly detects much exaggeration in the review of Nice. In the description of Antioch, it is not easy to define a middle term between her ancient magnificence, under the successors of Alexander and Augustus, and the modern aspect of Turkish desolation. The Tetrapolis, or four cities, if they retained their name and position, must have left a large vacuity in a circumference of twelve miles; and that measure, as well as the number of four hundred towers, are not perfectly consistent with the five gates, so often mentioned in the history of the siege. Yet Antioch must have flourished as a great and populous capital. At the head of the Turkish emirs, Baghisian, a veteran chief, commanded in the place: his garrison was composed of six or seven thousand horse, and fifteen or twenty thousand foot: one hundred thousand Moslems are said to have fallen by the sword; and their numbers were probably inferior to the Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, who had been no more than fourteen years the slaves of the house of Seljuk. From the remains of a solid and stately wall, it appears to have arisen to the height of threescore feet in the valleys; and wherever less art and labor had been applied, the ground was supposed to be defended by the river, the morass, and the mountains. Notwithstanding these fortifications, the city had been repeatedly taken by the Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Turks; so large a circuit must have yielded many pervious points of attack; and in a siege that was formed about the middle of October, the vigor of the execution could alone justify the boldness of the attempt. Whatever strength and valor could perform in the field was abundantly discharged by the champions of the cross: in the frequent occasions of sallies, of forage, of the attack and defense of convoys, they were often victorious; and we can only complain that their exploits are sometimes enlarged beyond the scale of probability and truth. The sword of Godfrey divided a Turk from the shoulder to the haunch; and one half of the infidel fell to the ground, while the rest was transported by his horse to the city gate. As Robert of Normandy rode against his antagonist, "I devote thy head," he piously exclaimed, "to the demons of hell;" and that head was instantly cloven to the breast by the resistless stroke of his descending falchion. But the reality or report of such gigantic prowess must have taught the Moslems

to keep within their walls: and against those walls of earth or stone, the sword and the lance were unavailing weapons. In the slow and successive labors of a siege, the crusaders were supine and ignorant, without skill to contrive, or money to purchase, or industry to use, the artificial engines and implements of assault. In the conquest of Nice, they had been powerfully assisted by the wealth and knowledge of the Greek emperor: his absence was poorly supplied by some Genoese and Pisan vessels, that were attracted by religion or trade to the coast of Syria: the stores were scanty, the return precarious, and the communication difficult and dangerous. Indolence or weakness had prevented the Franks from investing the entire circuit; and the perpetual freedom of two gates relieved the wants and recruited the garrison of the city. At the end of seven months, after the ruin of their cavalry and an enormous loss by famine, desertion, and fatigue, the progress of the crusaders was imperceptible and their success remote, if the Latin Ulysses, the artful and ambitious Bohemond, had not employed the arms of cunning and deceit. The Christians of Antioch were numerous and discontented. Phirouz, a Syrian renegado, had acquired the favor of the emir and the command of three towers; and the merit of his repentance disguised to the Latins, and perhaps to himself, the foul design of perfidy and treason. A secret correspondence, for their mutual interest, was soon established between Phirouz and the prince of Tarento; and Bohemond declared in the council of the chiefs, that he could deliver the city into their hands. But he claimed the sovereignty of Antioch as the reward of his service; and the proposal which had been rejected by the envy, was at length extorted from the distress, of his equals. The nocturnal surprise was executed by the French and Norman princes, who ascended in person the scaling ladders that were thrown from the walls: their new proselyte, after the murder of his too scrupulous brother, embraced and introduced the servants of Christ; the army rushed through the gates; and the Moslems soon found that, although mercy was hopeless, resistance was impotent. But the citadel still refused to surrender; and the victors themselves were speedily encompassed and besieged by the innumerable forces of Kerboga, prince of Mosul, who, with twenty-eight Turkish emirs, advanced to the deliverance of Antioch. Five and twenty days the Christians spent on the verge of destruction; and the proud lieutenant of the caliph and the sultan left

them only the choice of servitude or death. In this extremity they collected the relics of their strength, sallied from the town, and in a single memorable day annihilated or dispersed the host of Turks and Arabians, which they might safely report to have consisted of six hundred thousand men. Their supernatural allies I shall proceed to consider: the human causes of the victory of Antioch were the fearless despair of the Franks; and the surprise, the discord, perhaps the errors, of their unskillful and presumptuous adversaries. The battle is described with as much disorder as it was fought; but we may observe the tent of Kerboga, a movable and spacious palace, enriched with the luxury of Asia, and capable of holding above two thousand persons; we may distinguish his three thousand guards, who were cased, the horses as well as the men, in complete steel.

In the eventful period of the siege and defense of Antioch, the crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair; either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross, the deliverers of the holy sepulcher, prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance and prostitution as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished; but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates; the authority of the chiefs was despised; the sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline, than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and possession of Antioch, the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months: the desolate country no longer yielded a supply; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence were always the same, and always disgustful; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or

spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat and fifteen for a lean camel, the count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. Sixty thousand horses had been reviewed in the camp: before the end of the siege they were diminished to two thousand, and scarcely two hundred fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims; and every motive of honor and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs, three heroes may be found without fear or reproach: Godfrey of Bouillon was supported by his magnanimous piety; Bohemond by ambition and interest; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights, he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the count of Tholouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition; the duke of Normandy was recalled from the seashore by the censures of the church; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France; and Stephen, count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore, and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, viscount of Melun, surnamed the Carpenter, from the weighty strokes of his ax; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life; and the approbrious epithet of the rope-dancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succor of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair; oaths and punishments were tried without effect; and to rouse the soldiers to the defense of the walls, it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory, they were indebted to the same fanaticism which led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success: St. Am-

brose had assured a pious ecclesiastic, that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself; the dead had promised to arise and to combat with their brethren; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign, the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *Holy Lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles, there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council chamber, to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace, if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal, salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search, and ye shall find: bear it aloft in battle; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain, and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit; the darkness of the hour and place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance; and the first sound, the first gleam, of the steel was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk

and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valor. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skillfully improved this fortunate revolution, by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open: a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle array was marshaled in twelve divisions, in honor of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumor, of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph, the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal alms which the count of Tholouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy, and awakened the reason, of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while, the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamors and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane skeptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry fagots, four feet high and

fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp; the flames burnt fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed; but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat; he expired the next day; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle, in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians; and such is the progress of credulity, that miracles, most doubtful on the spot and at the moment, will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.

The prudence or fortune of the Franks had delayed their invasion till the decline of the Turkish empire. Under the manly government of the first three sultans, the kingdoms of Asia were united in peace and justice; and the innumerable armies which they led in person were equal in courage, and superior in discipline, to the barbarians of the West. But at the time of the crusade, the inheritance of Malek Shah was disputed by his four sons; their private ambition was insensible of the public danger; and in the vicissitudes of their fortune, the royal vassals were ignorant, or regardless, of the true object of their allegiance. The twenty-eight emirs who marched with the standard of Kerboga were his rivals or his enemies: their hasty levies were drawn from the towns and tents of Mesopotamia and Syria; and the Turkish veterans were employed or consumed in the civil wars beyond the Tigris. The caliph of Egypt embraced this opportunity of weakness and discord to recover his ancient possessions; and his sultan Aphdal besieged Jerusalem and Tyre, expelled the children of Ortok, and restored in Palestine the civil and ecclesiastical authority of the Fatimites. They heard with astonishment of the vast armies of Christians that had passed from Europe to Asia, and rejoiced in the sieges and battles which broke the power of the Turks, the adversaries of their sect and monarchy. But the same Christians were the enemies of the prophet; and from the overthrow of Nice and Antioch, the motive of their enterprise, which was gradually understood, would urge them forward to the banks of the Jordan, or perhaps of the Nile. An intercourse of epistles and

embassies, which rose and fell with the events of war, was maintained between the throne of Cairo and the camp of the Latins; and their adverse pride was the result of ignorance and enthusiasm. The ministers of Egypt declared in a haughty, or insinuated in a milder, tone that their sovereign, the true and lawful commander of the faithful, had rescued Jerusalem from the Turkish yoke, and that the pilgrims, if they would divide their numbers, and lay aside their arms, should find a safe and hospitable reception at the sepulcher of Jesus. In the belief of their lost condition, the caliph Mostali despised their arms and imprisoned their deputies: the conquest and victory of Antioch prompted him to solicit those formidable champions with gifts of horses and silk robes, of vases, and purses of gold and silver; and in his estimate of their merit or power, the first place was assigned to Bohemond, and the second to Godfrey. In either fortune the answer of the crusaders was firm and uniform; they disdained to inquire into the private claims or possessions of the followers of Mahomet; whatsoever was his name or nation, the usurper of Jerusalem was their enemy; and instead of prescribing the mode and terms of their pilgrimage, it was only by a timely surrender of the city and province, their sacred right, that he could deserve their alliance, or deprecate their impending and irresistible attack.

[A.D. 1098, 1099.] Yet this attack, when they were within the view and reach of their glorious prize, was suspended above ten months after the defeat of Kerboga. The zeal and courage of the crusaders were chilled in the moment of victory: and, instead of marching to improve the consternation, they hastily dispersed, to enjoy the luxury, of Syria. The causes of this strange delay may be found in the want of strength and subordination. In the painful and various service of Antioch, the cavalry was annihilated; many thousands of every rank had been lost by famine, sickness, and desertion: the same abuse of plenty had been productive of a third famine; and the alternative of intemperance and distress had generated a pestilence which swept away above fifty thousand of the pilgrims. Few were able to command, and none were willing to obey; the domestic feuds, which had been stifled by common fear, were again renewed in acts, or at least in sentiments, of hostility; the fortunes of Baldwin and Bohemond excited the envy of their companions; the bravest knights were enlisted for the defense of their new principalities; and Count Raymond ex-

hausted his troops and treasures in an idle expedition into the heart of Syria. The winter was consumed in discord and disorder; a sense of honor and religion was rekindled in the spring; and the private soldiers, less susceptible of ambition and jealousy, awakened with angry clamors the indolence of their chiefs. In the month of May, the relics of this mighty host proceeded from Antioch to Laodicea: about forty thousand Latins, of whom no more than fifteen hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, were capable of immediate service. Their easy march was continued between Mount Libanus and the seashore; their wants were liberally supplied by the coasting traders of Genoa and Pisa; and they drew large contributions from the emirs of Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Cæsarea, who granted a free passage and promised to follow the example of Jerusalem. From Cæsarea they advanced into the midland country; their clerks recognized the sacred geography of Lydda, Ramla, Emmaus, and Bethlehem; and as soon as they descried the holy city, the crusaders forgot their toil and claimed their reward.

[A.D. 1099.] Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. The obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed, and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of the enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defense: his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulcher; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more

numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and number of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of the Mount Calvary: to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier; but they were driven back with shame and slaughter, to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of these pious stratagems; and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the use of shade or building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense, and in the stations, of the duke of Lorraine and the count of Tholouse, and rolled forward with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected, parts of the fortifications. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and success-

ful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from Mahometan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque, seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver, rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify, their implacable rage: they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been put to death in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct of the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulcher was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Savior of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers: by the one, as easy and natural; by the other, as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies, they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the holy sepulcher.

ARMIDA'S WILES.

By TORQUATO TASSO.

(From the "Jerusalem Delivered": translated by Edward Fairfax.)

[Torquato Tasso, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice, and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1595. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
And in her gentle bosom wandered bold:
It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,
And all too fond desire with vantage told:
Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus past she, praised, wished, and wond'red at,
Among the troops who there encamped lay,
She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that
Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;
On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
Towards th' imperial tent she asked the way:
With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,

The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.
With rev'rence meet the baron low inclined,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold:

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,
In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow
On any daughter born of Adam's line,
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know;
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honors due become thy high estate.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high
Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus forego
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem.—
Content, quoth he; since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaileth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem.
Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
All that his scepter, or my sword, can do.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,
Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers;
She rev'rence did, then blushed as one dismayed
To speak, for secret wants and inward fears;
It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed.
At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
Silence was made, and she began her tale.
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale:

Victorious prince, whose honorable name
Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings;

Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
And repossess her in her father's right:
Others in their distress do aid implore
Of kin and friends; but I in this sad plight
Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,
To win the crown whence I am dispossest;
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest;
Nor greater glory brings a scepter broke,
Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distressed:
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
More is thy praise to make than kill a king.

But if thou wouldst thy succors due excuse,
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use;
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?
Be witness, heaven, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

Prince Arbilan, that reigned in his life
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
The queen Chariclia, such was the fire
Of her hot love; but soon the fatal knife
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
My birth her death, my first day was her last.

And ere five years had fully come and gone
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,
My father also died, consumed with moan,
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,

His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.
Mine uncle governed in my tender eild;
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
That through Damascus great report was blown
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
Because he meant to match me with his son.

Which son, within short while, did undertake
Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake
Break sword or lance, advanced in lofty cell:
As fair he was as Citherea's make,
As proud as he that signorizeth hell,
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

This paragon should queen Armida wed,
A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
A noble head a golden crown to wear!
His glozing sire his errand daily said,
And sugared speeches whisp'red in mine ear,
To make me take this darling in mine arms,
But still the adder stopped her ears from charms.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which transparent was his inward spite;
Methought I read the story in his face
Of these mishaps that on me since have light.
Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night;
Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream:
Alas! how far transformed from the same,
Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam. —

Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame
Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,
Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides. —
This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,
Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard?
My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
To undertake alone a work so hard;
To wander wild the desert woods among,
A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,
So grievous seemed, that leifer were my death,
And there t' expire where first I drew my breath.

I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,
And yet to fly had neither will nor power;
Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,
Lest so I hasten might my dying hour:
Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid!
What hand should first pluck up my springing flower;
Even as the wretch, condemned to lose his life,
Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
Perchance preserve me to my further ill),
One of my noble father's servants old,
That for his goodness bore his child good will,
With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,
And said, my guardian would his pupil kill;
And that himself, if promise made he kept,
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

And further told me, if I wished to live,
I must convey myself by secret flight;
And offered then all succors he could give
To aid his mistress, banished from her right.
His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
The dread of death made lesser dangers light:
So we concluded, when the shadows dim
Obscured the earth, I should depart with him.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,
When with two trusty maids, in great distress,
Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.

Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress
Those streams of tears mine eyes uncessant shed;
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast:
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste,
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,
The utmost border of my native land;

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
Was called that my deliv'rance thus had wrought.
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
I had escaped the treasons of his thought,
The rage increased in the cursed wight,
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought;
And us accused, we would have poisoned
Him; but descried, to save our lives we fled:

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
To poison him I hired had my guide;
That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth!)
Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side: —
But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,
When so base love shall change my chaste desire!

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
So grieveth me as this despite alone,
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
That none take armor for their queen's defense.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,
Clothed in purple, crowned with burnished gold;
Yet is his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,
Since naught assuageth malice when 'tis old:

He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,
And murder him unless he yield the hold;
And me, and mine, threats not with war, but death;
This causeless hatred endless is uneath.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,
And hide his shameful fact with mine offense
And saith he will restore the throne again,
To its late honor and due excellence;
And therefore would I should be algates slain,
For while I live his right is in suspense. —
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,
For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,
My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
Unless thou help. To thee, renowned sire,
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent;
And let these tears that on thy feet distill,
Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
By that right hand, and by those temples pure
Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave
Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure;
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
And never willest aught but what is right,
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill;
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
Appoint me ten approved most in fight,
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
A man of chiefest trust about his king,
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
That me and mine he undertakes to bring

Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.
He counseled me to undertake this thing,
Of thee some little succor to entreat,
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat. —

This said, his answer did the nymph attend;
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him;
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him:
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
The maiden's offer profit with it brought;
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
That won, the way were easy which he sought,
To bring all Asia subject to his might;
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denaying,
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,
As if her life and death lay on his saying;
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
At last her earnest suit the Duke denayed,
But with sweet words thus would content the maid: —

If not in service of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
To free this sacred town have undertaken,
It were unfit we turned our strength away,
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
That when this chosen temple of the Lord
Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose

In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes:
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
I left this work, such pity were my shame. —

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space;
The secret bleeding of her inward wound
Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face. —
Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and sorrows drowned,
Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting place,
Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,
The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

Where none attends what boots it to complain?
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears,
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain;
No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,
Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears;
Yet not thy fault is this; my chance, I see,
Hath made even pity pitiless in thee.

So both thy goodness and good hap denayed me,
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me;
The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,
My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me;
Of queenlike state my flight hath disarrayed me;
My father died ere he five years had known me;
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now;
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood
Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,
O! whither shall I flie? What secret wood
Shall hide me from the tyrant? Or what den,
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good?
No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,
Armida lived, and died, both like a queen. —

With that she looked as if a proud disdain
Kindled displeasure in her noble mind;
The way she came she turned her steps again,
With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind;

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,
With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;
The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,
'Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rory May dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened paradise:
Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept, this lovely queen,
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,
And of each drop an arrow forged new;
Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,
And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw.
O wondrous love! thou makest gain of all;
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears
From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,
And of her grief would help her bear the smart:
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
Some tygress gave him suck, on roughest part,
'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,
While others softly whispered under hand,
Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came:—
Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
To turn these forces from this present war,
Or that I wish you should your armies raise
From Sion's walls; my speech tends not so far;

But we that venture all for fame and praise,
That to no charge nor service bounden are,
Forth of our troop may ten well spared be
To succor her, which naught can weaken thee.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
That virgins innocent save and defend;
Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight.
That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:
Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
With hope of gain or profit in the end;
But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

Ah! be it not pardie declared in France,
Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,
That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
For doubt or fear that might from fight arise:
Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
And swear no more to use this martial guise;
For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,
That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right. —

Thus parled he, and with confused sound
The rest approved what the gallant said.
Their general the knights encompassed round;
With humble grace and earnest suit they prayed. —
I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found
What I have granted; let her have your aid;
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so. —
Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,
Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,
That captive led most of the Christian lords.

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus: —
Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,
For such assistance shall you find in us,
As with your need or will may best agree. —

With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,
And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see;
And had she deigned her veil for to remove,
The god himself once more had fallen in love.

With that she broke the silence once again,
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
So far as honor's laws received no breach.
Her humble gestures made the res'due plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
This women know, and thus they use the guise
T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,
She thought to strike the iron that was hot;
For every action hath its hour of speeding.
Medea or false Circe changed not
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreeding
Altered their hearts, and with her siren's sound,
In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drowned.

All wily sleights that subtle women know,
Hourly she used to catch some lover new.
None kenned the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew:
From some she cast her modest eyes below,
At some her gazing glances roving flew;
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her;
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
To touch the softness of her tender skin,
She looked as coy as if she list not play,
And made as things of worth were hard to win;

Yet tempered so her 'dainful looks alway,
That outward scorn shewed store of grace within:
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,
For hardest-gotten things are most desired.

Alone sometimes she walked in secret, where
To ruminate upon her discontent;
Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament;
And with this craft a thousand souls well near
In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,
And kept as slaves; by which we fitly prove,
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had
The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fettered,
Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad;
In that deceitful lore so was she lettered.
Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,
The sunshine of her face in luster bettered;
For when she list to cheer her beauties so,
She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words
Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses;
Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,
Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offenses;
Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,
His griefs bring joys, his losses recompenses;
He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain;
Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,
'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,
The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher;
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear:
But if some one durst utter his desire,
And by complaining make his griefs appear;
He labored hard rocks with plaints to move,
She had not learned the gamut then of love.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,
And donned the weed of women's modest grace;
Down from her eyes welled the pearles round
Upon the bright enamel of her face:

Such honey drops on springing flowers are found,
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace:
Full seemed her looks of anger and of shame,
Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

If she perceived by his outward cheer,
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,
And played fast and loose the livelong day:
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay;
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

These were the arts by which she captived
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights;
These were the arms wherewith love conquered
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.
What wonder if Achilles were misled,
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
Since these true champions of the Lord above
Were thralls to beauty, yielden slaves to love?

But this false queen of craft and sly invention, —
Whose looks, love's arrows were; whose eyes his quivers;
Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,
A wonder left by Heaven to after-livers, —
Among the Christian lords had bred contention
Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,
While all her weapons and her darts rehearsed,
Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierced.

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,
And proffereth heaps of love's enticing treasure;
But as the falcon newly gorged endureth
Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure;
So he, whom fullness of delight assureth
What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,
Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth:
So base affections fall when Virtue riseth.

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Talisman.")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

The King [Richard] was about to answer with much anger, when a Carmelite monk entered the apartment hastily, his head and person muffled in the long mantle and hood of striped cloth of the coarsest texture which distinguished his order, and flinging himself on his knees before the King, conjured him, by every holy word and sign, to stop the execution.

"Now, by both sword and scepter," said Richard, "the world are leagued to drive me mad. Fools, women, and monks cross me at every step. How comes he to live still?"

"My gracious liege," said the monk, "I entreated of the Lord of Gilsland to stay the execution until I had thrown myself at your royal ——"

"And he was willful enough to grant thy request?" said the King; "but it is of a piece with his wonted obstinacy. And what is it thou hast to say? Speak, in the fiend's name!"

"My lord, there is a weighty secret — but it rests under the seal of confession — I dare not tell or even whisper it; but I swear to thee by my holy order, by the habit which I wear, by the blessed Elias, our founder, even him who was translated without suffering the ordinary pangs of mortality, that this youth hath divulged to me a secret which, if I might confide it

to thee, would utterly turn thee from thy bloody purpose in regard to him."

"Good father," said Richard, "that I reverence the church, let the arms which I now wear for her sake bear witness. Give me to know this secret, and I will do what shall seem fitting in the matter. But I am no blind Bayard, to take a leap in the dark under the stroke of a pair of priestly spurs. . . . Thou art he, too, as I bethink me, to whom the Christian princes sent this very criminal to open a communication with the Soldan, even while I, who ought to have been first consulted, lay on my sick-bed? Thou and they may content themselves, I will not put my neck into the loop of a Carmelite's girdle. And for your envoy, he shall die, the rather and the sooner that thou dost entreat for him."

"Now God be gracious to thee, Lord King!" said the hermit, with much emotion: "thou art setting that mischief on foot which thou wilt hereafter wish thou hadst stopt, though it had cost thee a limb. Rash, blinded man, yet forbear!"

"Away — away!" cried the King, stamping: "the sun has risen on the dishonor of England, and it is not yet avenged. Ladies and priest, withdraw, if ye would not hear orders which would displease you; for by St. George, I swear ——"

"Swear NOT!" said the voice of one who had just then entered the pavilion.

"Ha! my learned Hakim," said the King: "Come, I hope, to tax our generosity?"

"I come to request instant speech with you — instant — and touching matters of deep interest." . . .

"Great King," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word, and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest — not to me, their humble instrument — but to the Intelligences, whose benefits I dispense to mortals, a life ——"

"And I warrant me thou wouldst have another in requital, ha?" interrupted the King.

"Such is my humble prayer," said the Hakim, "to the great Melech Ric — even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die, and but for such fault as was committed by the Sultan Adam, surnamed Aboulbeschar, or the father of all men."

"And thy wisdom might remind thee, Hakim, that Adam died for it," said the King, somewhat sternly, and then began to pace the narrow space of his tent with some emotion, and to talk to himself. "Why, God-a-mercy — I knew what he desired

as soon as ever he entered the pavilion! — Here is one poor life justly condemned to extinction, and I, a king and a soldier, who have slain thousands by my command, and scores with my own hand, am to have no power over it, although the honor of my arms, of my house, of my very Queen, hath been attainted by the culprit? — By Saint George, it makes me laugh! — By Saint Louis, it reminds me of Blondel's tale of an enchanted castle, where the destined knight was withstood successively in his purpose of entrance by forms and figures the most dissimilar, but all hostile to his undertaking! — No sooner one sunk than another appeared! — Wife — Kinswoman — Hermit — Hakim — each appears in the lists as soon as the other is defeated! — Why, this is a single knight fighting against the whole mêlée of the tournament — ha! ha! ha!" — And Richard laughed aloud; for he had, in fact, begun to change his mood, his resentment being usually too violent to be of long endurance.

The physician meanwhile looked on him with a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with contempt; for the Eastern people make no allowance for those mercurial changes in the temper, and consider open laughter, upon almost any account, as derogatory to the dignity of man, and becoming only to women and children. At length the sage addressed the King, when he saw him more composed.

"A doom of death should not issue from laughing lips. — Let thy servant hope that thou hast granted him this man's life."

"Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead," said Richard; "restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man's life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited."

"All our lives are forfeited," said the Hakim, putting his hand to his cap. "But the great Creditor is merciful, and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely."

"Thou canst show me," said Richard, "no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned King."

"Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice," said El Hakim: "but what thou seekest, great King, is the execution of thine own will. And, for the concern I have in this request, know that many a man's life depends upon thy granting this boon."

"Explain thy words," said Richard; "but think not to impose upon me by false pretexts."

"Be it far from thy servant!" said Adonbec. "Know, then, that the medicine to which thou, Sir King, and many a one beside, owe their recovery, is a talisman, composed under certain aspects of the heavens, when the Divine Intelligences are most propitious. I am but the poor administrator of its virtues. I dip it in a cup of water, observe the fitting hour to administer it to the patient, and the potency of the draught works the cure."

"A most rare medicine," said the King, "and a commodious! and, as it may be carried in the leech's purse, would save the whole caravan of camels which they require to convey drugs and physic stuff—I marvel there is any other in use."

"It is written," answered the Hakim, with imperturbable gravity, "'Abuse not the steed which hath borne thee from the battle.' Know, that such talisman might indeed be framed, but rare has been the number of adepts who have dared to undertake the application of their virtue. Severe restrictions, painful observances, fasts, and penance are necessary on the part of the sage who uses this mode of cure; and if, through neglect of these preparations, by his love of ease, or his indulgence of sensual appetite, he omits to cure at least twelve persons within the course of each moon, the virtue of the divine gift departs from the amulet, and both the last patient and the physician will be exposed to speedy misfortune, neither will they survive the year. I require yet one life to make up the appointed number."

"Go out into the camp, good Hakim, where thou wilt find a-many," said the King, "and do not seek to rob my headsman of *his* patients; it is unbecoming a medicine of thine eminence to interfere with the practice of another. — Besides, I cannot see how delivering a criminal from the death he deserves should go to make up thy tale of miraculous cures."

"When thou canst show why a draught of cold water should have cured thee, when the most precious drugs failed," said the Hakim, "thou mayst reason on the other mysteries attendant on this matter. For myself, I am inefficient to the great work, having this morning touched an unclean animal. Ask, therefore, no further questions; it is enough that, by sparing this man's life at my request, you will deliver yourself, great King, and thy servant, from a great danger."

"Hark thee, Adonbec," replied the King, "I have no objection that leeches should wrap their words in mist, and pretend to derive knowledge from the stars; but when you bid Richard Plantagenet fear that a danger will fall upon *him* from some idle omen, or omitted ceremonial, you speak to no ignorant Saxon, or doting old woman, who foregoes her purpose because a hare crosses the path, a raven croaks, or a cat sneezes."

"I cannot hinder your doubt of my words," said Adonbec; "but yet, let my Lord the King grant that the truth is on the tongue of his servant — will he think it just to deprive the world, and every wretch who may suffer by the pains which so lately reduced him to that couch, of the benefit of this most virtuous talisman, rather than extend his forgiveness to one poor criminal? Bethink you, Lord King, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Kings have the power of Satan to torment, sages that of Allah to heal — beware how thou hinderest the good to humanity, which thou canst not thyself render. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth."

"This is over-insolent," said the King, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty, and almost a commanding tone. "We took thee for our leech, not for our counselor, or conscience keeper."

"And is it thus the most renowned Prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?" said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture, in which he had hitherto solicited the King, for an attitude lofty and commanding. "Know, then," he said, "that through every court of Europe and Asia — to Moslem and Nazarene — to knight and lady — wherever harp is heard and sword worn — wherever honor is loved and infamy detested — to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands — if there be any such — that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!"

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury. — "Art weary of thy life?"

"Strike!" said El Hakim; "thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet's sting."

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, "Thankless and un-

generous! — as well be termed coward and infidel! — Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown jewels, yet I may not, kinglike, refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping — the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant."

He hastily traced one or two lines, and gave them to the physician. "Use him as thy bondslave, to be disposed of as thou wilt — only, let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard. Hark thee — thou art wise — he hath been overbold among those in whose fair looks and weak judgments we trust our honor, as you of the East lodge your treasures in caskets of silver wire, as fine and as frail as the web of a gossamer."

"Thy servant understands the word of the King," said the sage, at once resuming the reverent style of address in which he had commenced. "When the rich carpet is soiled, the fool pointeth to the stain — the wise man covers it with his mantle. I have heard my lord's pleasure, and to hear is to obey."

"It is well," said the King; "let him consult his own safety, and never appear in my presence more. — Is there aught else in which I may do thee pleasure?"

"The bounty of the King hath filled my cup to the brim," said the sage; "yea, it hath been abundant as the fountain which sprung up amid the camp of the descendants of Israel, when the rock was stricken by the rod of Moussa Ben Amran."

"Ay, but," said the King, smiling, "it required, as in the desert, a hard blow on the rock ere it yielded its treasures. I would that I knew something to pleasure thee, which I might yield as freely as the natural fountain sends forth its waters."

"Let me touch that victorious hand," said the sage, "in token, that if Adonbec el Hakim should hereafter demand a boon of Richard of England, he may do so, yet plead his command."

"Thou hast hand and glove upon it, man," replied Richard; "only, if thou couldst consistently make up thy tale of patients without craving me to deliver from punishment those who have deserved it, I would more willingly discharge my debt in some other form."

"May thy days be multiplied!" answered the Hakim, and withdrew from the apartment after the usual deep obeisance.

It had been agreed, on account of the heat of the climate,

that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, inclosed a space of hard sand which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the inclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian Guards, and the rest of the inclosure was occupied by Christian and Mohammedan spectators.

Long before daybreak, the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer, to prayer!" was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca. But when they arose from the ground, the sun's rays, now strengthening fast, seemed to confirm the Lord of Gilsland's conjecture of the night before. They were flashed back from many a spearhead, for the pointless lances of the preceding day were certainly no longer such. De Vaux pointed it out to his master, who answered with impatience, that he had perfect confidence in the good faith of the Soldan; but if De Vaux was afraid of his bulky body, he might retire.

Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound

of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves, as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity to the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabers, whose orders were, to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed, or even presume to raise his head until the cessation of the music should make all men aware that they were lodged in their gallery, not to be gazed on by the curious eye.

This superstitious observance of Oriental reverence to the fair sex called forth from Queen Berengaria some criticisms very unfavorable to Saladin and his country. But their den, as the royal fair called it, being securely closed and guarded by their sable attendants, she was under the necessity of contenting herself with seeing, and laying aside for the present the still more exquisite pleasure of being seen.

Meantime the sponsors of both champions went, as was their duty, to see that they were duly armed, and prepared for combat. The Archduke of Austria was in no hurry to perform this part of the ceremony, having had rather an unusually severe debauch upon wine of Schiraz the preceding evening. But the Grand Master of the Temple, more deeply concerned in the event of the combat, was early before the tent of Conrade of Montserrat. To his great surprise, the attendants refused him admittance.

"Do you not know me, ye knaves?" said the Grand Master in great anger.

"We do, most valiant and reverend," answered Conrade's squire; "but even *you* may not at present enter — the Marquis is about to confess himself."

"Confess himself!" exclaimed the Templar, in a tone where alarm mingled with surprise and scorn — "and to whom, I pray thee?"

"My master bid me be secret," said the squire; on which the Grand Master pushed past him, and entered the tent almost by force.

The Marquis of Montserrat was kneeling at the feet of the Hermit of Engaddi, and in the act of beginning his confession.

"What means this, Marquis?" said the Grand Master;

"up, for shame — or, if you must needs confess, am not I here?"

"I have confessed to you too often already," replied Conrade, with a pale cheek and a faltering voice. "For God's sake, Grand Master, begone, and let me unfold my conscience to this holy man."

"In what is he holier than I am?" said the Grand Master. — "Hermit, prophet, madman — say, if thou darest, in what thou excellest me?"

"Bold and bad man," replied the Hermit, "know that I am like the latticed window, and the divine light passes through to avail others, though alas! it helpeth not me. Thou art like the iron stanchions, which neither receive light themselves, nor communicate it to any one."

"Prate not to me, but depart from this tent," said the Grand Master; "the Marquis shall not confess this morning, unless it be to me, for I part not from his side."

"Is this your pleasure?" said the Hermit to Conrade; "for think not I will obey that proud man, if you continue to desire my assistance."

"Alas!" said Conrade, irresolutely, "what would you have me say? — Farewell for a while — we will speak anon."

"Oh, procrastination!" exclaimed the Hermit, "thou art a soul murderer! — Unhappy man, farewell — not for a while, but until we both shall meet — no matter where. — And for thee," he added, turning to the Grand Master, "TREMBLE!"

"Tremble!" replied the Templar, contemptuously, "I cannot if I would."

The Hermit heard not his answer, having left the tent.

"Come! to this gear hastily," said the Grand Master, "since thou wilt needs go through the foolery. — Hark thee — I think I know most of thy frailties by heart, so we may omit the detail, which may be somewhat a long one, and begin with the absolution. What signifies counting the spots of dirt that we are about to wash from our hands?"

"Knowing what thou art thyself," said Conrade, "it is blasphemous to speak of pardoning another."

"That is not according to the canon, Lord Marquis," said the Templar — "thou art more scrupulous than orthodox. The absolution of the wicked priest is as effectual as if he were himself a saint — otherwise God help the poor penitent! What wounded man inquires whether the surgeon that tents

his gashes have clean hands or not? — Come, shall we to this toy?"

"No," said Conrade, "I will rather die unconfessed than mock the sacrament."

"Come, noble Marquis," said the Templar, "rouse up your courage, and speak not thus. In an hour's time thou shalt stand victorious in the lists, or confess thee in thy helmet, like a valiant knight."

"Alas, Grand Master!" answered Conrade, "all augurs ill for this affair. The strange discovery by the instinct of a dog — the revival of this Scottish knight, who comes into the lists like a specter — all betokens evil."

"Pshaw!" said the Templar, "I have seen thee bend thy lance boldly against him in sport, and with equal chance of success — think thou art but in a tournament, and who bears him better in the tilt-yard than thou? — Come, squires and armorers, your master must be accoutered for the field."

The attendants entered accordingly, and began to arm the Marquis.

"What morning is without?" said Conrade.

"The sun rises dimly," answered a squire.

"Thou seest, Grand Master," said Conrade, "naught smiles on us."

"Thou wilt fight the more coolly, my son," answered the Templar. "Thank Heaven that hath tempered the sun of Palestine to suit thy occasion."

Thus jested the Grand Master; but his jests had lost their influence on the harassed mind of the Marquis, and, notwithstanding his attempts to seem gay, his gloom communicated itself to the Templar.

"This craven," he thought, "will lose the day in pure faintness and cowardice of heart, which he calls tender conscience. I, whom visions and auguries shake not — who am firm in my purpose as the living rock — I should have fought the combat myself. — Would to God the Scot may strike him dead on the spot — it were next best to his winning the victory. But, come what will, he must have no other confessor than myself — our sins are too much in common, and he might confess my share with his own."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he continued to assist the Marquis in arming, but it was in silence.

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the

knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their visors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot — a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of ominous despondence. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth; and the *spruch-sprecher* shook his head while he observed that while the challenger rode around the lists in the course of the sun — that is, from right to left — the defender made the same circuit *widdersins* — that is, from left to right — which is in most countries held ominous.

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the Hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish Knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about

the sitting of his gorget, and whispered, — "Coward and fool! — recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not *me!*"

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the Marquis' nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse; and though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald at arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, — "Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said King."

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the Marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general — men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting

and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt — no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practiced warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into splinters from the steel spearhead up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied, — "What would you more? — God hath decided justly — I am guilty — but there are worse traitors in the camp than I. — In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"

He revived as he uttered these words.

"The talisman — the powerful remedy, royal brother," said King Richard to Saladin.

"The traitor," answered the Soldan, "is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels, than to profit by its virtues: — and some such fate is in his look," he added, after gazing fixedly upon the wounded man; "for though his wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the wretch's brow."

"Nevertheless," said Richard, "I pray you do for him what you may, that he may at least have time for confession — slay not soul and body! To him one half-hour of time may be worth more, by ten thousandfold, than the life of the oldest patriarch."

"My royal brother's wish shall be obeyed," said Saladin. — "Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent."

"Do not so," said the Templar, who had hitherto stood gloomily looking on in silence. — "The royal Duke of Austria and myself will not permit this unhappy Christian Prince to be delivered over to the Saracens, that they may try their spells upon him. We are his sponsors, and demand that he be assigned to our care."

"That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?" said Richard.

"Not so," said the Grand Master, recollecting himself. — "If the Soldan useth lawful medicines, he may attend the patient in my tent."

"Do so, I pray thee, good brother," said Richard to Saladin, "though the permission be ungraciously yielded. — But now to a more glorious work. — Sound trumpets — shout England — in honor of England's champion!"

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal rung forth at once, and the deep and regular shout, which for ages has been the English acclamation, sounded amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapason of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There was silence at length.

"Brave Knight of the Leopard," resumed Cœur de Lion, "thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin and the Leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry."

The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.

"And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception."

Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

"I must attend the wounded man," he said. "The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. And further, royal Richard, know that the blood of the East flows not so temperately in the presence of beauty, as that of your land. What saith the Book itself? — Her eye is as the edge of the sword of the Prophet, who shall look upon it? He that would not be burnt avoideth to tread on hot embers — wise

men spread not the flax before a bickering torch — He, saith the sage, who hath forfeited a treasure, doth not wisely to turn back his head to gaze at it."

Richard, it may be believed, respected the motives of delicacy which flowed from manners so different from his own, and urged his request no further.

"At noon," said the Soldan, as he departed, "I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Curdistan."

The same invitation was circulated among the Christians, comprehending all those of sufficient importance to be admitted to sit at a feast made for princes.

"Hark!" said Richard, "the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery — and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab's eye could sully the luster of a lady's cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph. — How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!"

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered, supported on either side by his sponsors, Richard and William Longsword, and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, though more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

"Unarm him, my mistresses," said the King, whose delight was in the execution of such chivalrous usages — "let Beauty honor Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favor thou canst give. — Unlace his helmet, Edith — by this hand, thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!"

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, — Berengaria with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humor, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid, with Longsword's assistance, the fastenings which secured the helmet to the gorget.

"And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion. "What think

ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword! — Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you, unknown save by his worth — he arises, equally distinguished by birth and fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and Edith dropped from her hand the helmet which she had just received.

"Yes, my masters," said the King, "it is even so. Ye know how Scotland deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl, with a bold company of her best and noblest, to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth, under whom the Scottish Crusaders were to have been arrayed, thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants, which was augmented by many of his countrymen to whom the rank of their leader was unknown. The confidants of the Royal Prince had all, saving one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off, in a Scottish adventurer, one of the noblest hopes of Europe. — Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence? — Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?"

"I did you not that injustice, royal Richard," answered the Earl of Huntingdon; "but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life, endangered for default of loyalty. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it save *in articulo mortis*, and under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit."

"It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my severe sentence?" said Richard. "Well did he say that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb. A limb! — I should have wished it undone had it cost me my life — since the world would have said that Richard had abused the condition in

which the heir of Scotland had placed himself, by his confidence in his generosity."

"Yet may we know of your grace by what strange and happy chance this riddle was at length read?" said the Queen Berengaria.

"Letters were brought to us from England," said the King, "in which we learnt, among other unpleasant news, that the King of Scotland had seized upon three of our nobles, when on a pilgrimage to Saint Ninian, and alleged as a cause, that his heir, being supposed to be fighting in the ranks of the Teutonic Knights, against the heathen of Borussia, was, in fact, in our camp and in our power; and, therefore, William proposed to hold these nobles as hostages for his safety. This gave me the first light on the real rank of the Knight of the Leopard, and my suspicions were confirmed by De Vaux, who, on his return from Ascalon, brought back with him the Earl of Huntingdon's sole attendant, a thick-skulled slave, who had gone thirty miles to unfold to De Vaux a secret he should have told to me."

"Old Strauchan must be excused," said the Lord of Gilsland. "He knew from experience that my heart is somewhat softer than if I wrote myself Plantagenet."

"Thy heart soft? thou commodity of old iron — and Cumberland flint that thou art!" exclaimed the King. — "It is we Plantagenets who boast soft and feeling hearts, Edith," turning to his cousin, with an expression which called the blood into her cheek. — "Give me thy hand, my fair cousin, and, Prince of Scotland, thine."

"Forbear, my lord," said Edith, hanging back, and endeavoring to hide her confusion, under an attempt to rally her royal kinsman's credulity. "Remember you not that my hand was to be the signal of converting to the Christian faith the Saracen and Arab, Saladin and all his turbaned host?"

"Ay, but the wind of prophecy hath chopped about, and sits now in another corner," replied Richard.

"Mock not, lest your bonds be made strong," said the Hermit, stepping forward. "The heavenly host write nothing but truth in their brilliant records — it is man's eyes which are too weak to read their characters aright. Know that when Saladin and Kenneth of Scotland slept in my grotto, I read in the stars, that there rested under my roof a prince, the natural foe of Richard, with whom the fate of Edith Plantagenet was to be

united. Could I doubt that this must be the Soldan, whose rank was well known to me, as he often visited my cell to converse on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies? — Again, the lights of the firmament proclaimed that this Prince, the husband of Edith Plantagenet, should be a Christian; and I — weak and wild interpreter! — argued thence the conversion of the noble Saladin, whose good qualities seemed often to incline him toward the better faith. The sense of my weakness hath humbled me to the dust, but in the dust I have found comfort! I have not read aright the fate of others — who can assure me but that I may have miscalculated mine own? God will not have us break into his council house or spy out his hidden mysteries. We must wait his time with watching and prayer — with fear and with hope. I came hither the stern seer — the proud prophet — skilled, as I thought, to instruct princes, and gifted even with supernatural powers, but burdened with a weight which I deemed no shoulders but mine could have borne. But my bands have been broken! I go hence humble in mine ignorance, penitent — and not hopeless."

With these words he withdrew from the assembly; and it is recorded that, from that period, his frenzy fits seldom occurred, and his penances were of a milder character, and accompanied with better hopes of the future. So much is there of self-opinion, even in insanity, that the conviction of his having entertained and expressed an unfounded prediction with so much vehemence, seemed to operate like loss of blood on the human frame, to modify and lower the fever of the brain.

It is needless to follow into further particulars the conferences at the royal tent, or to inquire whether David, Earl of Huntingdon, was as mute in the presence of Edith Plantagenet, as when he was bound to act under the character of an obscure and nameless adventurer. It may be well believed that he there expressed, with suitable earnestness, the passion to which he had so often before found it difficult to give words.

The hour of noon now approached, and Saladin waited to receive the Princes of Christendom in a tent which, but for its large size, differed little from that of the ordinary shelter of the common Curdman, or Arab; yet, beneath its ample and sable covering, was prepared a banquet after the most gorgeous fashion of the East, extended upon carpets of the richest stuffs, with cushions laid for the guests. But we cannot stop to describe the cloth of gold and silver — the superb embroidery

in Arabesque — the shawls of Cashmere — and the muslins of India, which were here unfolded in all their splendor; far less to tell the different sweetmeats, ragouts edged with rice colored in various manners, with all the other niceties of Eastern cookery. Lambs roasted whole, and game and poultry dressed in pilaus, were piled in vessels of gold and silver, and porcelain, and intermixed with large mazers of sherbet cooled in snow and ice from the cavern of Mount Lebanon. A magnificent pile of cushions at the head of the banquet seemed prepared for the master of the feast and such dignitaries as he might call to share that place of distinction, while from the roof of the tent in all quarters, but over this seat of eminence in particular, waved many a banner and pennon, the trophies of battles won, and kingdoms overthrown. But amongst and above them all, a long lance displayed a shroud, the banner of Death, with this impressive inscription — "SALADIN, KING OF KINGS — SALADIN, VICTOR OF VICTORS — SALADIN MUST DIE." Amid these preparations, the slaves who had arranged the refreshments stood with drooped heads and folded arms, mute and motionless as monumental statuary, or as automata, which waited the touch of the artist to put them in motion.

Expecting the approach of his princely guests, the Soldan, imbued, as most were, with the superstitions of his time, paused over a horoscope and corresponding scroll, which had been sent to him by the Hermit of Engaddi when he departed from the camp.

"Strange and mysterious science," he muttered to himself, "which, pretending to draw the curtain of futurity, misleads those whom it seems to guide, and darkens the scene which it pretends to illuminate! Who would not have said that I was that enemy most dangerous to Richard, whose enmity was to be ended by marriage with his kinswoman? Yet it now appears that a union betwixt this gallant Earl and the lady will bring about friendship betwixt Richard and Scotland, an enemy more dangerous than I, as a wild cat in a chamber is more to be dreaded than a lion in a distant desert. — But then," he continued to mutter to himself, "the combination intimates that this husband was to be Christian. — Christian?" he repeated, after a pause, — "that gave the insane fanatic stargazer hopes that I might renounce my faith! but me, the faithful follower of our Prophet — me it should have undeceived. Lie there, mysterious scroll," he added, thrusting it under the pile of

cushions; "strange are thy bodements and fatal, since, even, when true in themselves, they work upon those who attempt to decipher their meaning all the effects of falsehood. — How now, what means this intrusion?"

He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated, with each strange and disproportioned feature wrenched by horror into still more extravagant ugliness, — his mouth open, his eyes staring, his hands, with their shriveled and deformed fingers, widely expanded.

"What now?" said the Soldan, sternly.

"*Accipe hoc!*" groaned out the dwarf.

"Ha! say'st thou?" answered Saladin.

"*Accipe hoc!*" replied the panic-struck creature, unconscious, perhaps, that he repeated the same words as before.

"Hence! I am in no vein for foolery," said the Emperor.

"Nor am I further fool," said the dwarf, "than to make my folly help out my wits to earn my bread, poor helpless wretch! —Hear, hear me, great Soldan!"

"Nay, if thou hast actual wrong to complain of," said Saladin, "fool or wise, thou art entitled to the ear of a King. — Retire hither with me;" and he led him into the inner tent.

Whatever their conference related to, it was soon broken off by the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the arrival of the various Christian princes, whom Saladin welcomed to his tent with a royal courtesy well becoming their rank and his own; but chiefly he saluted the young Earl of Huntingdon, and generously congratulated him upon prospects which seemed to have interfered with and overclouded those which he had himself entertained.

"But think not," said the Soldan, "thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth, as the cool draught which I here proffer thee is as delicious from an earthen vessel as from a goblet of gold."

The Earl of Huntingdon made a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services he had received from the generous Soldan; but when he had pledged Saladin in the bowl of sherbet, which the Soldan had proffered to him, he could not help remarking with a smile, "The brave cavalier,

Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow."

"Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Curdman as wise as a Hakim?" said the Soldan. "He who does on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which he assumes. I desired to see how a brave and single-hearted cavalier of Frangistan would conduct himself in debate with such a chief as I then seemed; and I questioned the truth of a well-known fact, to know by what arguments thou wouldst support thy assertion."

While they were speaking, the Archduke of Austria, who stood a little apart, was struck with the mention of iced sherbet, and took with pleasure and some bluntness the deep goblet, as the Earl of Huntingdon was about to replace it.

"Most delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught, which the heat of the weather, and the feverishness following the debauch of the preceding day, had rendered doubly acceptable. He sighed as he handed the cup to the Grand Master of the Templars. Saladin made a sign to the dwarf, who advanced and pronounced, with a harsh voice, the words, *Accipe hoc!* The Templar started, like a steed who sees a lion under a bush, beside the pathway; yet instantly recovered, and to hide, perhaps, his confusion, raised the goblet to his lips — but those lips never touched that goblet's rim. The saber of Saladin left its sheath as lightning leaves the cloud. It was waved in the air, — and the head of the Grand Master rolled to the extremity of the tent, while the trunk remained for a second standing, with the goblet still clenched in its grasp, then fell, the liquor mingling with the blood that spurted from the veins.

There was a general exclamation of treason, and Austria, nearest to whom Saladin stood with the bloody saber in his hand, started back as if apprehensive that his turn was to come next. Richard and others laid hand on their swords.

"Fear nothing, noble Austria," said Saladin, as composedly as if nothing had happened, "nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Not for his manifold treasons; — not for the attempt which, as may be vouched by his own squire, he instigated against King Richard's life; — not that he pursued the Prince of Scotland and myself in the desert, reducing us to save our lives by the speed of our horses; — not that he had stirred up the Maronites to attack us upon this very occasion, had I not brought up unexpectedly so many Arabs as rendered

the scheme abortive; — not for any or all of these crimes does he now lie there, although each were deserving such a doom; — but because, scarce half an hour ere he polluted our presence, as the simoom empoisons the atmosphere, he poniarded his comrade and accomplice, Conrade of Montserrat, lest he should confess the infamous plots in which they had both been engaged."

"How! Conrade murdered? — And by the Grand Master, his sponsor and most intimate friend!" exclaimed Richard. "Noble Soldan, I would not doubt thee — yet this must be proved — otherwise ——"

"There stands the evidence," said Saladin, pointing to the terrified dwarf. "Allah, who sends the firefly to illuminate the night season, can discover secret crimes by the most contemptible means."

The Soldan proceeded to tell the dwarf's story, which amounted to this. — In his foolish curiosity, or, as he partly confessed, with some thoughts of pilfering, Nectabanus had strayed into the tent of Conrade, which had been deserted by his attendants, some of whom had left the encampment to carry the news of his defeat to his brother, and others were availing themselves of the means which Saladin had supplied for reveling. The wounded man slept under the influence of Saladin's wonderful talisman, so that the dwarf had opportunity to pry about at pleasure, until he was frightened into concealment by the sound of a heavy step. He skulked behind a curtain, yet could see the motions and hear the words of the Grand Master, who entered, and carefully secured the covering of the pavilion behind him. His victim started from sleep, and it would appear that he instantly suspected the purpose of his old associate, for it was in a tone of alarm that he demanded wherefore he disturbed him.

"I come to confess and absolve thee," answered the Grand Master.

Of their further speech the terrified dwarf remembered little, save that Conrade implored the Grand Master not to break a wounded reed, and that the Templar struck him to the heart with a Turkish dagger, with the words *Accipe hoc* — words which long afterward haunted the terrified imagination of the concealed witness.

"I verified the tale," said Saladin, "by causing the body to be examined; and I made this unhappy being, whom Allah

hath made the discoverer of the crime, repeat in your own presence the words which the murderer spoke, and you yourselves saw the effect which they produced upon his conscience!"

The Soldan paused, and the King of England broke silence: —

"If this be true, as I doubt not, we have witnessed a great act of justice, though it bore a different aspect. But wherefore in this presence? wherefore with thine own hand?"

"I had designed otherwise," said Saladin; "but had I not hastened his doom, it had been altogether averted, since, if I had permitted him to taste of my cup, as he was about to do, how could I, without incurring the brand of inhospitality, have done him to death as he deserved? Had he murdered my father, and afterward partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me. But enough of him — let his carcass and his memory be removed from amongst us."

The body was carried away, and the marks of the slaughter obliterated or concealed with such ready dexterity, as showed that the case was not altogether so uncommon as to paralyze the assistants and officers of Saladin's household.

But the Christian princes felt that the scene which they had beheld weighed heavily on their spirits, and although, at the courteous invitation of the Soldan, they assumed their seats at the banquet, yet it was with the silence of doubt and amazement. The spirits of Richard alone surmounted all cause for suspicion or embarrassment. Yet he, too, seemed to ruminate on some proposition, as if he were desirous of making it in the most insinuating and acceptable manner which was possible. At length he drank off a large bowl of wine, and addressing the Soldan, desired to know whether it was not true that he had honored the Earl of Huntingdon with a personal encounter.

Saladin answered with a smile, that he had proved his horse and his weapons with the heir of Scotland, as cavaliers are wont to do with each other when they meet in the desert — and modestly added, that though the combat was not entirely decisive, he had not, on his part, much reason to pride himself on the event. The Scot, on the other hand, disclaimed the attributed superiority, and wished to assign it to the Soldan.

"Enough of honor thou hast had in the encounter," said

Richard, "and I envy thee more for that, than for the smiles of Edith Plantagenet, though one of them might reward a bloody day's work. — But what say you, noble princes, — is it fitting that such a royal ring of chivalry should break up without something being done for future times to speak of? What is the overthrow and death of a traitor, to such a fair garland of honor as is here assembled, and which ought not to part without witnessing something more worthy of their regard? How say you, princely Soldan — what if we two should now, and before this fair company, decide the long-contended question for this land of Palestine, and end at once these tedious wars? Yonder are the lists ready, nor can Paynimrie ever hope a better champion than thou. I, unless worthier offers, will lay down my gauntlet in behalf of Christendom, and, in all love and honor, we will do mortal battle for the possession of Jerusalem."

There was a deep pause for the Soldan's answer. His cheek and brow colored highly, and it was the opinion of many present that he hesitated whether he should accept the challenge. At length he said, "Fighting for the Holy City against those whom we regard as idolaters, and worshipers of stocks and stones, and graven images, I might confide that Allah would strengthen my arm; or if I fell beneath the sword of the Melech Ric, I could not pass to Paradise by a more glorious death. But Allah has already given Jerusalem to the true believers, and it were a tempting the God of the Prophet to peril, upon my own personal strength and skill, that which I hold securely by the superiority of my forces."

"If not for Jerusalem, then," said Richard, in the tone of one who would entreat a favor of an intimate friend, "yet for the love of honor, let us run at least three courses with grinded lances."

"Even this," said Saladin, half smiling at Cœur de Lion's affectionate earnestness for the combat, "even this may I not lawfully do. The Master places the shepherd over the flock, not for the shepherd's own sake, but for the sake of the sheep. Had I a son to hold the scepter when I fell, I might have had the liberty, as I have the will, to brave this bold encounter; but your own Scripture sayeth, that when the herdsman is smitten, the sheep are scattered."

"Thou hast had all the fortune," said Richard, turning to the Earl of Huntingdon with a sigh. "I would have given

the best year of my life for that one half hour beside the Diamond of the Desert!"

The chivalrous extravagance of Richard awakened the spirits of the assembly, and when at length they arose to depart, Saladin advanced and took Cœur de Lion by the hand.

"Noble King of England," said he, "we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved, no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin, shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Ay, and the same shall be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train!"

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

A Legend of Palestine and — West Kent.

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

[Richard Harris Barham, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

Fytte I.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
"Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,
Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh! they came west, and they came east,
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they hammered away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—
But he topped off head, and he lopped off joint;
Twenty and three! Of high degree,
Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,
All — all save one — and he ran up a tree!
"Now count them, my squire, now count them and see!
Twenty and three! Twenty and three!—
All of them Nobles of high degree:
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news, thou little Foot Page?—
I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come tell me now, thou Page so small!"

"Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound,
Beast in byre and Steed in stall;
And the Watchdog's bark, As soon as it's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!"—

"I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,
For Steed in stall, or for Watchdog's bay:
Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?"—
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
"What news? what news? thou naughty Foot Page!"—

That little Foot Page, full low crouched he,
And he doffed his cap, and he bended his knee,
"Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall:
She sits alone, And she makes her moan;
Dance and song She considers quite wrong;
Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil;
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'"

"Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot Page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!
There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near;
That little Foot Page he blenched with fear:

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,
But well, I ween, May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;
Although no clerk, Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot Page;
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,
And buffets, — and pinches his nose till he sneezes;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's heads

When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew His nailed Shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot Page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither — I never knew.

"Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain, —
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!"
"Twenty and three! There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimsoned lea! —
Twenty and three? — Stay — let me see!
Stretched in his gore There lieth one more!
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four!*
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are nobody knows where!

Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire!"—
"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,
"Now Heaven thee save, A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;
A year and a day Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
Oh! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"
King Richard said right graciously,
"Of all in my host That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;
But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

Fytte II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight, In armor dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,
With signs of grief and sounds of woe
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage A little Foot Page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:
A scroll of shame From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot Page to a paramour bear:
I gave him a 'lick' With a stick, And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;
A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of holy Church should vainly sue:—
Foot Pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare A Page—or a pair,
For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
But stout and true Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!
Be prayers for the dead Duly read,
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot Page shall rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;
'Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore;
Alack! alack! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!
Dame Alice I found,— She sank on the ground,—
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!
With gibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
I twisted it on—till I twisted it off!—
All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men
Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Welladay! welladay! Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Why really I hardly know what to say:—
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—
Monk must chant and Nun must pray
For each mass they sing, and each prayer they say,
For a year, and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
No power could save That paramour knave;
I left him, I wot, in evil case!
There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
And his head lies — I can't tell your Holiness where!"

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
To hack and to hew A champion true
Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day! —
A chantry fair, And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul forever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights —
None of your rascally '*dips*' — but sound,
Round, tenpenny molds of four to the pound! —
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"No champion free of the Cross was he;
No belted Baron of high degree;
No Knight nor Squire Did there expire;
He was, I trow, but a barefooted Friar!
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
With his monks around him, and early and late
May look from loophole, and turret, and gate —
He hath lost his Prior — his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head —
"Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass!
What! — cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was '*only* (! ! !) a barefooted Friar!' —

'What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire
Is half so good as a holy Friar?'
O turpissime! Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*
Had before 'em Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum!* —
Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,
My Bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.
Doctors and Proctors of every degree.
Go fetch me a book! — go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's! — and a candle as well —
I'll send him — *where* good manners won't let me tell!" —

"Pardon and grace! — now pardon and grace!" —
Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face —
"*Meâ culpâ!* — in sooth I'm in pitiful case.
Peccavi! Peccavi! — I've done very wrong!
But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,
And I'll fight for Holy Church all the day long;
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they picked up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share, —
Why, my Cardinals three,
You'll agree With me
That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the Penitent need not despair! —
If it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!

"An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross buns.
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,
Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain:
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,
In an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair;
And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights;
None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,
Best superfine wax wicks, four to the pound;
And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray so bold, and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,
Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin toddy,
Nor indulge in a pipe, — But shall dine upon tripe,
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
And forever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur:*
(Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallowed it down, by an effort, again,
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ!*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas Day,
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,
With a stout cat o' nine tails of whipcord and wire;
And nor he, nor his heir Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day, The surname of Bray,
As being dishonored; but all issue male he has,
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias!*
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
Over the brine To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.
"Look out, my squire, Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar!

And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

Fytte III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free warren (whatever that be);
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear;
But it's really delightful in springtime, — and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear;
Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.
So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers — a goodly sight;
Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus firmly reared
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneered),
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.
Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied
With a stout cat o' nine tails of tough cowhide,
While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear — Men-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bowmen, and Spearmen.

It boots not to tell What you'll guess very well,
How some sang the *requiem*, some tolled the bell;
Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas Day
The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum;*
And in lieu of a supper The Knight on his crupper
Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum;*
That, as chronicles tell He continued to dwell
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;—
That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoined him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kissed it, but blessed it, and thanked it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odor of sanctity,
When,—strange to relate!—and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarmed by the bawls, And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seemed running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon, By the light of the moon,
There appears most distinctly to every one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steeped in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;
A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed
By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.
All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
"Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—"like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwacked and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,

While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill, —
Then a whoop and a halloo, — and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day, One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, gray
With age, and fast moldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,
Accoutered and dight In his armor bright,
With his thick black beard, — and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighboring glebe land and wood;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;
And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frightened the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guessed,
Though some say the Squire, on his deathbed, confessed
That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest
Calked and made water-tight,
By command of the Knight,
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they picked up instead,
And popped on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had failed
And the Pope's absolution, of course, naught availed.

Now though this might be, It don't seem to agree
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me, —
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murdered Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "Genu-*ine*."
'Tis a very nice question — but be't as it may,
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),

It is boldly affirmed, by the folks great and small
About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
Still on Candlemas Day haunts the old ruined wall,
And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.
So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,
Viz.: that, spite of the hope Held out by the Pope,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d——d after all!

MORAL.

Foot Pages, and Servants of every degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
See what comes of lying! don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! — married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny, — but when you
've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! — you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbors, and welcome, — but don't love their wives,
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shoveling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights! — whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,
Learn, — to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them — but mildly — don't kick them downstairs!
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
"If you want matters well managed, *Go!* — if not, *Send!*"
A servant's too often a negligent elf; —
If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;
Now — don't do that by proxy! — but choose your own wife!
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,
To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for — A SARACEN'S HEAD!

IVANHOE'S JOUST.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Ivanhoe." For biographical sketch, see page 346.)

[The Disinherited Knight is the hero, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, fighting in disguise after his secret return from the Crusade. Cedric is the father of Lady Rowena.]

King Richard was absent a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the mean time, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterward effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolutes," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance

and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amidst these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bullfight. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists,

accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men at arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Gilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men at arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the list with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honor was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men at arms with brief ceremony, the shafts of their battle-axes and pommels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more

refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as from modesty, poverty, or dubious title durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank — "whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her father's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any avaricious or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was

considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would insure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazelnut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress and as gay in their demeanor as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-Heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which

took place in Palestine betwixt that Monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared farther innovation upon their rights and liberties from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eying with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modeled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendor of Prince John's *rheno* (*i.e.* fur tippet), the rich-

ness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher place of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible — all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from her throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich fastened in her turban by an agriffe set with brilliants was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very bride of the Canticles!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," — an

swered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too — the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare coats have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! — let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age — yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution that the sobriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him, contended that his sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that

the passive courage and meek good nature which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiæ* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or minds me not. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companions, or Condottieri; that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayest thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men at arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the attenuated and impoverished descendant of the line of Montdidier, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse furniture."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him," fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the

Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps — an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess! We should deserve to be stoned out of

the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counselor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counselors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy; "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favorite minister, who,

in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows: —

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy — that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance* — that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull baiting and other popular amusements, were to be practiced, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavor to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area, — a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins — the place that once knew them knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry; who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field; the challengers were still successful: one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and

strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, ex-

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cepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal com-

bat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet

his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter, — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. At it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited

Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.



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